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PROGRESS OR DECADENCE IN ART?

To mistake the broad and easy way of decadence for the arduous upward path of progress is a fatal form of error. Yet this has been done by a large section of our artists and their supporting critics, and it is causing wide-spread confusion, grave injustice, and a disastrous depreciation of our Art, which is a national asset. This has been caused, or rendered possible, by a number of new factors which have created a situation unaparaelled in the history of Art.

What might be called the democratization of Art, or art-products, by cheap printing and various reproductive processes is quite revolutionary. Works of Art, instead of being the prized possessions of the privileged few, are brought within reach of the many. It is curious that while Tolstoy was deploring the aristocratic exclusiveness of Art this amazing spread of art-products was going forward by leaps and bounds. How often we scan the horizon for what is at our feet! These new developments are so astonishing and so interesting as to be worth a moment's consideration.

From the time when books were

chained to desks they have gradually been cheapened until masterpieces can now be had for a few pence. In the popularization of the pictorial arts the progress leaves one breathless. The rapid rise of photography has revolutionized the reproductive printing processes; and as a scientific aid it gives records of inestimable value, and has taken us further than we had dared to dream of as possible into the abyssal depths of star-studded space, enlarging immeasurably our conception of the universe. The camera, an invaluable scientific aid, has also become a toy; everything is snap-shotted, and photographs are becoming like visible memories, recording the multitudinous impressions of the roving eye. Could we but see a perfect photograph for the first time, it would hold us spell-bound by the wonder of it. Yet, as it is, we are satiated and almost sickened by the ever-increasing abundance of its productions. This wearying of the faculty of appreciation and wonder is a prime factor in the decadence of Art, as we shall presently see. Photography, with color-painting, gives us surprising reproductions of popular pic-

tures, in which form, color, technique, the actual brush-marks and the piling up of the paint are given with wonderful fidelity. We are thus, at Christmas at least, enabled to buy two or three masterpieces for a shilling. The "three color process" has brought book illustration in colors within easy economic range of even the shilling magazine, and in a guinea volume we can get on a reduced scale a large and varied collection of an artist's works. These little wonders give accurately the form, the texture, the handling and a close approximation to the actual color. Some of them nearly equal the originals; but in most cases there is a peculiar deadening of the effect which it is easy to foresee will in time, with their endless multiplication, render them distinctly nauseating. But while they are comparatively fresh we can enjoy them, at the cost of a few pence each. This is the democratization of pictorial art.

In music there is a parallel movement. For years we have had the hand-organ, and also the mechanical piano, which gives a bravura of execution only equalled by hand after years of practice. The recent developments of mechanical playing, applicable to various instruments, are another step in the democratization of Art, as although the fingering is done mechanically, the performer has some command over the expression, some scope for artistic feeling, and the unskilled music-lover can roll out masterpieces with correctness. The only loss is of the personal fire which flows through the musician's fingers and gives those higher refinements of Art which mechanism misses. This cheapening of the masterpieces will tend to kill the appreciation of them, and we may in time get actually to hate some of the most lovely creations which ever flashed from the brain of genius.

Of late years a still greater wonder

has been given to the world by the scientists; this is the phonograph in its varied forms. This does for the ear what photography does for the eye. It records the complex sounds even more wonderfully than photography records visual aspects, although less perfectly in some respects. The photograph gives form truly, but translates a colored world into black and white, or a monochrome; there is no such translation in the phonograph, which records time, tune and words of a song—its form and color. In addition to this, the song may be enriched by a full orchestral accompaniment, yet all will be recorded, and may be reproduced years after the singer has joined the choir invisible. Every quality of tone will be to some extent given, so that a musician could tell whether the singer's voice was properly "produced" and delivered. Even the peculiar quality of every instrument—the timbre—is given, and every variation of expression. But while these things are wonderfully rendered, it is with a curious loss of beauty. The phonograph has a valuable workaday function as a means of communication, but I am only dealing with its artistic aspect as a recorder and reproducer of music and its soul-stirring witcheries. The gramophone and other variations of this wonderful instrument do much towards the democratization of Art, as for a few pounds anyone can turn on a concert, an opera, an oratorio, a music hall entertainment, a simple song, or an instrumental solo at pleasure; and can choose from the greatest singers or musicians. When we think of the soul resident in a violin, which can be evoked by the master magicians of the bow, how it can be made to sing, to plead, to moan, to laugh and do everything but speak; and then think of this magic little disc which, operated by Nature's own nerve fluid—electricity—can not only speak but sing with full

orchestral accompaniment, we see what a marvel it is. It reminds us of that magic membrane, the drum of the ear, and the wondrous response of the human spirit which translates the membrane's vibrations into sound and the whole world of music, which Schopenhauer and Wagner claimed to be the truest revelation of "the thing in itself" underlying all phenomena.

But to return to the phonograph. Although scientists themselves are unable to explain all the mysteries of this mechanical witchery—and the more one thinks of it the more wonderful it becomes—beautiful as are many of its effects, a gramophone next door may soon become an intolerable nuisance. Another wonder is the cinematograph, recording and reproducing in lightning flashes moving objects. But even this magic mirror is rapidly losing its power to impress us because it is already common.

Although I have adduced all these things to illustrate and enforce a definite argument, it is well, apart from this, that we should take stock of the wonders with which science is enriching the world. Familiarity makes dullards of us all, and we remain insensible to the living, moving miracle-world in which we live, move, and have our being. This to some extent is as merciful as the veiling of the future. When we begin to open our eyes to the wonders of existence they become overwhelming in their impressiveness, and we catch the significance of the old saying that no man can look upon the Great Reality and live—that is, live in this cramped and cramping body. A flash of insight causes us to break our earthly bonds and burst into a larger life.

II.

The sensitiveness, the weariability of the æsthetic faculties which I have

been illustrating causes, in the Art-world, the demand for novelty to outrun the legitimate supply. So we see the same straining after the new and startling by artists as by those born artists—the ladies—in their striving for personal adornment. Think of the vagaries of fashion in dress and its kaleidoscopic changes. Beauty is no sooner attained than the movement is already on its way towards the grotesque or the ugly. Some of the fashions, such as the more outrageous forms of the crinoline, seem to us quite incompatible with sanity; yet when they were in vogue anybody daring to defy the tyranny of fashion and appearing in sensible costume was regarded with quizzical contempt and amazement. It will be well to bear in mind these vagaries, and the aberrations to which taste is liable, as they have their exact analogues in the Art-world of to-day.

We have seen that the tendency to tire is the most marked characteristic of the æsthetic faculties; they demand rest and change. We have seen, too, that familiarity dulls our appreciation and our sense of wonder. Beauty is the resultant of the co-operation of several factors, outer stimuli and the mental or spiritual response; as Wordsworth says, we half perceive and half create. Without what Ruskin calls the "penetrative imagination" there can be little or no realization of artistic beauty. But Imagination is a winged Pegasus, and may be started on its airy flight by a mere suggestion. Leonardo da Vinci recommended his pupils to study the weather stains on old walls for their pictorial suggestiveness. A cloud may be a formless smudge of white on blue; but to the imaginative Hamlet it may take the succession of life-like forms which bewildered the duller-sensed Polonius. The inner seeing reaches its most penetrating form in crystal-gazing, which concentrates the discursive

outer senses and allows the spiritual faculties to become dimly operative. The gazer becomes hypnotized and sees visions of beauty having no objective existence. Ruskin had this power of inner seeing, and it inspired some of his most glowing rhapsodies; but he had its corrective in a scientific keenness of outer vision as remarkable as his poetical insight. Now an ill-balanced critic, ignorant of these elementary psychological facts, ignorant of the nature of the faculties to which he appeals and with which he works, may stumble into endless pitfalls, do great injustice and be mischievous in proportion to his power over the pen. The bearing of these considerations will be manifest when we have glanced back a little to see how the present situation arose, and to see the causes of the decadence which is extending its deathly grip into the vitals of our splendid national Art.

III.

In spite of our proud modesty, our curious mixture of self-satisfied complacency and abject self-abasement and depreciation, we can claim almost as high a place in the plastic and pictorial Arts as in the supreme Art of poetry with our supreme Shakespeare. This point needs emphasizing in view of the persistent libels on the English people by aliens and by the anti-patriotic section of the Press. A great French critic has said that there are only two schools of Painting, the French and the English. Continental schools are only derivative variations of the French, while we can claim greater originality, greater individuality than any. France carried forward to splendid heights the Italian and other continental developments; while we have originated more and opened out more new fields than our brilliant neighbors. The Americans have not yet found themselves in these

arts and are content to express themselves in French accents; but I expect great things from them in the future. The influence of the Anglo-Parisian-Americans has been disastrous both in criticism and the arts. They have shown marked self-consciousness, and, with their keen business instincts, have introduced into Art those advertising methods which are mainly responsible for the arrest of our magnificent progress.

Hogarth was one of our first great painters to strike out a distinctive note; seeing things in dramatic sequence, and illustrating his themes with exhaustless wealth of invention, he attained high rank as a painter apart from his "literary" qualities. He was the first of a long line of poet-painters of marked individuality. In various directions we have widened the field of Art, revealing depths of feeling and emotion which had not before found expression in painting. Landseer, with rare insight, discerned the incipient soul in animals, and with Dickens-like humor and pathos made our dumb friends speak. This marked a distinct advance in human evolution, and founded a school which is peculiarly our own. We took up water colors and developed the rich possibilities of that charming medium. Wilson revived landscape painting, and through Constable, Turner and others enlarged the field of Art immeasurably. Constable's influence revived French landscape Art and inspired the Barbizon school. Turner carried the Art to heights never glimpsed by his predecessors; and made those discoveries, as M. de la Sizeranne points out, which the French Impressionists took up as new discoveries and carried to such mad extremes. Turner was inspired to his ideal flights by the most original and daring genius that ever handled a brush, a man shamefully neglected, because we are big enough to see his

many faults and shortcomings but are not able to appreciate the wonders of his stupendous imagination or the dramatic energy of his thunderous epics. I refer to John Martin, who electrified the Art-world early in the last century. Spoilt by his amazing success, he allowed his imagination to feed on itself, and o'er-stepping the modesty of nature he lost touch of our sympathies. But the creative Idealism of Turner and Martin was the grandest and most original contribution ever made by two men to Art, and it was peculiarly English.

Not content with these splendid new developments, we discerned the causes of the decadence which followed the achievements of that great school of which Raphael and Michael Angelo were the chief ornaments; and an endeavor was made to go back to the principles of the artists who led up to those giants. This was the Pre-Raphaelite movement, a return to nature and a throwing off of hampering conventions. Our painters, refreshed and invigorated by this elixir and by helpful technical influences from France, especially the gospel of "values," progressed rapidly and promised to give us the leading place in the Art-world. But with this fruitage came a blight, an arrest ere the goal was won. So high was the level of achievement that it became increasingly difficult to attract attention by unusual excellence. To gain true distinction required genius, or abilities of a very high order; and this led to all sorts of experimenting with short-cuts and efforts to attract attention by illegitimate means. In a mammon-worshipping age, with its ritual of advertising, Art was pressed into service and became itself infected, and it was soon seen that notoriety was as profitable as fame.

Mixed exhibitions were the cause and occasion of the new movements. Such exhibitions are necessary evils, but

have many drawbacks. It is good for artists to see their works in contact with those of competitors, and their public display is very beneficial. The submission of work to the judgment of a committee of experts, the placing of it with some regard to its merit is a stimulus to the artist, and is a sort of hall-mark for the protection of the purchaser, who has thus a certain guarantee of excellence. But, on the other hand, there is a strong temptation to turn the exhibition walls into advertising hoardings. Selecting committees, having to look through many hundreds of works, have their delicate æsthetic sensibilities wearied and deadened, and they require unusually stimulating work to appeal to them. So artists are tempted to attract the attention of the Council and the public by out-screaming their rivals. This was the root of much of the mischief.

There was also the increasing severity of competition, arising from the multiplication of exhibitions and of artists, which aggravated all the evils I have touched upon. The plethora of works of Art and of reproductions was discouraging, and caused an unsettling of aims, a questioning of good, and a feverish craving for novelty, for change for the sake of change. Impatient of the slow and slackening pace along the upward path of legitimate development, the more restless spirits made dashes in lateral directions, and widened the field. Some harked back to the primitives, but many, having lost their aim, drifted hopelessly down the stream of decadence. Revolting against the Academic demand for thorough craftsmanship, truth to nature, and due homage to beauty, they became a law to themselves and drifted into anarchy.

It is impossible to understand the decadent movements without glancing at the most curious figure that ever strutted, fretted and stormed across the

stage of an astonished world. Mr. Whistler was the stormy petrel, the harbinger of change; and he has proved the evil genius of British Art, owing to the very brilliance of some of his qualities. Lowell's description of Poe best describes him: "two parts genius, three parts sheer fudge." As pictured by his adoring pupil, friend and fag, the genius was largely expended in advertising himself and his art. He was a wit, a poseur, an inveterate practical joker; he was serious only in his belief in Spiritualism. Although using musical terms as titles for his pictures, he was absolutely without music in his soul, and was only bored by the finest concord of sweet sounds. He screamed with laughter over Shakespeare's most serious plays; was utterly Philistine in his judgments of Art; saw in Raphael only the "smart young man of his day;" he sneered at Constable, and saw only "accidents" in Turner's loveliest creations; and he lauded Canaletto, the least inspired of all the painters who have libelled that casket of sea jewels—Venice. Versed in the power of suggestion, he was extraordinarily magnetic, and, as his most intimate biographer tells us, he hypnotized all he came in contact with; he attracted and fascinated them, and set them working or fighting for him. Their own affairs were forgotten in the absorbing interest he induced in the set of his new coat or the curl of his hair. He was always bending the knee to his own "perfections," in order to induce a like attitude in his followers. Such were his powers of suggestion that his eighteenpenny wine was nosed and viewed with lip-smacking complacency, as if of rarest vintage. "I have heard," says Mr. Menpes, "intelligent men dilate for hours upon the beauty and rarity of certain porcelain which I myself have seen Whistler buy at a cheap shop round the corner, or which has been presented at our

doors in company with a pound of Oriental tea." When they were draping the Suffolk Street galleries the stuff gave out, and left gaunt battens grinning in their naked hideousness. But Whistler's wit was equal to the occasion, and he made the critics believe those eyesores were part of a profound scheme of decoration! So the flood of fooling ran on, and the whole thing is exposed, not by malignant enemies, but by an adoring friend who thus betrays the tricks of his "master."

Whistler first attracted attention as a skilful etcher of daintily detailed works; but his oil paintings were their direct antithesis; broad to vacuity they negated nearly all the qualities men were then striving for. Avoiding the difficulties of the full palette, he gave us "Arrangements" or "Harmonies" in black and brown or other simple colors. These works necessarily looked bizarre and outlandish in exhibitions; they provoked a storm of hostile criticism, and became the talk of the town. This was, probably, their main object, as Whistler was quick to discern the value of notoriety and of advertisement, and all his actions subserved this end. Using his pen like a picador he, as he himself tells us, "carefully exasperated" the critics and kept the talk going, until, as in the case of many politicians, his name was made by his enemies. Posing as the superior person, always calling himself "the Master," lauding his own works and belittling all others, he soon had a following of folk prepared to take him at his own valuation. A few friendly critics rallied round him, whose aim was to fight his battles, boom his works and promulgate his subversive doctrines. These doctrines were framed, as one of his principal supporters admitted, for the express purpose of exalting his weaknesses into especial merits. We must remember that one of these friends, by far the

most brilliant writer "in the movement," conceived the happy thought of achieving originality by the trick of denying the obvious, and by inverting accepted axioms. With a flow of golden words and a pretty wit, he made this trick popular, and started that pestilent flood of paradox which has cut like a canker into the artistic conscience, and blurred the more delicate perceptions of right and wrong. Whistler adopted the same trick of inverting truisms, and indulged in playful Mephistophellan mockery of all that was good in Art. Much of this was uttered in waggish audacity to arrest attention and make talk, and was largely prompted by his lust of practical joking. All this whimsicality would merely provoke a smile if it had not been taken seriously by his followers, who still preach his fudge as the true gospel of Art. It is this baneful legacy which has compelled me to devote to him an attention not called for by his legitimate achievements in Art. The amazing success of this advertising, adorned as it was by his brilliant wit and backed by considerable and varied artistic ability, has attracted a host of imitators, who have missed the good and perpetuated and exaggerated the bad in his methods.

It is impossible as yet to estimate justly Whistler's place in Art, or to separate the strenuously striven-for notoriety from the modicum of true fame. He is still an object of that booming which has become quite a science, so we shall be safe in discounting the over-praise and striking a balance between the best and the worst that has been said of him—the worst having been said by the great Ruskin. But certain broad characteristics of his work are abundantly manifest, and they have largely influenced the decadent movements. In the first place he always evaded difficulty; as Sir E. Burne-Jones said, his art ceased where difficul-

ties began. This gave a check to the upward striving and started the decadence. His tendency was to lower Art to the "painter and decorator" stage, rather than to lift it to poetical heights. His steady scorn of all "literary" or poetic motive tended to reduce Art to craft. His practice of saddening color by the admixture of black, while pleasant enough in his own pictures as a complete change from crude and garish works, has led his followers to bring soot to London and call it color. The later developments of the practice are still more disastrous, leading men to banish the light from heaven and earth, to besmirch Eve's fair daughters with muddy impurity, and to paint flesh in the ghastly grays suggestive of the Morgue. In default of genuine originality men are driven to play these fantastic tricks.

Whistler's influence was greatly increased by the friends his freakish, fascinating personality attracted. Some of these on the Press started the "New Criticism," which boomed his works, and propagated the subversive doctrines which were framed in order to exalt his practice at the time. Considering the nationalities of these critics, it is not surprising that their criticism was anti-English and tended to defame all that was best in our national Art. But it gained sympathy by its strenuous and persistent attacks on the Royal Academy. One of them wrote: "The Academy must be destroyed, then all the other Royal institutes will follow as a matter of course." This is the analogue of Anarchism and Nihilism in the political world, as I have shown in my *Anarchism in Art*—to which I may perhaps be permitted to refer—and in which I have thoroughly analyzed the whole complex and unprecedented situation. The Academy having remained almost stationary amid a flood of change, and remained almost at its original num-

bers while the number of artists has increased nearly a hundredfold, it became a life-and-death matter with the outsiders to discount the value of the symbols, "R.A.," and "A.R.A."; so they encouraged all attacks on that too conservative institution. In addition to this need, all outsiders, if only from the fact that they are such, have some personal grievance against the Academy, and they delighted in hearing it abused. But the attacks of the new critics have been reckless; not confined to the constitution of the Academy, they have widened so as to include in their scope the whole great and varied range of Art shown at its annual exhibitions. So the outsiders are now finding to their dismay that all that is best in our national Art is being gradually discredited, and that they are the principal sufferers.

That such subversive, such anarchical doctrines should have found acceptance is amazing; but we can trace some of its causes. The "new critics" were in no sense *critics*, they were simply strenuous *advocates* of narrow and sectional interests; but knowing their own minds, and posing as champions of progress, they were allowed great latitude, and soon had a following. The title "new" was itself alluring to journalists desiring to be new and up-to-date; and as no one among the other critics had sufficient insight to discern the true inwardness of the new movements, they have drifted into the wake of these leaders of the decadence.

For the reasons stated at the outset the modern Art critic is placed in the worst conceivable position for judging works of Art. The plethora of pictures and the number of bewilderingly mixed exhibitions he has to view make quite impossible demands on that freshness of faculty without which there can be no enjoyment of Art. Send an epicure to half-a-dozen restaurants to sample some hundreds of dishes, and he will

be sickened and hate the sight of food however delicious or wholesome. The Art critic is in like case. To appeal to his jaded faculties there must be an ever-increasing stimulus, startling novelties, or works so innocent of detail as to convey their impression at a glance and make no demands on the penetrative imagination necessary to realize the subject of a work of Art. That so many of our critics manage to keep their heads, and, like tea-tasters, are able to give sane judgments, often fills me with admiring surprise. Much depends on temperament and on knowledge. Lord Leighton was as wonderful in this as in his other accomplishments. When at the end of a long day of selecting works for the Academy exhibition the members of the Council were utterly worn out, and all but color-blind from the strain of judging pictures in rapid flight before them, the Admirable Leighton retained his marvellous alertness to the end. But he had consummate knowledge to guide him, and could judge up to a certain point with lightning rapidity, and with the minimum of æsthetic strain; while most critics lack this profound knowledge and have to depend on a mere smattering and on weariable taste.

Now the picture-lover and buyer is in quite a different position; he places works on his walls, or in his portfolios, and looks at them only when he wants to do so. The quiet beauties, drowned in the trumpet-blare of an exhibition, sing an enchanting song to him when he is in the right mood; while the same works in a mixed exhibition would be objects of scorn or of indifference to the jaded critic. This difference of mood leads to an irreconcilable divergence of opinion between the critic and the "public," and the critic has a lordly contempt for the judgments of the latter; while, as a matter of fact, the public often play the part of posterity and frame truer judgments than those

of the over-worked critic who is debauched by satiety.

The blasé critics in search of new excitements demand a rapidity of progress impossible in these stages of Art development. Movement they must have. They hunger for the new and unexpected, and lacking the penetration to discern the subtle new beauties which the legitimate progress of Art is giving us, they clamor for movement, for "individuality." But what they mean by this term is any form of advertising eccentricity which can stir their tired faculties. So they lose the sense of direction, and mistake any kind of movement for progress. Thus the new critics and their misguided followers have mistaken decadence for progress, and judge largely by inverted criteria. This is the key to an otherwise bewildering situation.

These new and decadent movements here are but a pale reflection of the mad riot of isms which have run their devastating course in Paris and other Art centres. The great Franco-Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, says: "We are passing through a phase of such pictorial debauchery that, once the reaction sets in, fine workmanship will come by its due." The extent of the decadence on the Continent is amazing. Even in Germany, the home of philosophy, the debauch is running its demoralizing course, and none of the writers have insight enough to see the meaning of it all. Everywhere there is fever, but it is of Art sickening to its death rather than of birthpangs. I was looking recently at a German equivalent of our "Hundred Best Pictures." It consisted of wonderful reproductions in colors of the representatives of "Modernity," the "Secessionists." The works show greater technical training than our decadents display, but any of the great masters of old seeing these experiments would regard them as the output of a lunatic

asylum. A few are very clever and odd, realizing effects hitherto avoided, thus extending Art's frontiers. Some, while falling far below our Academy standards, are refreshing as satisfying the need of change for the sake of change. But the majority are intentionally and outrageously bad, and show clever and trained men deliberately mimicking the feeble fumbling of fools, just to astonish and set the world's tongues wagging. Others, as Ruskin unjustly said of Whistler, are simply throwing paint-pots into the face of an astonished public.

But there is method in this apparent madness. If a man can get talked about enough, and attract attention by playing these fantastic tricks, dealers in decadents will take him up, his works will be scientifically boomed, by mysterious means his name will be thrust to the front on all occasions, until the eye of the collector of curios or the millionaire is caught, and fortunes are made. I have described this German production because it illustrates and is the type of the Secessionist movements in all the Art centres. These movements are represented here by the Internationalists (ominous name), by the New English Art Club, and by a section of the Glasgow School; but all Art bodies are to some extent affected by the revolvers.

In this country the agitation against the position and the constitution of the Royal Academy is legitimate enough; it sadly needs reorganizing and adjusting to the changed conditions; but the revolt against "Academic Art" is quite meaningless here. There is a great variety of work among Academicians and Associates; no two styles are alike, and the range of subject and treatment in the works at the Academy Exhibition is simply enormous. So our "Secessionists" have had little to revolt against except the Academic demand for good work and thorough craftsmanship.

ship; they therefore revolted against that! So they and their supporting friends on the Press have steadily heaped scorn and contempt on the Academicians, they are abused for what they are and for what they are not, for what they do and for what they do not do. Bewildering confusion has been caused by this mixing up of artistic questions with art politics. In order to injure the Academy, as the leading Art Society, in the interests of sectional bodies, all that is best in our national Art has been steadily defamed, to our collective loss and cruel injury to individuals. The situation can only be realized by imagining a parallel case in politics. Suppose that the ultra Radicals, the Little Englanders, the Socialists and the Anarchists had control of the Press, and poured out an endless flood of Party misrepresentations, while the Liberals, Imperialists, Unionists and Conservatives all lacked the courage to oppose these sectional distortions of the truth. Just such an amazing state of things has arisen in the Art world. It is the nearest approach ever seen to what some cynical wag described as "that amazing unanimity of the Press only seen when it is entirely in the wrong." I am saying what the great majority of our most accomplished artists will heartily endorse—in private. They are timid folk, and while they will congratulate me for speaking out, will not do so themselves for fear of drawing the fire of certain critics, or through dread of the more deadly boycott. All critics who know anything of Art, and can look at the matter fairly and squarely, must acknowledge the truth of my contentions; but such is the dread of not being thought up-to-date that they allow matters to drift, drift and drift. But there are, fortunately, signs of reaction in Paris; and as the mischief came from that mercurial centre, so probably will come the cure.

But to return to the Academy. Like Governments, Academies are necessary evils, and there is a stultifying division of opinion as to what their constitution should be, and as to the best means of increasing their good effect without multiplying the attendant evils. Our Academy, which is a private or a public body to suit circumstances, should be nationalized; but it must be reformed, or must reform itself, as too much power has accumulated outside. To weaken outsiders there must be more insiders; but this will increase a privileged class and make it much worse for the remaining outsiders. As is the case with all our institutions, no provision is made for its steady growth and automatic readjustment to changed and changing conditions. The tendency of an Academy is to act as a drag, a break that is always on. This often hampers the up-hill work of progress, but is invaluable when the chariot of Art is going down hill, as it is doing to-day. *Facilis descensus Avern!*; and now that we are on the slippery slopes the Academy is the only thing that can retard the fatal descent. Seeing this I have committed the unpardonable sin of pointing it out, and have drawn attention to some of the good work of this much maligned institution. In consequence I am regarded as a Conservative, or a Reactionary, in spite of the fact that I am always fighting for advanced causes, or with forlorn hopes, my whole industry being inspired by the desire to seize the good in the new while it is new, and by my dislike of a cowardly cringing before popular prejudice, and a refusal to accept advanced truth until it has become "respectable," popular, and—out-of-date. The aims should be to look beyond the bias of the moment, to anticipate the swing of the pendulum and the judgment of to-morrow, rather than lazily to endorse the opinions of yesterday.

A plentiful crop of misconceptions has grown out of the initial blunder of mistaking decadence for progress. This blunder has misled many well-meaning editors, who have allowed a license to the narrow advocates of sectional interests which they would sternly curtail if they only understood the true inwardness of these crab-like movements. A deep debt of reparation is due from a section of the Press, which will be amply made when once the case is understood.

IV.

The vital question is whether the new movements are progressive, as is claimed, or are decadent, as I have elsewhere demonstrated. Writers who deal only with the pictorial and plastic arts have shown singularly little insight into the real nature of these new departures. Dr. Max Nordau, in his brilliant but one-sided work, *Degeneration*, treated all the varied phases of "Modernity" from a quasi-scientific standpoint, but lacking true artistic insight he blundered badly. He actually adopted the trick of screaming for attention by the violence and the scathing nature of his denunciations. This advertising trick is the real cause of many of the evils which he scourges and attributes to nervous diseases. Tolstoy follows Dr. Max Nordau to some extent in, *What is Art?* He discerns the decadence, but is strangely narrow, and while denouncing existing Art as too exclusive and aristocratic, overlooks what I have called the democratization of Art which is proceeding so rapidly, and which is contributory to that unsettling of aims which has arrested development. While his social and religious theories warp and vitiate so many of his contentions, he sees as in lightning glare the real causes of the decadence, and he passionately pleads for sincerity and "infectiousness"—the power of infecting

others with the glowing emotion inspiring the artist, and would judge all Art by the width of its appeal. He thus shows what are the crying needs of the time: sincerity, to kill the suicidal cult of eccentricity; infectiousness, the mark of the true artist who conveys emotions first felt in the depths of his own soul; and he treats with measureless scorn the petty pretentiousness of the superior person who assures us that caviare is the true ambrosia. Tolstoy says that true Art is universal in its appeal, o'erleaping the barriers of time and of Babel it goes straight to the great palpitating heart of humanity. There is life-giving truth in these contentions; but like Max Nordau, Tolstoy lacks the more finely-strung sympathy which welcomes new and subtle beauties coming in questionable guise. These two literary artists give us little or no help in dealing with the plastic and pictorial arts with which I am more immediately concerned.

The main factors, as I have shown, are the glut of Art, and the wearying of faculty which has caused a cry for change, and a revolt against nearly all forms of accepted excellence. A divine melody and a soul-stirring symphony may sicken us if done to death on street pianos or gramophones, but they do not cease to be beautiful tone-poems because our taste is vitiated by surfeit. Yet this elementary fact is continually overlooked in current criticism, the writers failing to realize the personal equation. In view of the plethora of Art, what is the essential condition of true progress? It is manifest that we should make greater and greater demands on the artist. We should demand higher and more varied faculty, more thorough training, greater excellence, greater preciousness of work and greater sensitiveness of the artistic conscience. We should ask for more thought, more soul, a greater play of

fancy, imagination and invention. An artist should not only have more perfect command of his language, of his materials, he should also have more penetrating, more vital thoughts and more perfected power of expressing them. With these increased demands, this raising of all the standards of Art, the ranks of artists would soon be thinned, the incompetent would be weeded out, redundancy checked and true progress assured.

Now, what are the chief characteristics of the new movements? They invert all the conditions I have named. In the first place there has been an utter relaxation of the artistic conscience. Truth of form, the scientific foundation of all Art, is violated in ways hitherto regarded as the sign-manual of incompetence. The human form divine is often represented with unfinished, misshapen, abortive limbs which shock delicate sensibilities. Yet these offences against humanity, so far from outlawing the perpetrators and excluding them from the Art-world, draw from the "advanced" critics abject laudation.

Then, again, instead of increasing the demands on the artist, the whole tendency is to lower them. Since Whistler's disastrous lead all the poetic and inventive faculties have been steadily sneered at and discounted by the Newists. Mr. George Moore described subject in painting, whether illustrative, dramatic or poetic, as "the failure of the 19th century"; he called it "a vice," and likened it to the potato blight or the phylloxera; exactness of costume, truth of detail were "derivative vices." These inverted ideas were not the ephemera of the weaklings of the Press; they appeared in a highly-placed weekly, and were republished in book form. These topsy-turvy assertions have been so strenuously repeated that they are accepted as axioms by "advanced" critics, and the

others seem to lack the insight, courage, or energy to protest against such absurdities. To dub a picture "anecdotic," or "literary" in motive is to condemn it hopelessly. So the whole tendency of these movements is to reduce Art to craft, and to cut the root of public interest in it.

Thirdly, instead of making the work more thorough, more precious, more sympathetic with Nature's subtle methods, the trend of the Newists is in the opposite direction, Art is cheapened by the display of means, and easel pictures show the clumsy adoption of the scene-painter's handling. Painters turn their backs on the delicacy, the infinite subtlety of Nature's artistry; every kind of slipshod, slap-dash, blatant brushwork is encouraged, and the standards of work so debased that the untrained may now pose as masters; thus the door is thrown wide open to the feeblest of amateurs who are exalted over the heads of the "common Academician" by fellow amateurs on the Press. Nor is this all; it is declared to be "scandalous" that the Chantrey Trustees have not bought certain poor little amateurish imitations of Turner's very slightest sketches, color blots absolutely destitute of drawing.

Fourthly, in all other branches of Art we see the same blasé revolt against things hitherto considered good, and the invention of new forms of bad work, or the return to primitive blundering. Take one case out of thousands that could be given. The principal Art magazine recently published some colored designs for a country cottage, and these designs were used as specially attractive features to advertise the publication. These designs simply exaggerated all the faults, ugliness and inconveniences of the worst form of old cottage. The windows were smaller, the roof stopped at the wall with the minimum of over-

hanging eaves, and the chimneys were just plain, arrested square shafts, without cap or other form of finish; like an ordinary chimney with the top cut off! This is a typical specimen of the depths of degradation to which the "advanced" movements are dragging our Art.

I have said enough to establish my contention that this new fever is the sign of Art sickening to its death rather than of birthpangs; and that the "advanced" artists and their friends on the Press have mistaken decadence for progress, and are judging largely by inverted criteria. These aberrations would matter little if those critics who have kept their heads, and who know the meaning of these things would only have the courage to speak out in manly protest, instead of allowing things to drift. In justice to the great body of critics it must be said that they, knowing that these fantastic tricks of the Newists are only means to gain notoriety, refuse to play into their hands by denouncing them. But it is quite possible to denounce backsliding and perditionward movements, without dealing with individuals. So the great body of our ablest artists, who are developing Art along sane and central lines, are suffering very great injustice because the principal part of the Press does not attempt to correct the mischief done by the other part which is largely dominated by alien influences.

V.

With regard to the future we must trust mainly to the swing of the pendulum. We need a Higher Criticism for Art. We are coming under a Newer Dispensation, and that may bring fresh inspiration and open up new and unexpected fields. What these will be the "advanced" artists have as yet shown no glimmering of. Some genius may arise and transform for us the heavens and earth, and by

deeper insight reveal to us recondite beauties and depths of spiritual significance of which we little dream. While waiting for these new revelations we should take our cue from the ethical sphere. When in doubt do the duty nearest to thee, and when that is done the next step will already be clearer. British Art has given some splendid new leads, but the technical accomplishment has not always equalled the inspiration, so there is much to be done in perfecting the means of expression. Turnerism is "an arrested Art"; John Martin stands alone without a predecessor or a follower; the Art of Walker, Mason and Pinwell died with them. The Art blossoms given to us by these men were peculiarly English, essentially our own; and they sprang from a delicate sentiment having a penetrating appeal. It is the fashion of sciolists to sneer at sentiment, because they are sciolists and do not recognize in sentiment one of the most potent forces in human nature. In Art it gives that subtle, indefinable something which we call poetry—that is, *poetry of idea*, not dependent on metrical expression, but applicable to all branches of Fine Art. It is a sign of sincerity, and sends a sympathetic stir through the latent chords of our being. The master magicians having this evocative power are never likely to be redundant.

There is much to be done in every direction; we have yet to exhaust our own worlds and imagine new. But the achievements awaiting us will only be won by being true to our national genius, which long ago passed the French Revolutionary stage. The line of progress for us is that of steady evolution, which will be moved by the inner need for outer expression, and will have nothing in common with that haphazard experimenting which is degrading our Art, and which marks the absence of genuine inspiration.

E. Wake Cook.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

I find my friend Mlle. Tardieu (de Tardieu it was in palmy days) engaged in writing letters, an occupation to which she is not much addicted. She has a way of letting her correspondence accumulate until it has reached overwhelming proportions, and then clearing it off with one heroic effort. She writes anywhere, on her knees, or on a layer of books of unequal sizes, more rarely at her writing-table. To save the trouble of blotting, she casts the sheets when finished on the floor to the right and left, and flings the addressed envelopes on to about the same spots. Then when Mlle. Tardieu's correspondents receive her epistles, they are under the impression that she has blotted them on the hearth-rug or the pillar-post; and when they open them, they discover that they are unwilling participators in a game of cross questions and crooked answers.

The situation is complicated by the presence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, a large gray tom-cat, and a capricious favorite. He always presents himself on correspondence days, walks about on the letters,—for he likes to hear the crackle of paper under his pads, much as some human beings love the rustle of the crisp leaves in autumn woods—and intrudes a fluffy purring form between Mlle Tardieu and her work. Mlle. Tardieu holds down the bushy gray tail with her left hand, while she writes as well as she may between the pads, addressing the while polyglot reproaches to the unheeding animal.

Mlle. Tardieu is polyglot, for she keeps a *pension*, and has contracted conversational inaccuracies in most of the European languages. The world is for her a linguistic forest, in traversing which she has become thickly

covered with burrs. She is literary, and when in full dress wears a little violet ribbon. I think the little ribbon means that she is excellent at French grammar, and could not easily be found erring in her irregular verbs. Her dress is literary. It consists of what I have heard called a wrapper; and she presents the appearance of a parcel that has been put up in some pretty chintz stuff, only the string has been forgotten.

"One moment, Monsieur," says Mlle. Tardieu; "you will excuse my finishing—little devil!"

The apology is for me, the expletive for the cat. I take the chair that Mlle. Tardieu indicates with a motion of her head; a literary head, of which the *coiffure* is always picturesquely incomplete. The chair has a broken spring, like all easy chairs in *pensions*.

"I forget whether you have met him—ugly little animal!" murmurs my hostess.

"Have I?" I reply, thinking that answer on the whole the most provocative, a kind of conversational mustard-leaf. But Mlle. Tardieu says no more for the moment, and buries herself in her writing. The leaves fall thick on the floor, as if Mlle. Tardieu were a first frost of autumn.

"That is his photograph, there, to your left. I made him have it taken."

It is the photograph of a gentleman in a frock coat, holding in his hand a cane and a silk hat. He is tall, upright, meagre. His hair (still thick), his moustache, his eyebrows, are all iron-gray. The eyes are rather tired, and the lines of care deeply cut. But the face is that of a gallant, kindly man; one whose bark, in its voyage to the unexplored zone, has sailed into the

frozen latitudes beyond fifty, and is not yet ice-bound.

"*N'ayant plus du gentilhomme que son honneur qu'il garde, son nom qu'il cache, et son épée qu'il montre,*" says Mlle. Tardieu. "But no, that will not do at all. He does not hide his name: why should he? His sword did good service in the Terrible Year, though now it is sheathed for ever. But *son honneur qu'il garde*—yes, that he has, my—villainous beast! He is one of the old nobility, the real *vieille noblesse*—none of your Napoleonic and Second Empire things. They came back from exile, and the home-coming was worse than the exile. No men of business among them, the little that they could recover slowly slipping from their hands again. He is the last of them, my poor friend. How old should you say?"

"Fifty-seven," I hazard.

"Sixty-nine," she replies, "and that is letting you into a state-secret, Monsieur. And I will let you into another. We were born the same year."

Before I have time to think of a compliment,—which I can often make very prettily, given a reasonable interval—Mlle Tardieu plunges again into her correspondence.

Annette comes to whisper something about breakfast, and flinging open the folding-doors discloses a view of the dining-room, in which underlings, in green-baize aprons, are busy arranging the private winebottles and napkins of the boarders, the traveller's poor Penates, on which alone in a strange land he can lay an appropriating finger.

The boarders assemble. There are the two Norwegian ladies who slide about upon French with as much grace and ease as Mr. Winkle on the frozen pond. There is the nice little Russian nurse, polite, abstracted, and her compatriot, neither nice nor abstracted. In the way of males we have the

Hungarian youth who is reported to have lost two fortunes, and has in any case lost the habit of scrupulous attention to his finger-nails. There is a dark taciturn gentleman, who is rumored to be a Turk, and might as well be that as anything else. It is not for me to decide, as I can never tell a Turk without his fez and carpet slippers. And there is myself, of London.

A few minutes are passed in the usual small-talk; then the door opens and the gentleman of the photograph enters. He kisses Mlle. Tardieu's hand gracefully and unaffectedly, and bows in the direction of the company.

"Monsieur de Talonrouge," says Mlle. Tardieu, in the same direction.

I am now able to add to the details I have already gleaned that M. de Talonrouge wears neat white spats and trousers of a gray check, that the coat is indeed admirable as regards cut and fit, but a little past its prime, and that the photographer has touched his subject up considerably. M. de Talonrouge is well preserved, but not quite so well as the artist has indicated. He is an upright, soldierly man, and the fact of his wearing no ribbon in his buttonhole lends him an air of distinction. He gives his arm to Mlle. Tardieu and we pass into the dining-room, preceded by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who takes the first turn to the right and disappears down a passage that, by its savor, should be connected with the kitchen.

M. de Talonrouge is seated in the place of honor, facing his hostess, in the centre of the long side of the table, where only very narrow straits divide his chair from the sideboard, so that he is bumped a good deal by Annette and the green-aproned underlings; but one does not often get honor and comfort too. The conversation turns on a subject not often discussed (outside France) in a mixed society, namely the

question whether, in the case of those alliances which are called marriages, the preliminary visits to Monsieur le Maire and Monsieur le Curé may or may not be dispensed with. The youth from Hungary, though his loss of fortune is supposed to be connected with an irregular arrangement of the kind, holds that they may. He is supported by the gentleman of (alleged) Turkish blood, whose support, however, does not count for much, as it appears that he has mistaken the topic of conversation for one which his scanty knowledge of French makes it impossible for him to reveal to us. M. de Talonrouge is strongly for regularity. It is pleasant to see the upright old gentleman, upright in all senses of the word, firing volleys into the Hungarian, till that dull Lothario becomes more limp than ever, and finally relapses into a silence that is meant to be impressive but is merely quaint. Then Mlle. Tardieu leads the conversation back to the topics which stand for us in the place of the Shakespeare and musical glasses of by-gone days; and so we all pass into the *salon*.

The boarders depart after the unceremonious manner of their kind, some to their farms, others to their merchandize, and I am left with Mlle. Tardieu and M. de Talonrouge. Then I rise to go; M. de Talonrouge rises too.

"I believe we are going the same way," he says; "we might perhaps walk together? So then, *au revoir*, Madame. And Sophie? As always, I suppose?"

"As always, *mon ami*."

M. de Talonrouge bends over Mlle. Tardieu's hand. The lady of the *pension* nods her literary head very kindly at me. "Come again, both of you," she cries, as the street-door closes upon us.

We cross the Champs Elysées and enter upon a maze of quiet streets, chiefly inhabited, it would seem, by

butchers' boys. M. de Talonrouge walks on in a silence which he at last breaks with an effort. "Pardon me, Monsieur, I was quite forgetting. I am so used to being alone. I am taking you a little out of your way, not far; I have an errand here."

As he speaks, we turn into a street yet quieter than the rest, and there we see a little old lady. She looks as if she had stepped out of some print, in her quaint bonnet and shawl. A tall Bretonne *bonne* stands waiting. The little old lady is searching anxiously about the pavements and in the dry, clean gutters, and even peering through the railings into the solemn front-garden of a solemn house. As she searches, she wrings her hands and shows every sign of distress. M. de Talonrouge walks up to her and calls her gently by her name,—"Sophie."

She looks up quickly. "Victor!"

How the lines about the poor drawn mouth relax! How the fever fades from the flushed, withered cheek! How the wild light dies out in the dim blue eyes!

"Sophie!" He takes her two trembling hands in his gaunt right hand; the other holds his hat and the hot sun beats down on his bared gray head. "Sophie, what is it, *chère amie*?"

"Oh, Victor, I have lost the purse, I have lost the purse! What shall I do?"

"Oh, you have lost the purse? Is that all? Well, that is nothing. We must find it. It is sure to have been picked up, you know. I will go straight to the Commissaire and tell him about it. What was it like?"

"It was of red,—no, black—no, red leather; and it had,—it had,—oh Victor, I—I forget." The tears rolled down her cheeks and her voice is choked with sobs.

"Hush, now, you must be braver than this, or—" He whispers in her ear, and a wan smile plays about her

mouth. "And now you will go home with Jeannette, will you not? *Au revoir, chère amie.*"

He stands watching the pathetic little figure moving away on the arm of the tall Bretonne girl. It is not till they have turned the corner of the street that he remembers his bareheadedness and my existence. And then—"Mille pardons!" he cries. "How rude I have been! Forgive me and drink a cup of coffee with me on the Boulevard Poissonnière."

Indeed I will. For I am bound to confess that the coffee is quite the weakest part of the Tardieu *ménage*. I do not say so to M. de Talonrouge.

We take our seats in a *café* on the shady side of the great boulevard. The ceaseless stream of life rolls by, that part of it which has wheels to roll on, from the swift auto-brougham with coronets on the doors to the humble cab crawling by the edge of the pavement; and pedestrians, on business or pleasure bent, stride or lounge along.

In front of us, a gentleman of shabby appearance is engaged (for our delectation and his profit) in making faces through an oval of felt; and considering the very niggardly way in which Nature has dealt out to him her fatal gifts of beauty, it seems a work of supererogation to further distort his features. A tumbler, whose stock-in-trade is a dirty strip of carpet and a few elementary gymnastic feats, is more deserving of encouragement. The waiters rush hither and thither, bearing impossible piles of mugs and glasses; and the customers sit dreamily before measures of various liquids,—the muddy *absinthe*, the clear *bock* beaded on its icy outward surface, and the steaming coffee; while the heaps of little saucers rise before them, marking at once their reckoning and their cubic capacity. And as we light our cigars (my contribution to the entertainment)

I ask M. de Talonrouge the story of little Mlle. Sophie.

"Willingly," he says. "Well, she is the sister (younger by five years) of Mlle. Tardieu. It is a sad tale. They two are alone in the world and have been so for many years. They had a little fortune, enough to live on in comfort, not luxury. Mlle. Tardieu, you know, is a clever woman, and she determined to come to Paris, where she could make something by her pen and by tuition. I am of the same province as the Tardieus, and have known them since my boyhood. I advised them to this step. We were all young then; it is thirty-five years ago.

"So they sold their little property,—property sold better in those days than it does now—and made the move. Mlle. Sophie was engaged to—a man of good family, but himself not much richer than a church-mouse. She was pretty, very pretty, the sweetest, most delicate little thing you can imagine, like a piece of fragile Sèvres. The man can still see that beauty in her; he and her sister are the only two in the world for whom it has not disappeared. She will find it again—not here!

"Well, they came to Paris and established themselves. The man pressed for marriage,—he had followed them—and it was agreed that it should take place so soon as the business arrangements had been settled. He was a man of simple tastes, and asked nothing more than the *bonheur-pot-au-feu*,—love in a cottage, as you say. He could add to the small revenues by teaching perhaps.

"Then arrived a misfortune which wrecked these modest plans for happiness. The day came when the final arrangements were to be made, and the notary put into Mlle. Tardieu's hands the profits of the sale of the country estate, £4,000 of your money. Mlle. Tardieu gave the notes to her sister, who put them into her purse and the

purse into her pocket. When they reached home, the purse was gone.

"Our own idea—mine and Mlle. Tardieu's—was that Mlle. Sophie's pocket was picked the moment she got out of the notary's door by some scoundrel who had wind of the transactions and had followed the ladies. But the poor girl insisted that she had dropped the purse and that she would find it again in a spot which she had in her mind. When she recovered from the fever into which she fell,—recovered physically, for her mental capacity is gone for ever—she would go to the spot,—the spot where we found her this afternoon. She has been there every day for thirty-five years! Nothing can keep her from it; perhaps if she were restrained, she would die. Everyday, about the same hour in the afternoon, she gets restless and will go out. She searches, and is only persuaded to come away by the promise that the Commissaire shall be told of the matter. The rest of the day is spent not unhappily. She sews, sometimes even reads.

"But thirty-five years! Have you ever passed a night of fever, a week, a month even? The misery of that half-waking torment that you know and cannot name! And thirty-five years of it! She so frail! How has she endured it?

"And the man? Gracious is the misfortune which comes singly. He had his troubles too, bad times, and small revenues daily becoming smaller. It was hard, but it was manageable. Mlle. Tardieu got together a little *clientèle*; she is an admirable person, and her lessons were said to be quite excellent. She started a *pension* on a humble scale. Yes, it was manageable.

"Then came 1870, the *année terrible*. The man of course went out to fight for his country, and gained some little credit. But the revenues went down

lower and lower; it was always a struggle—"

M. de Talonrouge rises, smooths down the frock-coat that is a little worn at the angles, and we part. "You will find me here most afternoons, Monsieur," he says; and he walks away with a dignified, leisurely step down the crowded boulevard.

I often find myself at the restaurant with M. de Talonrouge, our modest coffee steaming before us, while the old gentleman tells me such details of his life as persons or objects suggest. Now it is a tall dragoon that recalls an incident of some battle-field; now a sister of charity to remind him of a hospital scene; now a fine lady and a reminiscence of an ancestral château, where once a great seigneur dwelt, but now a successful grocer keeps his piecrust state. I find that my old friend is *décoré*, with a piety that is rather aristocratic than reasoning, reminiscent of the day when the coronet and the cassock ruled the land and the Third Estate was but tolerated. Of course the expulsion of the congregations is for him the Abomination of Desolation, the last of the countless mortal blows that have been dealt his unhappy country any time these hundred years. Naturally he is a Royalist, and owns allegiance to a shabby Bourbon, who lives contentedly in a Brussels back street, the out-at-elbows descendant of a poor little Dauphin who, possibly, escaped from a loathsome dungeon. M. de Talonrouge, warm partisan of oppressed Royalty, makes a yearly pilgrimage to St. Germain's to lay a little wreath on the tomb of the most foolish king the world has ever seen, our James the Second. His attachment to the memory of that inferior monarch is strengthened by the fact that one of his ancestors was an equerry in the court of the august exile. Of course M. de Talonrouge reads *L'Autorité*, and with M. Paul de

Cassagnac trembles at nine o'clock every morning for the future of France.

"*Ni bouche, ni éperon*" is his sweeping judgment on the politicians of the day, save the lugubrious Paul; "they have neither wit nor courage."

Mlle. Tardieu supplies me with a few other details. The *flancé* of poor little crazy Mlle. Sophie and M. de Talonrouge are,—I am not surprised to find—one and the same person. He has remained faithful to her through all; can you guess what it was he whispered in her ear the other day? The old gentleman has been too modest as to the part he played at the time of the great Tardieu catastrophe. "If it had not been for him, we should have starved," says Mlle. Tardieu simply.

Then it appears that in the great war M. de Talonrouge served with something more than the mere credit that he modestly claims. His conduct on several occasions rose to the level of the heroic; in one engagement particularly, where he saved the life of a young officer, whom he carried severely wounded out of fire at the greatest risk of his own life. The officer was the son of a great Paris *restaurateur*, Dubray; and the grateful couple do not forget.

"How they managed it, I do not know," says Mlle. Tardieu, "for my old friend is a little *difficile* in these matters. I can only get him to breakfast here occasionally. I want him to come and live with us, but he will not hear of it. And yet M. Dubray was clever enough to make M. de Talonrouge more or less accept the liberty of his restaurant as you might say. He dines there four or five times a week. They behave most delicately. He has a private room, and the old butler looks after him himself. I am sure it must make all the difference in the world to him; and, and—"

Mlle. Tardieu relapses into silence

and Mollère. This being one of the occasions on which Jean Jacques Rousseau's presence would not be inconvenient, the capricious favorite is absent.

My friendship with M. de Talonrouge ripens. He introduces me to his apartment,—"soldier's quarters, *mon cher*"—on a fifth story; a tiny kitchen, and one large room neatly screened into two. Here are a few books, a few old prints, a sword on the wall, some flowers in a glass, and a tidiness that is almost material enough to be reckoned as furniture. "*Bonne chère, beau feu*," he remarks; "good cheer and a bright fire, as we say; and, thank God, I still have both. By-the-bye, will you dine with me at Dubray's to-morrow at seven? Dubray is a friend of mine. I was once fortunate enough to be able to do him a service, and—"

"I know," I say, "Mlle. Tardieu has—"

"Has told you?" The old man blushes. "That was,—that was indiscreet on her part. I shall have to scold her. However, to-morrow at seven."

I am there at the time appointed. It is one of the smartest restaurants in Paris, where everything is so admirable that there is no need of a shabby string band to drown cries of distress and induce oblivion of deficiencies. We are shown by a grave butler into a little room, in which marble and gilt and a frescoed ceiling delight the eye. M. de Talonrouge carries with him a little box neatly tied with white ribbon, such as those who shop bear with them. He puts it on the table at his side.

The dinner is excellent, so excellent, that when we arrive at the game, I have finished. The butler puts before us a partridge and stealthily retires. Then a strange little comedy is played.

"You will not take any?" says my host. "Well, I have really had enough too. Now I will let you into a little

secret, *mon cher*. It is always like this here; they always feed me far, far too well. So this is what I do." He opened his box, deposits the part-ridge on a saucer within, closes it up and ties the white ribbon. Then he looks at me with a twinkle in his eyes. "There! That will do for my *déjeuner* to-morrow," says he, "They will think I have eaten it."

"But, Monsieur, what will they think you have done with the bones?"

I could bite my tongue out. My poor simple old friend turns deadly pale and mops his brow with his handkerchief.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gasps; "for twenty years I have never thought of that! What a consummate fool am I—*sot à triple étage! O, mon Dieu!*"

I am divided in my mind between sympathy for M. de Talonrouge and esteem for the grave butler who has seen the poor little farce played so often and has never relaxed in his quiet politeness,—one more example to them that cry that the good servant is extinct.

All the contentment and gaiety are gone from our little feast. M. de Talonrouge slips shamefacedly a much larger gratification than he can afford into the hand of the staid butler, and we pass through the crowd of incomers into the noisy street.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" groans M. de Talonrouge once more. "I can never go there again."

Business calls me, to England after this, and it is a month before I find my way to the Boulevard Poissonnière again. My old friend is not there, and I resolve to go and look for him on his fifth floor. As I pass into the court, the *concierger*, an old soldier who is reading *Le Petit Journal* with his feet up, as is the way of all *concierges*, hoists himself into a standing attitude and calls me by the name of *Hein*; he is not too polite, this *concierger*. He hands me a circular, a terrible thing with a deep black border. What I read chills my heart. The *concierger* coughs huskily; what if he is impolite, the *concierger*?

"It happened about three weeks after you went," says Mlle. Tardieu some hours later, "quite suddenly. The doctors said he had had some vexation, and talked about—about inanition. Dubray saw to everything. He did it very well, except those *faire part* things, which are horrible; but he has a good heart. And then,—did you not know—poor Sophie—the very same day—"

Mlle. Tardieu takes up her book (Fénélon's philosophy) and, perhaps, reads. Jean Jacques Rousseau sleeps on the hearthrug, unnoticed.

Charles Oliver.

COWPER'S LETTERS.*

Our opinions frequently need readjustment. Too long have we regarded Cowper as a religious maniac whose gloom was relieved by occasional gleams of sanity. There can be no doubt that his life was often darkened by madness and wretched with despair

* "The Correspondence of William Cowper." Arranged in Chronological Order, with Anno-

—that he was visited by religious mania which, coming at intervals through his life, finally fastened its relentless grip on his heart, and never relinquished that grip even in the day of death. But while it is impossible, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has well observations. By Thomas Wright. Four Vols. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.)

served, to consider Cowper's life apart from religion, it is important we should be quite satisfied that, in its origin at any rate, the insanity had no connection whatever with religion; and if we go further and say that instead of being caused by religion the insanity was in some respects cured by it, we may find substantial grounds for the assertion. It has been clearly shown that prior to Cowper's first attack of madness he had in no way evinced any definite religious faith, or lived any markedly religious life, and that it was while under restraint he first embraced religious beliefs. Thereafter all his life was determined by religious considerations; consequently, when he again suffered from attacks, the attacks naturally took the form of religious melancholia, and certain of his friends were not as judicious as they might have been, to say the least of the methods they adopted, in dealing with a man of quivering sensibilities.

The duration and extent of Cowper's madness have also been strangely exaggerated. In the presence of the four volumes of letters now before us it must be admitted that his periods of peaceful happiness were far more numerous and prolonged than is generally supposed. We should not lose sight of the fact that the sanity of Cowper's life was for a term exceeding the whole span of the life of Keats, or of Shelley, or even of Byron. For the greater portion of his days he was eminently sane, and had unquestionably that humor which is the guard of intellectual and moral sanity. The help afforded by Cowper's letters in any attempt to understand his life is of the highest conceivable value, and Mr. Wright has given us the completest and best edited collection of those letters, while Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published them in a form that leaves nothing to be desired.

During the past decade our great let-

ter writers—Walpole, Byron, Lamb, FitzGerald, and now Cowper—have been well cared for, and the true book-lover can at last turn with joy to a long row of supremely attractive volumes, all more or less admirably edited. As far as diligence and enthusiasm are concerned, Mr. Wright has proved himself to be a perfect editor. With long-continued research and painstaking effort he has brought together 1,041 letters, comprising all that have hitherto been published, besides over one hundred entirely new, and a considerable number printed before but in part. He has also supplied us with many acceptable notes, excellent lists of the correspondents and the letters, some maps of Cowper's country, and a comprehensive index, the omissions from which are sometimes annoying, and the over-minuteness of which is occasionally amusing. No admirer of Cowper can escape a lively sense of gratitude to Mr. Wright for the ten years' devoted labor he has bestowed on this English classic.

We do not, however, exult with Mr. Wright at all times over the results of his research. For instance, we fail to be enthusiastic when told by him that not a single item of the series of letters to Teedon, the schoolmaster and "Delphic oracle" of Olney—"poverty pinched, verbose, devout, vaticinating Samuel Teedon," to quote Mr. Wright's own description—"has escaped my net." These letters may have a possible import in so far as they add to our knowledge of Cowper's malady, but they synchronize with days when, according to Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his *English men of Letters* monograph, "the pair (Cowper and Mrs. Unwin) were in doleful plight. When their minds failed they had fallen in a miserable manner under the influence of a man named Teedon, a schoolmaster crazed with self-conceit, at whom Cowper in his saner mood had laughed, but whom he now

treated as a spiritual oracle, and a sort of medium of communication with the spirit-world, writing down the nonsense which the charlatan talked." And Canon Benham, in his introduction to the *Globe* Cowper, writes in a similar strain concerning this period: "He had taken the fancy that he heard voices speaking to him on waking in the morning. . . . Samuel Teedon (whether knave or fool may be doubtful), whose uncouth compliments and heavy witted opinions Cowper had often quizzed, undertook to interpret these voices. Mrs. Unwin at first appears to have humored his fancy, but as her disease grew upon her she too fell in with the insanity, and now nothing was done until the voices had spoken and Teedon had interpreted. The balderdash was all written down, and volumes were filled with it. No one but themselves was made acquainted with these miserable proceedings." Such being the case, we should hardly have questioned Mr. Wright's good taste and literary instinct if he had omitted seventy of these letters and printed only three, including that (vol. iv. p. 433) in which Cowper states: "I dreamed about four nights ago that, walking I know not where, I suddenly found my thoughts drawn towards God, when I looked upward and exclaimed—'I love thee even now more than many who see thee daily.' . . . This morning I had partly in Latin and partly in Greek—'Qui adversus oībey 'stant, nihili erunt.'" Here, at any rate, we have, in a "happy hybrid," the scholarship of Cowper. But surely we do not wish "to gaze on the naked, shivering humanity of a great man, from whom in these moments superstition and disease had torn off the last rag of reason." The real Cowper—delightful, innocent creature, letter writer of unsurpassed attractiveness—is not the Cowper of the Teedon correspondence.

Mr. Wright's annotations are not wholly satisfactory, and the promise of his advertisement that every allusion in Cowper's letters would receive careful treatment is not by any means fulfilled. As in his *Life of Edward FitzGerald*, Mr. Wright is prone to give unnecessary details and to make clear the obvious, while needful information is withheld, and that which requires annotation is often untouched; no attempt, indeed, has been made to explain many references, questions, and descriptions. Even Cowper's Shakespearean allusions are not always recognized: "hollow, pamper'd jades of Asia" should not have been credited to Marlowe, but to Shakespeare. And Mr. Wright ought certainly to have avoided blundering in his transcription of Cowper's postscript to a letter to William Unwin: "Thanks for the good fish: *tui memores comedienses*," in which—it cannot for a moment be doubted—Cowper wrote "*comedimus*." It is also impossible for us to accept "my delightfully funny friend" as an equivalent for "*deliciae et lepores mei*." And no sufficient reason is given why Mr. Wright should cherish towards William Hayley feelings "the reverse of kindly," and believe that Hayley mutilated Cowper's letters "with the fear of Lady Hesketh before his eyes." Hayley's *Life of Cowper* is possibly the worst biography on record, and Mr. Wright, like others, no doubt read it at the expense of much patience; and yet with unusual tact Hayley mitigated his tiresome pages with some of the finest letters ever written, and thus added a new treasure to English literature. But even Mr. Wright in this edition of Cowper's Letters gives us abundant reason why we should regard Hayley with the feelings he cannot entertain for him. We will finish our fault-finding with an expression of regret that Mr. Wright should have reprinted, as from Cowper, the brief

letter to Joseph Johnson, Bookseller (vol. II. p. 160):—"Cambridge, Feb. 19, 1784. Sir,—If you have Albinus's *Complete System of the Blood Vessels*, and his *Anatomical Tables*, beg you will send me a copy of each in sheets. As soon as I know the price shall remit the money.—I am, Sir, etc., Wm. Cowper." There are many reasons for the exclusion of this letter, while the sole reason for its inclusion is that Southey gives it in his edition of the Letters. It has been ascertained that at the time when it was written there was a Cambridge bookseller named William Cowper.

It is often said nowadays that letter-writing is a lost art. (In passing, however, we may remark that the best letters are not really *art* according to the proper use of the term.) Carlyle, himself a great letter writer, in the first communication he sent to his mother by the new penny post, ventured a prediction: "My Dear Mother, —As my *first* penny letter, and a specimen of what penny letters may henceforth be, I fling off three words to you before the week be done—in the greatest haste imaginable. . . ." And P. G. Hamerton, long ago, referred to the ill effects on human intercourse of the post card and the telegram. Were he writing now he would be still more emphatic because of the typewriter and the telephone. We have heard that so far has the taste for letter-writing fallen into decay that a man of cultivation has even been known to communicate with his family in a letter of two sentences—one to announce that he was going into partnership with Mr. Brown, and the other disclosing a similar intention with regard to Miss Smith. A century ago either fact would have been warrant for a whole sheet, crossed and recrossed, on the prospects of the business or the virtues of the lady. We cannot be too thankful that Cowper lived in an age

that was propitious to letter-writing, and which produced many of its best examples.

Certain critics of no mean position have declared that biography makes the best reading. We haste to add the statement that letters make the best biography. At their best, letters are the cream of intimate literature. They put us on the closest terms with the writers, and seem in the end to be written directly to us, so that, as we look, our bookshelf changes its form into that of a letter-box where immaterial postmen drop a multitude of delightful packets—the more delightful because they need no reply.

When Mr. Wright asserts that Cowper is "universally acknowledged to be the greatest of English letter writers" he is in error. Cowper's right to such pre-eminence has been denied by no less an authority than Mr. Austin Dobson, who has an indisputable claim to be heard on the question. And we are not disposed to apply the superlative to any letter writer in the English language. There are so many opposite excellences to consider in Walpole, Gray, Cowper, Byron, Lamb, and Fitzgerald that we find it wellnigh impossible to give any one of these names an abiding supremacy. We are not necessarily "bird-witted"—to use an expressive word of Lord Bacon's—if we are conscious of a varying preference. Sometimes we find ourselves caring most of all for the Puck-like humor of Lamb, or for the strong human interest, notwithstanding the coxcombry, of Byron. On other occasions we desire the quaint individuality and the literary flavor of Edward Fitzgerald, or the admirable simplicity and artlessness of Cowper. And yet again we wish to listen to the echoes of the great world, or to catch the swift revealing lights in the gay, lively, and inconsiderate Walpole; or we admire most the curious, pensive, and philo-

sophical Gray. Now the deliberate memoir letter will be in favor, anon that which is personal and familiar. Our great letter writers differ one from another; each has his own pre-eminent charm, but we cannot say which of them is greatest.

Cowper has left us in no doubt as to his own theory of letter-writing. To his friend William Unwin he says, under date August 6, 1780, in a letter which, strange to say, is not given in Canon Benham's praiseworthy selection in the "Golden Treasury" series: "You like to hear from me; this is a very good reason why I should write. But I have nothing to say: this seems equally a good reason why I should not. Yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me—'Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?' It would be but a poor reply if, in answer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this by the way suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget when I have epistolary business in hand, that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it: for he knows that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained or a journey performed; not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new

contrivance, or an invention never heard of before—but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postillion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say, 'My good sir, a man has no right to do either.' But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are."

In another letter, until now unpublished, written about a year after to the same friend, Cowper gives the secret of his own letter-writing and its charm: "So far from thinking egotisms tedious, I think a letter good for nothing without them. To hear from a friend is little, unless I hear of him at the same time. His sentiments may be just, but his feelings and welfare are most to the purpose." Again, in November 1781, Unwin is told: "Now, upon the word of a poor creature, I have said all that I have said without the least intention to say one word of it when I began. But thus it is with my thoughts;—when you shake a crab-tree the fruit falls; good for nothing indeed when you have got it, but still the best that is to be expected from a crab-tree." And once more Unwin is assured: "I did not intend a syllable of it when I began. But *currente calamo* I stumbled upon it. My end is to amuse myself and you. The former of these two points is secured. I shall be happy if I do not miss the latter." To John Newton

Cowper also writes (Aug. 16, 1781) in a similar strain: "When I write to you, I do not write without thinking, but always without premeditation: the consequence is, that such thoughts as pass through my head when I am not writing make the subject of my letters to you."

It is this perfect spontaneousness, this frequent inconsequence of Cowper's letters which will ever be one of their principal charms. Our pleasure in reading the *Vailima Letters* is certainly not enhanced by Stevenson's reference to the provision those letters might form for his "poor old family"; and the fact that Scott in writing his journal had "an eye to a future market" does not deepen our love for those delightful pages. The letters of Walpole, Gray, and Byron were also composed with a view to publication; but such a thought as this was entirely absent from the mind of Cowper when he corresponded with his friends. We shall not err perhaps if we say he was not a meritorious letter writer, but, above all, a letter writer to please himself, obeying an inward impulse to such a mode of expression; and by one of nature's little immoralities, as Mr. Thomas Hardy might put it, this man, to whom letter-writing was largely sheer self-indulgence, sent forth delightful and immortal productions, while another man, who wrote to inform, exhort, or edify his correspondents, was a mere maker of memoranda. Superiority among letter writers has, we believe, been claimed for Erasmus on the ground that his letters have all the charm of conversation, which is the truest test of a good letter. If he describes a curious foreign usage, you see it performed before you. "You are acquainted with it in a moment," says Charles Lamb; "you perceive that you have been in the habit of seeing it ever since you were born. He introduces you to his friends;

you shake hands at once, and are on the most intimate terms in a moment." Cowper himself happily defines friendly correspondence as "talking upon paper," and a better definition of his own letters could not well be found. Lady Hesketh, to whom 166 of the letters in Mr. Wright's volumes—the largest number addressed to any one person—were sent, enforced the propriety of always writing "what comes uppermost," in accordance with the opinion and occasional practice of Edmund Burke, who thus expressed himself in a letter to his friend Richard Shackleton:—"I do not know to whom I could write with greater freedom and less regularity than you; for as the thoughts come crowding into my head I cannot forbear putting them down, be they in what order or disorder they will." Thus Cowper wrote: almost every word is a distinct reflection of his mind, occupied as it is at the moment with his garden, his spaniel, his horses, his guinea-pigs, his goldfinches, or his literary work, or his religious ideas. He said to his old friend and schoolfellow, Joseph Hill: "In writing to you I never want a subject. Self is always at hand, and self with its concerns is always interesting to a friend." It was so with him in writing to nearly all his friends, and consequently we have in his letters a faithful picture, firm and delicate in every touch, of his daily life, and a "story of my heart," absolutely free from affectation, of altogether inestimable worth. It may well be said that what Cowper calls egotisms are the most seductive methods which genius possesses of making love to future ages; and he has not made it in vain.

If we wish to know how he lived, can we do better than turn to the letter in which his early life in the Unwin household, a Little Gidding kind of sanctuary, is described?—"We break-

fast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where with Mrs. Unwin and her son I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors or sing some hymns of Martin's¹ collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. . . . Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life; above all, for a heart to like it." Or we may search for the letter in which we are told: "There is not a squire in all this country who can boast of having made better squirrel-houses, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than myself; and in the article of cabbage-nets I had no superior. I even had the hardness to take in hand the pencil, and studied a whole year the art of drawing. Many figures were the fruit of my labors, which had, at least, the merit of being unparalleled by any production either of art or nature. But be-

fore the year was ended I had occasion to wonder at the progress that may be made, in despite of natural deficiency, by dint alone of practice; for I actually produced three landscapes, which a lady thought worthy to be framed and glazed. I then judged it high time to exchange this occupation for another, lest, by any subsequent productions of inferior merit, I should forfeit the honor I had so fortunately acquired. But gardening was, of all employments, that in which I succeeded best; though even in this I did not attain perfection. I began with lettuces and cauliflowers; from them I proceeded to cucumbers; next to melons. I then purchased an orange-tree, to which, in due time, I added two or three myrtles. These served me day and night with employment during a whole severe winter. To defend them from the frost, in a situation that exposed them to its severity, cost me much ingenuity and much attendance. I contrived to give them a fire heat; and have waded night after night through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers, lest the frost should seize them before morning. Very minute beginnings have sometimes important consequences. From nursing two or three little evergreens, I became ambitious of a greenhouse, and accordingly built one; which, verse excepted, afforded me amusement for a longer time than any expedient of all the many to which I have fled for refuge from the misery of having nothing to do." Or, again, we may read: "I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a greenhouse which Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air,

¹ Martin Madan composed the tune "Helmsley."

I say to myself—"This is not mine; 'tis a plaything, lent me for the present; I must leave it soon." And we acknowledge the healthful philosophy of life which these last sentences, written to John Newton in 1780, contain.

With what inimitable lightness of touch does Cowper always tell a story! Who that has ever read them can forget the "Runaway Hare" and the "Kissing Candidate" Letters? A quotation from another letter—to Lady Hesketh (Nov. 27, 1787)—must now suffice:

"On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak to me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and being desired to sit, spoke as follows:—'Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All-Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. Cox the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to the bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You would do me a great favor, sir, if you would furnish me with one.' To this I replied: 'Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town; why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose.' 'Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him.' I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech. . . . The wagon has . . . gone this day to Northampton loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs on individuals! I have

written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons."

We may remark that Cowper's good-nature led him to supply these verses for seven years! His perfect power of pleasant trifling hardly ever seems to fail him. We see it in delightful exercise in his sketch of himself as a man of prehistoric days, or in his description of his poem to Miss Creuzé, on her birthday: "It is serious, yet epigrammatic—like a bishop at a ball!" As a further example of it, one of the new letters—to "My dear Mrs. Frog" (Lady Throckmorton), Feb. 2, 1791—must be quoted:—

"Tom and Tit are in perfect health. Either Lady Hesketh or I have seen them daily since you went. He³ gave my cousin yesterday a sprig of box, desiring her in *his* way to give it to Toot as a present from himself, on which occasion, Toot, seized with a fit of poetic enthusiasm, said or seemed to say:

Dear Tom! my muse this moment sounds your praise
And turns, at once, your sprig of box to bays.

No other news has occurred at Weston, none at least has reached me, except that the long unseen Joe Rye³ called yesterday. I made my cousin a present of his company for near two hours, when he and I set forth to walk together, he in his great-coat and boots, and I great-coated and in my boots also. We had a very agreeable tour to Dingleberry, and over the hill into Hoebrook valley. Agreeable I mean as it could be while the wind blew a hurricane and the hail pelted us without mercy. But Joe is fond of a high wind, so at least he assured me, and if he does but like hallstones as well he must have supposed himself in paradise.

"We have had nothing but high winds ever since you left us. It must have

² Little Tom Gifford, whose nearest approach to Cowper's name was Mr. Toot.

³ Rev. Joseph Jekyll Rye.

been on some such stormy season as the present that the following beautiful lines were produced. Did you ever see them, and whose are they?—

Such was the agitation of the deep
That even a fish did wish a sleeping
potion,
And yawning said, One drop to make
me sleep,
Were now, methinks, worth all this
troubled ocean.

The sprats were bulged against the
rocks and split;
The whales with broken tails were cast
away,
And every lobster's shell did lose a bit,
And crabs, in vain, with all their claws,
gripped hard the bottom clay.

It is impossible that I should follow this singular description of a storm at sea, the sublimity of which I must needs envy the poet who wrote it, with anything worthy your notice. I shall therefore conclude with my best love to Mr. Frog, and with the ladies' best compliments, and am most truly yours,

"Wm. Cowper, alias W. Toot."

The writer of that letter, with its exquisite airiness and ease—who once said, "I never received a little pleasure from anything in my life; if I am delighted it is in the extreme"—is he who not long before wrote thus to John Newton: "To me is hope itself become like a withered flower, that has lost both its hue and its fragrance"; and, a few years afterwards (1796), thus to Lady Hesketh: "All my themes of misery may be summed in one word, He who made me regrets that ever He did. Many years have passed since I learned this terrible truth from Himself, and the interval has been spent accordingly. . . . The night contradicts the day, and I go down the torrent of time into the gulf that I have expected to plunge into so long." In the words of Sainte Beuve, at the close

of the first of his three papers on Cowper, which are amongst the glories of the *Causeries du Lundi*: "We catch ourselves saying, What a bright nature, full of fun, full of charm, inquiring and open to all impressions when it is not gloomy! The spring causes him a kind of gentle intoxication; there is something of the squirrel about him in the mirth with which it inspires him. But the great and serious sides are sure to reappear; for this lovable being has a side that has been smitten with the thunderbolt."

We have quoted much from these letters. We have felt unable to quote less; had the space been at our disposal, we should certainly have quoted more. Our readers must, however, make themselves thoroughly acquainted with Canon Benham's "Golden Treasury" selection, and above all, with Mr. Wright's four volumes. We now find it impossible to refer further, as we wished, to these letters of perfect style and temper, as in them, with marvelous spontaneity and precision of phrase, Cowper can

express the occurrence of the day:
Our health, the weather, and the news,
What walks we take, what books we
chuse,
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind—

as they bring before us his friends and his pets, his work and his play, his love for the country and his keen appreciation of the life and beauty of nature, the books he read and the books he wrote, his opinions not only on certain literary matters, but also on the events of the time—nothing was foreign to him save the "pomp and strut" of Robertson, the "finical French manners" of Gibbon, and the so-called dignity of Pope's epistles, which disgusted him always—and how in the letters, behind an impalpable mask, we have the man William Cowper, full of surprises, ever

pure and gracious though sometimes sore troubled, and always a breathing, living entity.

But there is one characteristic of Cowper, as shown in his letters, to which a brief reference might be permitted. In them not only do we become aware of his overflowing goodness, which found a kindly word for everything about him, and despised nothing of any interest as too humble and too little, but we are led gladly to acknowledge his essential broad-mindedness—his fine spirit of tolerance. He may have been a creature of a narrow sphere. Leslie Stephen, in his article on "Cowper and Rousseau," says that a taste for music, for example, generally suggests to Cowper a parson fiddling when he ought to be praying; and that, following the lead of John Newton, Cowper even remarks upon the Handel celebration as a piece of grotesque profanity. But Leslie Stephen is not quite fair in his statement of the case. It would seem, indeed, as though only to himself was Cowper ever really intolerant. And surely we are not to forget the Cowper who, though he called tobacco a "pernicious weed," and said it was "unfriendly to society's joys," yet had a movable board placed in his summer-house to cover a recess constructed to contain the pipes of his dear friend Bull, to whom he once wrote that his greenhouse of roses, carnations, woodbine, and jessamine "wants only your pipe to make it truly Arabian—a wilderness of sweets"; or the Cowper who, notwithstanding John Newton's disapproval, numbered among his dearest friends the Roman Catholic Throckmortons ("Mr. and Mrs. Frog") and possibly the *padre*, their chaplain (an interesting sidelight on this friendship is found in the following fact:—When it was formed, Cowper's poems, in which, in the "Expostulation," he had written some fierce lines against the Roman

Church, were in the press. Cowper sent to the printer and had the leaf cancelled, substituting lines 390-413. We believe that in some copies of the first edition the cancel is quite apparent); or the Cowper who, despite his friends' grave doubts of the expediency of his studies of the pagan Homer, could say, "I verily think that any person of a spiritual turn may read Homer to some advantage. . . . Thousands who will not learn from Scripture to ask a blessing on their actions or their food, may learn it, if they please, from him"; or the Cowper who thus expresses himself in a letter to pipe-loving William Bull (July 27, 1791): "But such as I am, hope, if it please God, may visit even me; and should we ever meet again, possibly we may part no more. Then, if Presbyterians ever find the way to Heaven, you and I may know each other in that better world, and rejoice in the recital of the terrible things that we endured in this. I will wager sixpence with you now, that when that day comes, you shall acknowledge my story a more wonderful one than yours;—only order your executors to put sixpence in your mouth when they bury you, that you may have wherewithal to pay me."

Towards the end Cowper was distraught—weary—smileless—only waiting; and at the last there was deep and impenetrable darkness, and then, in his own words, "unutterable despair." But yet—and we close with a thought with which we began—as Mr. Stopford Brooke says of Cowper in *Theology in the English Poets*: "Many lovely landscapes lay between these three valleys of the Shadow of Death (his three attacks of madness), where he rested and was at peace, sweet idleness and fruitful contemplation—tender friendships and simple pleasures—hours where charming humor and simple pathos ran through one another, and interchanged their essence like the

colors on a sun-set sea—days of sweet fidelity to nature in her quietest and most restoring moods—times when the peace that passeth all understanding made him as a child with God."

It is fitting that our final words

The London Quarterly Review.

should be from Cowper's letters: "The world has its objects of admiration—God has objects of His love. Those make a noise and perish, and these weep silently and live for ever."

R. Wilkins Rees.

THE JO-KANG IN LHASA.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES OF BUDDHISM.

It is not always realized that it is in the Cathedral of Lhasa, not in the palace outside, that the spiritual life of Tibet and of the countless millions of Northern Buddhism is wholly centred. The policy of isolation which has for so long been the chief characteristic of the faith finds its fullest expression in the fanatical jealousy with which this temple, the heart and focus of Lamaism, has been safeguarded against the stranger's intrusion. What Tibet is to the rest of the world, what Lhasa is to Tibet, that the Jo-kang is to Lhasa, and it is not entirely clear, in spite of more than one so-called description of the interior, that any European, or even native spy, has ever before ventured inside. There has, perhaps, been reason enough for this. It is possible that pardon for having visited the city of Lhasa, or the Potala Palace—which is in comparison almost a place of resort—might have been obtained on terms, but there could hardly have been a reprieve for the luckless intruder once discovered inside these darkened and windowless quadrangles. Certainly neither the ground plan published by Giorgi in the 18th century nor any of the detailed accounts published more recently suggest that their authors had any first-hand acquaintance with the place.

As I have noticed in a former letter, the exterior is devoid of either beauty

or dignity. The interior, on the other hand, is unquestionably the most important and interesting thing in Central Asia. It is the treasure-house and kaabah, not of the country only, but of the faith, and it is curious that, while the magnificent Potala is a casket containing nothing either ancient or specially venerated, the priceless gems of the Jo-kang should be housed in a building which literally has no outside walls at all. All round the Cathedral the dirty and insignificant council chambers and offices, in which the affairs of Tibet are debated and administered, lean like parasites against it for support, huddled together and obscuring the sacred structure to which they owe their stability, in a way that seems mischievously significant of the whole state of Tibet.

From Chagpori the five great gilded roofs are indeed to be seen blazing in the sun through the tree tops hard by the Yutok Bridge, but even this suggestion of importance vanishes as one treads away through the filth of the narrow streets to the western entrance. So crowded upon is the Jo-kang that this is actually the only part of the structure which is visible from the street which surrounds it.

It is not strangers only against whom the great doors of the Jo-kang have been barred. Exclusion from its sacred precincts is officially pronounced

against those also who have incurred the suspicion, or displeasure, of the ruling hierarchy of Lhasa, and it is a curious proof of the autocratic power which is exercised with regard to this Cathedral, as well as of the insignificance of the suzerainty, that on August 11 in this year the Viceroy himself, going in state to the Jo-kang to offer prayer on the occasion of the Chinese Emperor's birthday, had the doors shut in his face. To this insult the opportunity I have enjoyed of examining the temple with a fulness that would otherwise have been impossible was due. Anxious to retaliate, the Amban—who was on a subsequent day grudgingly permitted to visit the ground floor only of the building—used our presence in Lhasa to teach the keepers of the Cathedral a lesson in manners. At any rate, to our surprise, a definite invitation was one day extended to one or two of the members of the Mission to make a morning visit into Lhasa for the purpose of examining the treasures of the innermost sanctuary of Buddhism. It was accepted. A Chinese guard of the Residency, armed with tridents, halberds, and scythe-headed lances, provided our escort, and immediately upon our arrival the great doors, half hidden in the shadow under the many-pillared propylon, were opened and at once barred again behind us.

Just in front, seen through a forest of pillars, was an open and verandahed court-yard. Its great age was at once apparent. The paintings on the walls were barely distinguishable through a heavy cloak of dirt and grease, and it was difficult to imagine the colors with which the capitals of the pillars, and the raftered roof overhead, had originally been painted. The court is open to the sky and is surrounded by none of the small chapels which are the chief feature of the inner quadrangles of the Jo-kang. The architecture is of the kind invariable in religious buildings

in Tibet—a double row of pillars carry the half-roof overhead, each supporting on a small capital a large bracketed abacus, voluted and curved on both sides and charged in the centre with a panel of archaic carving. The wooden doors which secure both entrances of the first court are of immense size, heavily barred, and embossed with filigree ring plates of great age.

At the opposite end of the court an open door communicates with the second court, revealing a bright mass of hollyhocks, snapdragon, and stocks, vivid in the sun. The sanctity of the temple obviously increased as we ventured into this inner court. Its sides are honeycombed by small dark chambers, apparently built in the thickness of the enormous wall. Each is an idol-crowded sanctuary. Into these obscure shrines one stumbles, bent almost double to avoid the dirt of the low greasy lintel. Once inside, the eye requires some time to distinguish anything more than the dim outlines of an altar in the middle of the chamber. On it stand one or two copper or brass bowls filled high with butter, each bearing on its half-congealed surface a dimly burning wick in a little pool of self-thawed oil. These dim beads of yellow light provide all the illumination of the cave, and after a little one can just distinguish the solemn images squatting round the walls, betrayed by points and rims of light, reflected here and there from the projections and edges of golden draperies or features. The smell is abominable. The air is exhausted and charged with rancid vapors. Everything one touches drips with grease. The fumes of burning butter have in the course of many generations filmed over the surfaces and clogged the carving of doors and walls alike. The floor underfoot is slippery as glass. Upon this receptive foundation the grime and reek of centuries

have steadily descended, with results that may be imagined. Except that the images themselves apparently receive from time to time a perfunctory wipe with the greasy rag which is generally to be found in a conspicuous place beside a Tibetan altar, there is not in one of these numerous chapels the slightest sign of consideration, respect, or care.

One comes out again into the open air with relief, only to find, three or four yards on, the entrance to another of these catacomb-like chapels. They entirely surround the walls of this interior court, and to the eye of the stranger hardly differ one from another. Indeed, the monks themselves when questioned seem to find some difficulty in distinguishing the identity of the images in the successive chapels. In front of some of these recesses hangs a curtain of a curious kind, peculiar, so far as I know, to this temple. Horses' bits, of steel and of a plain pattern, are linked together ring to ring by short lengths of twisted iron, the whole forming an original and effective screen. This is secured to the left-hand jamb by a long bolt and staple, and the whole is fastened by one of the gigantic locks which are adopted from China, and are perhaps the most ingenious product of the country.

The centre of the court is taken up by an inner sanctuary formed on three sides by low shelves, covered with small brass Buddhas backed by larger images arranged between the pillars supporting the roof of the half-roof, and on the fourth side by a plain trellis of iron pierced by a similar plain gateway. From inside, therefore, none of the chapels or the statues ranged along the walls of the court are visible, and the darkness thereby caused under the portico is greatly increased by the half-drawn awnings, of which the ropes slant downwards across the opening,

and form perches for a special colony of orange and purple swallows, whose nests cling up to the overhanging eaves.

In this central court two statues sit, one—that to the left—is about lifesize, the other is of gigantic proportions. Both of them present the same peculiarity—one which cannot fail to arrest the eye at once. Each is seated upon a throne in European fashion, and this identifies them at once. Of all the Bodisats, heroes, or teachers which fill the calendars of Lamaism, only the image of the coming Buddha is thus represented. How this tradition arose the Lamas themselves are unable to explain, but it is of great antiquity, and it is to Europe that the eyes of Buddhism are turned for the appearance of the next reincarnation of the Great Master. As will be remembered, the Tsar of Russia was recently recognized as a reincarnate Bodisat, and it is not impossible that this legend paved the way considerably for his acceptance. Crowned with a huge circlet set with innumerable turquoises, Maitreya sits here with one hand raised in benediction, the other resting upon his knee. On his breast lies a tangled mass of jewelled chains and necklaces, and vast "roundles" of gold, set with concentric rings of turquoises, half hide his huge shoulders. We caught only a hurried glimpse as we passed on; for the order in which the sights of a Buddhist temple may be visited is invariable, and we took care not to offend the susceptibilities of the Lamas by deviating from the orthodox left-to-right course which forms part of their religious observances. The "way of the wine" is a custom which would need no explanation to a Buddhist.

Once under the eastern end of the Jo-kang, one finds the darkness deepen fast. There is no light but such as can find its way under the wide half-roofs and through the trellises, screens, and awnings which almost entirely

close in the central court. In the gloom one passes by ancient chapel after chapel where the dim half-light barely reveals the existence of the dark recess guarded by its iron screen. The archaic walls share with the smooth worn pillars the burden of the warped rafters overhead. The stone slabs underfoot are worn into a channel, and the grime of a thousand years has utterly hidden the pictures—if there ever were any—on the walls. At last one turns to the right, passing close beneath the uplifted figure of the great Tsong-kapa, the Luther of Central Asia. It is a contemporary likeness, and one could wish that there were more light by which to see it than is afforded by the dim radiance of the butter-lamp before his knees. But his very posture is significant; for, instead of having his back to the wall behind him, Tsong-kapa faces south, and this is the first indication that we are at last drawing near to the Holy of Holies.

We have now reached the eastern end of the Cathedral, and are passing behind the trellis-work of the inner court; in the twilight it is difficult to distinguish the half-seen figures which people the recesses and line the sides of the path along which we grope our way. Ten paces more and the Jo itself is before us.

The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god. One only realizes a high pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute, and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden idol which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter-lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to the pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of these

20 or 30 beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghostlike and shadowless, in the murky recess.

It is not the magnificence of the statue that is first perceived, and certainly it is not that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression. For this is no ordinary representation of the Master. The features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. Here is no trace of that inscrutable smile which from Mukden to Ceylon is inseparable from our conceptions of the features of the Great Teacher. Here there is nothing of the saddened smile of the Melancholia who has known too much and has renounced it all as vanity. Here, instead, is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet known either pain, or disease, or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought for the morrow, or a care for to-day. No doubt the surroundings, which are effective almost to the verge of theatricality, account for much, but this beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet, and as one gazes one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians. The legendary history of this idol is worth retelling. It is believed that the likeness was made from Gautama himself, in the happier days of his innocence and seclusion in Kapali-vastu. It was made by Visvakarma—no man, but the constructive force of the universe—and is of gold, alloyed with the four other elemental metals, silver, copper, zinc, and iron, symbolical of this world, and it is adorned with diamonds, rubies, lapis-lazuli, emeralds, and the unidentified Indranila, which modern dictionaries prosaically explain as sapphire. This priceless image was given by the King of Magadha to the Chinese Emperor for his timely assistance when the

Yavanas were overrunning the plains of India. From Peking it was brought as her dowry by Princess Konjo in the seventh century. The crown was undoubtedly given by Tsong-kapa himself in the early part of the fifteenth century, and the innumerable golden ornaments which heap the Khil-kor before the image are the presents of pious Buddhists from the earliest days to the present time. Among them are 22 large butter-lamps, eight of a somewhat smaller size, 12 bowls, two "Precious Wheels of the Law," and a multitude of smaller articles, all of the same metal.

These are arranged on the three shelves of the Khil-kor, and the taller articles conceal the whole of the image from his shoulders downwards. To this fact may perhaps be due the common, but mistaken, description of the Jo as a standing figure. Across and across his breast are innumerable necklaces of gold, set with turquoises, pearls, and coral. The throne on which he sits has overhead a canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragons of silver-gilt, each about 10 ft. in height. Behind him is the panel of conventional wooden foliage, and the "Kyung," or Garuda Bird, overhead can just be seen in the darkness. Closer examination shows that almost every part of the canopy and seat is gilded, gold, or jewelled. The crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel. It is a deep coronet of gold, set round and round with turquoise, and heightened by five conventional leaves, each enclosing a golden image of Buddha, and encrusted with precious stones. In the centre, below the middle leaf, is a flawless turquoise 6 in. long and 3 in. wide, the largest in the world. Behind the throne are dimly seen in the darkness huge figures standing back against the wall of the shrine all round. Rough-hewn, barbarous, and unadorned they are, but nothing else could have so well

supplied the background for this treasure of treasures as the Egyptian solemnity of these dark Atlantides, standing shoulder to shoulder on altar stones, where no lamps are ever lighted and no flowers are ever strewn. Before the entrance, protecting the treasures of the shrine, is the usual curtain of horses' bits. This was unfastened at our request, and we were allowed to make a careful examination of the image. The gems are not, perhaps, up to the standard of a European market; so far as one could see, the emeralds were large, but flawed, and, as is of course inevitable, the pearls, though of considerable size, were lustreless; but it would be difficult to surpass the exquisite workmanship of everything connected with this amazing image, and a closer inspection did but increase the impression of opulence.

The altar below the Khil-kor is of silver, ornamented with conventional figures of birds in *repoussé* work, and one smiled to see in the most conspicuous place of all, thrown carelessly in a cleft between two of the supports, the usual greasy rag, with which the sacred image was daily rubbed.

Outside, the maroon-robed monks sat and droned their never-ending chant. We pass by them, and, after a glance at the Maitreya at nearer range, we were taken upstairs to the first floor, which runs only along the inner court, passing on our way the famous representation of Chagna Dorje. This, in one account of the Jo-kang, is said to be the statue round the neck of which a rope was once tied by order of the apostate, King Langdarma, to drag it from its place; thereupon the miscreant was, of course, promptly and miraculously destroyed. As a matter of fact it is an image cut in low relief upon the wall itself of the Jo-kang, gilded and colored, and honored always with rows of copper lamps. This is but another example of the inaccu-

racy which characterizes all the extant descriptions of the Cathedral of Lhasa. It would be easy to multiply similar cases; in fact, hardly anything has been properly noted. On the first floor there are chapels maintained by the devotion of special races of the Buddhist faith. Among them the Nepalese chapel was pointed out.

Above, on the second floor, is an image which, after the Jo itself, is the most important treasure that the Jo-kang contains. In the south-eastern corner of this story is the armory, where the walls and pillars alike are loaded with ancient and grotesque instruments of war. From this room a low, narrow passage leads down half-a-dozen stone steps into a small dungeon, where the statue of the guardian goddess, Palden-Lhamo, is worshipped. This is a most amazing figure. The three-eyed goddess, crowned with skulls, grins affably with mother-of-pearl teeth from her altar; upon her head and breast are jewels which the Jo himself might condescend to wear. Eight large, square charm-boxes of gold and gems, two pairs of gold-set turquoise earrings, each half a foot in length, and a diamond-studded fillet on the brow beneath the crown are perhaps the most conspicuous ornaments. Her breast-plate of turquoise and corals is almost hidden by necklaces, and a huge irregular pearl, strongly resembling the "Dudley" jewel in shape, is at last distinguishable in the centre leaf of her crown. Before her burn butter-lamps,

London Times.

and brown mice swarm fearlessly over walls and floor and altar, so tame that they did not resent being stroked on the lap of the goddess herself.

With this famous image of the guardian deity—who, as every Tibetan knows, from the Dalai Lama to the peasant in the field—was reincarnated during the last century as Queen Victoria, the list of treasures in the Jo-kang of a special interest to Europeans is perhaps concluded. But for the Buddhist scholar there is an unexplored wealth which it may be many years before any second visitor will have the privilege of inspecting, or the knowledge to appreciate. The great eleven-faced Shen-ne-zig, the "precious" image of Tsong-kapa, the innumerable figures of divine teachers, each symbolically representing the spiritual powers with which he was endowed, the great series of the disciples of Buddha, the statue of the Guru Rimpoche, the usual "chamber of horrors," and hundreds of other objects, each worthy of the great Pantheon of Lamaism—all these must for the moment remain unnoticed. But the longer one stays within these strange and sacred courts, the more amazing does the contrast appear between the priceless riches and historic sanctity of their contents and the squalid exterior of the most sacred structure in all the vast domain of Buddhism. Yet the face of the Buddha remains the dominant impression of the whole.

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

I.

In stating a confident opinion that an upheaval of the present condition of affairs in the Empire of the Tsar

is nearer than is generally anticipated, I recognize the fact that it is incumbent on me to show some solid reasons for the pessimistic (or should I rather say optimistic?) views which I hold on

this subject. In order to do this it is necessary to glance briefly at the social conditions of the country, and to trace in outline the events which have given rise to the present state of affairs.

That a nation consisting of more than a hundred million souls can for ever be kept in a condition entirely at variance with the destiny of the human race is obviously an impossibility. The question which arises is, to what point can a system be carried which imposes disabilities on those who live beneath it, which are not consistent with the dignity and natural aspirations of the human race?

The answer is to be found in the ability of the people to appreciate their condition, and therefore in education and enlightenment. So long as a man does not realize that his lot is less desirable than that of his neighbor, he does not greatly trouble himself about it. He is downtrodden and wretched, and he supposes that it is the normal condition of mankind, and he does not actively resent it. But show him others more advantageously placed than himself, and he will begin to long for a better condition, and to strive to attain to it. That is the case with the Russian nation. For centuries the people have been kept in ignorance of their plight. A rigid censorship of news from the outside world has hidden from them the more favorable circumstances under which other nations work out their destinies. This blinding of the eyes of the people has been deliberately carried on for the purpose of upholding an autocracy which assumes to itself a divine right, raising it above the level of ordinary, falling human nature. This fantastic conception of divine personality has become a part of the creed of a Tsar of Russia. He no longer regards himself as a mere man, and his subjects are instructed to look upon him as a demi-

god. It is a position which requires an immense amount of upholding, and no pains are spared to make it as impressive as possible.

It was Nicholas the First who instituted the rigid censorship which still prevails in Russia. He foresaw the effects which the spread of common knowledge would have upon the minds of his subjects. He had his own ideas of civilization, and the autocracy of the Tsar of Russia was the keynote of his scheme. Therefore liberty of the subject and freedom of conviction had to be suppressed.

Alexander the Second, more enlightened than his forbears, granted a measure of emancipation to the lowest and most miserable of his subjects. He liberated the serfs, but he still retained all the forms of autocratic government; nor did he seek to educate his people to receive the just right of humanity—liberty. Since the reign of Alexander the Second neither of his successors has made any attempt worth mentioning to prepare the nation to receive the blessings of freedom. The perpetual cry is that Russia is not ready for a constitution. But what steps have the Tsars of Russia ever taken to prepare her for it? And so long as the present ideals actuate the Tsar and the bureaucratic class in Russia, no steps to educate the nation are likely to be taken; and the old cry that "the country is not ready for a constitution" will be repeated without end.

With the gradual spread of knowledge, which has taken place in spite of the efforts of the censor's office, dissatisfaction with this state of affairs was bound to come, and the first serious threatenings of discontent were raised in the reign of Alexander the Second, about 1860, when the Nihilist movement may be said to have taken root. In those days strange men and women in bizarre clothing, and with a total disregard for the conventional

usages of society, were seen perambulating the streets or talking together in earnest groups. They preached the overthrow of all social institutions, the establishment of a freedom absolutely opposed to the social instincts of mankind, and the removal of all undesirables who stood in the path of the fulfilment of their ideals. Throughout the reign of Alexander the Second they gained in numbers and strength; and in 1881 they succeeded in assassinating the Tsar, who had always endeavored by conciliatory means to deal with the new movement within his borders. Under Alexander the Third the Nihilists met with a very different reception. They were ruthlessly suppressed, until, in spite of an occasional outbreak, they appeared to be finally subdued. The movement flickered out, but the flame had already kindled fires in the hearts of many, and under various appellations societies were formed to carry on the work which the Nihilists had begun. Year by year these societies increased and multiplied, until they have attained to a strength and importance which will be found capable of carrying all before them.

II.

To-day the forces of revolution in Russia are organized—not all into one body, it is true, for there are societies of moderates and societies of extremists. There are those who would proceed by "constitutional" methods, and there are those who desire to resort to anarchy. Some demand merely a curtailment of the autocratic power of the Tsar, others still cry out for the overthrow of all existing institutions and the whole fabric of society. Then, again, there is a very large body of the population belonging to the merchant guilds, which for its safety dare not belong to any revolutionary so-

ciet, but which, nevertheless, ardently desires revolution, and only awaits a lead. But all these varying shades of opinion, as represented by their numerous leagues and societies, are controlled by one executive committee and brought into the great revolutionary party in Russia.

This revolutionary organization has branches all over the world, and is international in its character. Included in its membership are men of all ranks and of every degree. The professional element and the universities are very largely represented. The majority of the Russian students at foreign universities are to be counted amongst the numbers of the Revolutionary party. In Russia itself the members are legion. They are to be found in every walk of life—officers and men of the army and navy, officials of the customs, police, or censor's office, who draw a meagre pittance from the Tsar's coffers. They are to be found in the palaces of the Tsar himself and amongst his advisers too. Men with great names in Russia will be found amongst the leaders of the Revolution—men of science, doctors and chemists, and students without number. As for the peasants, they are waiting to do what they are told, as they have always done. At present they are taking their orders from the Tsar and the popes of the Orthodox Church; but they will take them from anybody else when their minds are inflamed.

The revolutionary party has its hand upon the army, and therein lies the essence of success. There are soldiers in Manchuria at this moment who are pledged to make no Japanese widows. It is astonishing how badly the Russian naval gunner lays his gun. I have lately seen two letters, written by soldiers at the front, which go far to account for the total lack of success of the Russian arms. One speaks of men voluntarily surrendering to the

Japanese, so that they may not be called upon to fight for the Tsar. The other tells a tale of a sudden retreat on the part of a company of Russian soldiers at the moment when victory was in their grasp, and of the officer in command, unable to stop the stampede of his men, blowing out his brains.

The revolutionary party in Russia is ruled by an Executive Committee of twelve men. The head of the Committee is a doctor, who, to this day, holds a prominent post at one of the universities. He is a very taciturn man of great abilities and brain power, but he seldom speaks. Other members of the Committee are professors of universities in Germany, near the Russian border. There are no appointed times or places for the meetings of the Committee, circumstances alone ruling the frequency and locality of their deliberations. In the hand of the Executive Committee rest the lives of the ministers and governors of the Empire. The removal of M. de Plehve was due to their deliberations.

Each government in Russia has its revolutionary organization complete in detail, under the Executive Committee. Thus all the elements of revolution are to hand and organized.

Some idea of the influence of the revolutionary party may be obtained from the fact that on the day of the assassination of M. de Plehve the Tsar found on the table of his private room a sealed letter addressed to him by the Executive Committee, which he handed to the Minister of Justice for investigation. How was the letter delivered? Whose hand placed it on the Tsar's table? The secret police can avail nothing against the dreaded Committee.

Thus throughout all Russia the Revolutionists are awaiting the signal from the Executive Committee to strike. The opportunity is not far to

seek. The pressure on an already overstrained nation caused by a devastating war; the misery entailed; the shame of defeat; the restlessness of despair; the exhaustion of the treasury; the discredit of the bureaucracy—surely all these things are working for the forces of discontent. And that discontent is showing itself in Russia is abundantly proved by recent events.

Restlessness is manifesting itself in many centres; premature riots, organized by irresponsible, hot-headed students, break out and are suppressed by the Cossacks. But the great revolutionary party in Russia is waiting the word from the Executive Committee.

III.

The existence of the revolutionary movement in Russia is, of course, known to the Tsar. To him must also be known the causes that have set on foot this vast movement of protest against the existing state of things in his empire. He must know something of the characters of the men whom he appoints as his ministers and governors. So long as men of the stamp of Bobrikoff, De Plehve, Obolenski are given posts as ministers or governors in the Empire, so long will the forces of revolution continue to be increased in numbers and in strength and in the justice of their cause. Be it remembered that these men are appointed by the Tsar himself, without the necessity of consultation with any advisers.

There was no one for the Tsar to consult when he appointed Prince Obolenski Governor of Finland. Prince Obolenski, as Governor of Kherson, in the year of the great famine, 1891, ordered the suppression of publications dealing with the distress in the district and soliciting subscriptions for the starving peasants, and stopped the work of the relief committees. It was Prince Obolenski who, as Governor-Gen-

eral of Kharkoff, ordered the flogging of peasants, which was carried out in his presence, and the execution of others, and exasperated the people to such an extent that an attempt was made on his life. I myself met him in Kharkoff a few years ago. I was with him in his office when an officer entered and hurriedly communicated with him in an undertone. But it was in no undertone that Obolenski answered him that the women should receive fifty lashes apiece on the bare back.

There was no one for the Tsar to consult when entrusting the office of Minister of the Interior to M. de Plehve, whose character was too well known to need comment here.

There was no one for the Tsar to consult when he confirmed M. Pobiedonostseff in his appointment as Procurator of the Holy Synod. Yet he must have known the record of persecution and bloodshed which the Procurator had compiled during the reigns of his father and grandfather.

By the choice of his ministers the Tsar is strengthening the hands of the revolutionary party.

Much has been written lately concerning Nicholas Alexandrovitch. He is represented as amiable and well-intentioned in one quarter; as weak and fickle in another; as obstinate and hysterical in a third. There is a certain amount of truth in each and all of these descriptions. A good deal depends on his humor and the time of day. In the morning he will arise, full of good intentions and amiability. An interview with his chief adviser, the Procurator, will entirely alter his outlook, and his good intentions will be consigned to the usual destination. An audience given to another minister will bring out a fresh trait in his versatile nature. And so on throughout the day.

I have been blamed for denouncing the Tsar in "Russia as it really is"

without regard for historical circumstances. It has been pointed out to me that the evils which exist in Russia are the creation of centuries. In that case, I reply, surely the time has arrived for steps to be taken to eradicate some of the more glaring evils. The state of a nation may be the inheritance of centuries; but the same cannot be said of the state of mind of any one individual in the nation, especially if that individual has had all the advantages that education, travel, and a world-wide field of vision can give. For Russia we can only feel extreme pity. But for the man who is in the possession of absolute power, and who, by a stroke of the pen, could, but does not, make a beginning, at least, of a new and happier era for his country, we must feel still more.

Confident in the divine right of his high calling, Nicholas Alexandrovitch goes on his way, unheeding prudent counsels and the voice of common sense, and grasping at shadows while the party of revolution works steadily on. Would he but bring to an end the war in which he has plunged his unhappy nation he might yet postpone the day of retribution. And Heaven seems at the present moment to open for him a golden gateway to return to his best self, in company with its latest messenger, his long-prayed-for son.

IV.

But if not? When the revolution is all over, and the nation has emerged from the horrors of civil strife, strengthened, and purged of the curse of absolute monarchy and bureaucratic tyranny—what then? I do not pretend to say what form of government will recommend itself to the Executive Committee; but there can be no doubt that it will be constitutional, that the power of the Church will be broken, that the bureaucracy will be abolished,

that education will be extended to the whole nation.

And what a future lies before Russia! There is no country in the world with greater resources than she possesses, hidden in the earth or behind the strong, broad brows of her people, for nowhere are there men of greater brain capacity and physical powers than in the huge, inert masses of humanity which constitute the population

The Nineteenth Century and After.

of the Empire of the Tsar. In no country has there been such profligate waste of splendid material, allowed to run to seed uncultivated. In no land are more treasures concealed which can be had for the working. A vast future lies before her in the development of her resources, mental and material. Who can say to what heights Russia may attain when liberty has entered into the life of the nation?

Carl Joubert.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

Oh to lie awake at night and think of England,
 Out of reach and far away;
 Oh to see her in the distance as a picture,
 And to let your fancy play
 With the vision of her houses as you knew them,
 And her people moving there.
 When of old yourself went in and out among them,
 Scarcely heeding who they were:
 But, ah! now your hungry heart would leap within you,
 And your very soul rejoice,
 If across the night there came the sound you long for,
 And you heard an English voice.

Oh to lie and feel the very blood within you—
 Every pulse of it is hers—
 And to know that you shall lay it down in silence
 Where no English memory stirs:
 Where the very trees and birds seem not to know you,
 And no restful turf is seen,
 Where the eye is fed with scarlet and with purple,
 But, ah! not with English green;
 And above the frowning mountain you can listen
 To the mighty thunder-crash,
 But may never hear the sighing of the willow,
 Or the rustle of the ash.

The Spectator.

William H. Draper.

WAR UNDER WATER.

In naval warfare there is now, as there has always been, a school which desires to attain great results without a corresponding expenditure of men or money. In our own naval history we have prominent instances of this in, for example, Elizabeth's scheme of war at sea by limited liability company, in a proposal by Sir Walter Raleigh that hoys and petty craft should be constituted into a flotilla for use in home waters, and above all in the introduction of fireships and infernals. Each and all of these devices, together with many more of like nature, have been greeted at their introduction by flourishes of trumpets. Each and all have failed to revolutionize naval warfare, and have speedily been consigned by the stern test of war to the subordinate position best fitted to their nature. The youngest of the children born to this school are the locomotive torpedo and the submarine. Of these inventions the former may be said to be approaching maturity; the latter is still in need of careful fostering.

In approaching the subject it is very necessary to clear the mind of prejudice and misconception. To do so is not easy. The locomotive torpedo, even after an existence of a quarter of a century, has not yet fully emerged from the cloud of myth which has enshrouded it since its birth; and, as to the submarine, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the public regards it as a warlike equivalent of the sea serpent, and possesses but little more reliable information concerning it. That this should be so is, of course, largely due to the temptation which so mysterious an instrument holds out to the sensational writers whose facts and fancies flood the daily press and cheaper magazines. It is

also due in part to the fact that the few men qualified to speak with expert knowledge on the subject are still controlled by that great rule of silence which is so loyally respected in the Royal Navy. So it happens that the submarine has as yet almost no literature of its own in England. One or two volumes, indeed, have recently been devoted to the subject, but what utility they might have possessed for the general reader is more than counterbalanced by their journalistic and imaginative tendency. The mere possibility of constructing a vessel navigable under water has much taken the popular fancy, which after according due recognition to the fact, has proceeded, naturally enough, to transfer to the submarine of fact many of the attributes of the submarine of fiction. Decidedly there are beliefs here which a latter-day Sir Thomas Browne might include in his "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*"; and false beliefs contain a certain spice of danger.

It must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between submarine navigation and submarine warfare. That considerable advance has been made in the former direction is well known: and it has been shown that the submarine boat has so far overcome many of the difficulties which beset it that it has already, for certain purposes, a definite commercial value. But the difficulties in the way of mercantile success are as nothing compared with those which must be encountered if the submarine is to be of use in war; indeed, the conditions are so widely different that it is safe to predict that there will in the future be as great a divergence between the warlike and the peaceful types of underwater vessels as there is to-day

in surface craft. At present the only submarine built for a non-warlike purpose is the Lake boat, whose object is to search for, and to salvage, property lost in sunken ships. If any other peaceful method of using submarines is to come to the fore, it will consist presumably in the conveyance of passengers for short distances. This could be done now, if it were worth while. It would, for instance, be quite feasible to run an under-water service from Dover to Calais, and details of such a scheme have been worked out. That it is not carried into effect is due seemingly to the fact that even the sea-sick majority are not yet prepared to trust their lives beneath the waves:

The primary difficulties which have to be removed are in respect of speed, vision, stability, diving and armament. When all these are overcome it will be possible to construct an effective submarine man-of-war. In the case of an effective passenger-boat not one of these considerations need enter, for such a vessel might have her propulsive power outside her, and be worked like an electric tram; and, if this were so, she would have no greater need of vision than has a train running in a tunnel.

But for the man-of-war boat the analogy of the tram will not serve; she is more directly comparable to the motor-car. As to speed, however, she is as yet very severely limited, and will continue to be so until some engineering development of a revolutionary nature takes place. The popular belief that the man-of-war submarine runs below water, seeing but unseen, is very far from the truth. Her normal condition is awash. To be effective she must be more or less visible, and as soon as she goes out of sight she becomes all but innocuous. But her only protection lies in her power to vanish completely. She is not in

reality a submarine proper at all, she is a submersible. The submarine pure and simple is even more strictly limited in point of speed and vision than the submersible, and has been relegated by experience to the functions of harbor defence. The result of this amphibious disposition is that the submersible needs two sets of engines, one for use on the surface, the other for use beneath it. The surface engine will not serve below water; and to use the below-water engine on top of the water is out of the question on the score of economy. As it is, the crux of the matter is that the only known power which is satisfactory for submerged work is derived from electric accumulators. Accumulators are accountable for the fact that there are practical submersibles at all, but an enormous disadvantage of them is that their weight is quite out of any reasonable proportion to the power derived from them. The greatest possible submerged speed is at present only about eight knots at the best. Working on the surface with the gasoline-motor used for that purpose a speed of about twelve knots can be attained; but even this is contemptible enough when compared with the twenty-five knots of the latest type of torpedo boat, and the thirty knots of the destroyer.

However, it is at least conceivable that an improved method of propulsion may be introduced which will give the necessary increase of speed. There are, indeed, those who profess that the time will come when the submarine will draw her motive power from an outside source by means similar to wireless telegraphy. This would indeed solve the riddle, but at the expense of the submarine herself. She would then cease to be a boat: all that would be necessary would be a glorified Brennan torpedo, dirigible from a position either ashore or on board a big ship. But though such a device has

long been spoken of, and though numerous rumors have been floated concerning it, there is not a particle of evidence that it is as yet within any measurable distance of actuality.

This being so it is necessary for practical purposes to confine the attention to the submersible of to-day, which in addition to being very slow is very blind. Great sacrifices have been made in order to gain a reasonably good power of vision, but the only method that answers at all well is to fit the submersible with a high conning tower, such as proved so vulnerable in the unfortunate A 1, and to work her with that rising above water. Obviously this method sacrifices invisibility, and cannot be followed in the near neighborhood of hostile ships. The attacking submersible approaches with her conning tower above water as near as she dares, then she sinks down till only the periscope remains visible, and relies upon that. The limitations of this instrument are well known: it reveals only a small sector of the horizon, it makes it impossible to judge distances, and it is liable to be obscured by spray. But, such as it is, it is small and gives the submersible a reasonable chance of getting within torpedo range without being discovered. Once discovered there is nothing for her to do save to dive completely below the surface, where all is darkness.

Other difficulties there were, such as the power to keep to the desired depth, the power to pass quickly from the awash to the submerged condition, and even the power to fire torpedoes with impunity. But all these have been definitely overcome, and the submersible is fit to take her place in the ranks of fighting ships as a possible substitute for the torpedo boat. The important questions that remain are as to whether her poor speed and limited power of vision handicap her so severely as to render her innocuous.

Opinion is certainly divided on this point. Many hold that there is nothing that she could do which could not be done as well, or better, by the surface torpedo boat. Others again believe, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, that she has already attained to some practical utility. But both classes of observer are in favor of a continuance of experiments, either in the hope that some radical improvements in speed and vision may transform her into a really formidable instrument of war, or in the faith that the moral menace held out by this form of attack will make it worth the risk to life and the cost in money which it entails. Sceptics, of course, exist who maintain that the moral menace could be conveyed without the practical risk, and that all that would be necessary would be to post at desirable points a few big notices to "Beware of the Submarines." It is likely, indeed, that in war, as has already been done in manœuvres, means will be found by ingenious officers to magnify the existing threat; but it is improbable that any Power known to be entirely devoid of these weapons—and no Power has succeeded yet in building one without the secret leaking out—would succeed in inspiring awe in an opponent by a simple exhibition of bogus conning towers and counterfeit periscopes. Fraud, no doubt, will supplement the available supply, but it will not prove an absolute substitute for it.

Such, in terms of navigation, are some of the limitations of the submersible. It remains to consider the vessel with reference to the weapon which it is designed to use.

The locomotive torpedo, after a history of more than a quarter of a century and repeated use in warfare, has definitely confirmed itself in a position of importance afloat. It is not necessary to refer at length to the performances of earlier models in former wars,

to the negative results given by the war between Spain and the United States, or to the recent Japanese successes, with the more perfect weapon. All experience tells the same tale,—that the torpedo, if it hits, is irresistible. No device hitherto discovered will palliate its effect. There has accordingly been no attempt to add to its destructive capacity, and attention has been centred upon increasing its accuracy, range, and speed. Thanks to the gyroscope its accuracy is now incontestable, and it has of late been possible to direct efforts towards adding to the range. Probably by far the greater number of torpedoes still in service both in our own and in foreign navies range but 800 yards; but the newer models can run for a considerably greater distance than this, and it is reasonably certain that in the next great war effective torpedo range will have been extended to 3000 yards or even more. The Whitehead itself is, like a ship, a thing of compromise. Large additions to any of its qualities become possible by sacrificing others in an undue proportion. All calculations have to start from the consideration that the weapon has reached its maximum weight, and that the present explosive charge is adequate. A constant of 1000 lbs. remains for the shell, the complex machinery, and the motive power. It is only since the introduction of the gyroscope that any addition to the range was thought of; for up to that date sufficient accuracy could not be obtained to make full use of the range then available. But with the discovery that, instead of running true for a bare 800 yards, the torpedo could now be made to run straight for as long as the motive-power lasted, there came the desire of extending its radius: and an addition to the store of compressed air used as a propellant was found to be possible. It is not necessary to expend this extra power in

largely increasing speed, for the present service speed of some 30 knots is sufficient: it is therefore possible to maintain the present extreme speed over longer distances than hitherto, and to increase the range very largely. Such is the weapon of to-morrow, which will be in use when the submarine first goes forth to war.

This paper is concerned solely with the torpedo in its relations to its hand-maidens, the torpedo boat and the submarine; and it is not proposed to touch upon the use of torpedoes in fleet actions. A remarkable fact about this ingenious, and now most accurate, weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now the question arises, if the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot cook him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design certainly is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.

But how then is the catching to be done? It is proved satisfactorily by a simple diagram that a submarine moving at eight knots, its extreme speed submerged, cannot hope to reach a big ship steaming at double that pace, unless the submarine when she first sights the ship is about eight miles distant

and not more than two points on her bow. If the distance is less, the danger angle is very considerably reduced. In this case the boat, if unperceived, could sink to the submerged condition and, by heading the ship off, could approach to within half a mile, that is, to within torpedo range under existing conditions. With the long-range torpedo the case alters somewhat. The submarine, if three points on the bow of the ship at first sighting, has still just a possible chance of getting within one mile and a half of her, that is, to extreme torpedo range. In the former case the danger zone for the ship is four points, and in the latter is but six points, out of the thirty-two. The initial odds therefore are heavy enough against the submarine's getting a shot at all. But even these odds fade into insignificance when it is remembered that they presuppose a ship steaming on a straight course and taking no precautions whatever against submarine attack. But her captain would know if he was in waters likely to be infested by submarines, and would take measures accordingly. He would, for instance, alter course constantly; a thing which of itself would be likely to baffle the submarine in view of its utter lack of speed. It has been suggested that, as a further measure, a couple of destroyers a short way ahead, one on either bow, would prove effective both in discovering and in destroying submarines. But this raises the question as to how the destroyer is to damage the submarine. Her guns would do no hurt, and she could not afford to run it down, even if it were not sunk below her draught. Various devices have been suggested to meet the case; a spar torpedo used by the destroyer, a big Whitehead exploded by a time-fuse, a hawser towed between two destroyers, and finally nets similarly used. The former of these suggestions appears to

have been already shelved, and the netting devices would presumably stand a chance of success only in narrow channels. A plan suggested by the present writer was for the introduction of a small quick-firing torpedo. Such a weapon could probably be used with effect by surface torpedo craft against submarines either in connection with, or independently of, the hawser device. The essence of it is simple, and hinges merely on whether it is possible to construct a reliable torpedo of small dimensions.

The present service weapon is 18 in. in diameter, 16 ft. 8 in. long, is over half a ton in weight, and carries a charge of about 200 lbs., which is enough to disable the biggest ship afloat. With this weapon a rate of fire of one a minute is accounted good in favorable circumstances, and on board a destroyer the conditions would not be favorable. But quite apart from the slowness of fire there is the enormous waste of power to be considered. To use such a weapon against a small submarine would be breaking a butterfly upon the wheel with a vengeance. But if the dimensions of the big torpedo be halved, we arrive approximately at the following proportions: Diameter 9 in., length 8 ft. 4 in., total weight 150 lbs., explosive charge 25 lbs., speed 21 knots. Two questions are suggested by a contemplation of these figures: could the thing be constructed, or does it lie in the same category as Horatio Oliver Hampden's cocoa-valve? Secondly, at what rate could it be discharged?

The suggestion has been well spoken of in the service press, and may be held to be, at first sight, within the bounds of possibility, and it will be interesting to see if any developments in this direction take place. Probably such a torpedo would be sufficiently powerful, and it is not unreasonable to presuppose for it a rate of fire six

times as fast as that of the full-sized weapon. It would be snap-shooting at close ranges, and probably the gyroscope, even if possible, would not be necessary. But there is the secondary consideration, that if the surface torpedo craft could carry such weapons for use against submarines, the submarines in their turn could carry them for use against torpedo craft.

The surface torpedo boat revolutionized the gun, but the gun cannot be used against the submarine. It is not unlikely therefore that this type of vessel will in like manner revolutionize the torpedo, the only weapon which can be employed against it.

But, conceding to the submarine a modicum of effectiveness, it is still debatable as to how far it will prove of use to the weaker power and how far

The Monthly Review.

to the stronger. As to its uses in attack or defence, in breaking up or maintaining blockades, in attacking ships at sea or ships in harbor, all this is on the knees of the gods. That it might prevent such indirect long range bombardments as Port Arthur has been subject to is obvious; but its functions will be many, and will postulate different types of craft. Different types are being evolved, but all as yet are subject to the heavy disabilities indicated above. The removal of these disabilities may come early or it may come late; but if its advent is not immediately followed by the rise of some new weapon able to neutralize the threat held out, then let there be no more faith in the history of navies and of human inventiveness.

L. G. Carr Laughton.

THE NEW EPICUREANISM.

"If a creed makes a man feel happy, he almost invariably adopts it," says Professor James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." We are perhaps too often inclined to be satisfied with this simple explanation of the beliefs of other people. But if it were ever excusable to make such an assumption, it would be when one considers the spread of certain new religious systems. These systems, while they differ in other respects, all involve the practical teaching that happiness is an obligation, a duty in itself,—not only the reward of virtue, but the necessary condition of virtue. The happiness to be aimed at is, of course, not supposed to depend on external things. "Christian Science," the most prominent of these sects, has, as every one knows, found an ingenious answer to the objection that health of body is an ex-

ternal thing; pain is an illusion arising out of a state of sin. We do not intend to enter here into the question of the cures of which one has heard so much, nor need we discuss the metaphysical reasoning with which the whole thing has been deduced. This has already been shown to be unsound. Our conviction is, moreover, that most of those who join the sect are not originally drawn to it by any abstract theories about the non-existence of matter, or the distinction between mortal and immortal mind. We think it is much more likely that they are fascinated by the vivid representation of pain as an evil hallucination which it is our paramount duty to overcome in ourselves and in others. This view harmonizes with a tendency of the day. The influence of the new ethics has even spread among a large number of peo-

ple who are still far from abandoning their old beliefs in matters theological or pathological, and have not gone beyond the theory of mental well-being as the first of duties. The novel demonstration that it is possible for each one of us to attain this state is found to be in itself cheering. Many became for the first time aware of the power over themselves after they had acknowledged this obligation of using this power to bring about the desired condition of mind. At the same time it was discovered that not only practice and training, but advice and the benefit of other people's experience on the same road, are of use. Hence the popularity of a new kind of literature dealing chiefly with the training of the will, always with the same object of mental hygiene in view. We are grateful to any one who reminds us that there is nothing especially meritorious in gloom. Virtue will not be its own reward unless we have the honesty to admit that we have not given up anything much pleasanter for its sake. *Un saint triste est un triste saint.* (The nearest thing in English may perhaps be: "A sad saint is a sorry saint.") Apparently, too, people are apt to forget that cheerfulness of mind is a habit which requires cultivation like any other, and that the means of acquiring and preserving this habit are not so obvious as one might suppose. But though we admit all this, it seems to us that the conception of life which underlies the movement is false. We do not think it a good sign that this point of view should appeal to many minds. Those who consider it necessary to expend so much ingenuity, so much will-force, upon the one object must, one thinks, either have found in themselves cause to dread the encroachment of a deadening despondency, or else have an exaggerated opinion of the value of mental comfort. No doubt when our minds and our moods

are against us we want all the help we can get; but have not self-sufficiency and serenity sometimes proved themselves enemies too? What is the meaning of this fear of fear, this dread of sympathy, all these elaborate precautions against the precautionary state? Have we become more healthy-minded in that we make greater effort against morbidity, or are we more morbid since we are obliged to make an obligation of healthy-mindedness? The remedy is usually discovered after the disease. A man must, one thinks, be feeling very old and feeble who repeats to himself while dressing in the morning, "Youth, health, vigor"; and any one who finds it necessary to join a "Don't Worry Club" proclaims a certain want of confidence in his own will.

These are American inventions, but, according to certain pessimists, the whole of Europe, too, is suffering from will-sickness. Not to take such a gloomy view, we might perhaps explain the phase by showing that the demands upon the human will were never so great as at the present moment. It is true that life has become in a sense more mechanical; the scope of the individual will is less obvious; but for this very reason its exercise is both more essential and more difficult. This may be one reason of the newly felt necessity of an education of the will. But whether it be that our wills are really weaker, or that circumstances require them to be stronger than ever before, it is certain that there has never been so much conscious resentment as now against the enfeeblement which comes from any revolt on the part of the nerves and imagination against the will. We recognize that it is our duty to suppress such revolts for the sake of others, if not for our own; we scarcely dare give in for a moment to those softened moods and pleasant melancholies of which the poets sing.

Discouragement is infectious, as we all know, but it would seem that only a general tendency to it could account for our present extreme sensitiveness to the moods of those around us. The Peggotty family living in that boat turned upside down, which smelt so delightfully of salt fish, did not on the whole allow their spirits to be much damped by the peculiarities of Mrs. Gummidge; but in a family consisting entirely of Mrs. Gummidges it would be necessary to lay down some rules, such as that the expression "lone lorn cre'tur" be "taboo"; that the memory of the "old un" be not dwelt upon too often in public; discussions as to who felt it most when things went wrong not allowed. Without some such agreement life would not be possible. No accusation is commoner among intimates than that of spreading gloom. Each member of a family privately feels how cheery he or she would be if only the others would make an effort to be cheerful too! "I am naturally of a gay disposition," said a young man to his friend as they walked sadly along together, "but I require an echo." "And I can be very gay too," said the other, "but I also require an echo!" They continued their walk in dreary silence.

Evidently, then, there are cases in which the art of cheerfulness must be reduced to a study, and we owe to the new school many useful hints. But as the human will does not appear to be an inexhaustible force, there is a danger that the carrying out of certain systems now proposed to us would absorb so much of it that there would be very little left for other purposes. We shall be kept so busy acquiring and preserving the desired state of mind that there will be no time for anything else. And when we are all agreed that sadness is a crime, shall we not become hard upon ourselves and

harder upon others? But the great objection to such systems is that they tend to foster the belief that ease of mind is the most important thing in life,—the good from which every other good will flow. For this reason one may, we think, call the members of the school followers of Epicurus.

There is nothing offensive in the term Epicurean,—it has not necessarily anything to do with the love of good dinners. It merely means the adoption of happiness, or, rather, of the avoidance of pain, as the chief aim of life. Epicurus was a materialist certainly, but not so consistent in his materialism as the Stoics with whom people usually prefer to be associated. His view of pleasure, if not very lofty in theory, would result in practice in an asceticism as thoroughgoing as that of any Stoic. *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*, must be the maxim adopted by the Epicurean more consciously than by any other philosopher. And Epicurus recognized the force of the imagination and will as well as any "Christian Scientist." "If a wise man," he says, "were to be put to torture, he would say how pleasant this is, how little do I care about it"; and again, "how pleasant a meal bread and water make to the hungry." The new Epicureans would require all the Christian virtues, and so far no one can find fault with them. It is merely their point of view, the end towards which all this self-discipline is supposed to be making, that seems doubtful. The old commonplace objection, that any conscious search after happiness defeats its own object, is not irrefutable; indeed, this very school has done much by example to prove the contrary. What we are inclined to question is whether the state of mind they aim at is of such supreme value as they think. It has not been proved that absolute well-being of mind and body, supposing it to be attainable,

is essential to our perfect efficiency; nor do men, on the whole, seem to prize it above all other things. Is the educated man as happy as the savage? Are grown-up people as happy as children? Yet, if we had to choose, knowing all the drawbacks of our present state, we would not choose to be children once more. Is it, then, too paradoxical to say that though we all want happiness, we want other things besides, we want other things more?

The Spectator.

ETERNITY.

(From the German of Friederich Ruckert.)

Chidher, the ever-youthful spoke:
Once by a town I chanced to pass,
From trees a man the ripe fruit broke—
I asked since when the town there was.
He spake, and plucked the ripe fruit still:
"Ever the town stood on this hill,
And thus forever stand it will."

Five hundred years their course had rolled,
When I again that roadway strolled.

No vestige of that town I found,
A shepherd played the pipe, alone;
His herd was grazing all around—
I asked since when the town was gone.
He spake, still sounding forth his lays:
"Whilst one thing grows, t'other decays.
My pasture's here for countless days."

Five hundred years their course had rolled,
When I again that roadway strolled.

I found a sea with billowy roll,
A fisherman threw his nets afar;
And as he rested from heavy pull
I asked since when the waves there are.
He spake, and strange the smile he wore:
"While yon the wild waves froth and roar,
The fisher seeks and hath sought this shore."

Five hundred years their course had rolled,
When I again that roadway strolled.

Mine eyes upon a woodland dwelled,
And on a man within its shade;
Whilst with the ax a tree he felled,
I asked what age that forest had.
He spake: "This wold has sheltered well,
For livelong days, my humble cell;
And here forever will I dwell."

The Difficulty of Preaching Sermons.

Five hundred years their course had rolled,
When I again that roadway strolled.

I found a city there and filled
Its mart with eager cry and hoot;
I asked since when this town was built,
And whither wood and sea and flute.
They cried, and heeded not my say;
"So't fared here many and many a day,
And so it fares for aye and aye."

Five hundred years their course must roll,
Ere I once more that road shall stroll.

M. A. Lesser.

THE DIFFICULTY OF PREACHING SERMONS.

Few things are more curious than the attitude of ordinary Church-going men and women towards sermons. They criticise sermons and complain of them, they insist upon the poverty and foolishness of them, they declaim against them as doing little good, and sometimes as doing positive harm. Yet if anything is certain in the religious life of Protestant England, it is that a sermon possesses a strangely attractive influence upon the minds and spirits of the very persons who abuse it. "There are perhaps few institutions in modern life," says Professor Mahaffy in his essay on *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, "more universally accepted, and at the same time decried, than that of preaching." The orthodox soul feels at times that something is wanting even to a musical service in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, unless a sermon forms part of it. Perhaps the truth is that, if the world does not like sermons, yet somehow it seems to like disliking them.

Criticism, even unjust criticism, is not a bad thing for most people. Certainly it is not a bad thing for the clergy. Outside the Church they meet

objection and opposition, but within it they are autocrats. It is their perilous prerogative to address in church men and women, who are often their intellectual superiors, upon the highest of all themes, without any fear of contradiction. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that, if no one overtly disagrees with their arguments or conclusions, they should come to look upon disagreement as unreasonable. But many a congregation avenges itself for the enforced silence which prevails during the sermon by vigorous animadversion upon it when it is finished. The people who sit under the preacher within the church not infrequently sit upon him in the churchyard.

Yet it is possible that Christians laymen would be more lenient critics of sermons, if they realized how hard a thing it is to preach. Good speaking is rare enough, but good preaching is, and must be, rarer. For if the sermon be regarded merely as a mode of human oratory, it is of all modes the one which makes the largest demand upon the intellectual and spiritual faculties of the orator.

One reason is that, however many

sermons are preached, their subject is practically the same; it may be treated in many ways and in many manners, but it is one. "The old, old story," beautiful and sacred as it is in itself, lacks and cannot but lack the special interest of novelty. What a preacher says, and must say, to-day, has been said by thousands of lips in thousands of ways during nineteen centuries. When a statesman addresses a public audience it is generally in his power to communicate fresh information, or to originate criticism upon information lately given, or to conduct an argument about it, to start a policy, or set it out in a new light, or recommend it by new arguments or urge new reasons against it. There is an air of expectation and excitement in the looks of men as they enter a hall to listen to a speech at a time of strong political feeling; they are eager to know what a particular statesman will tell them about the topic of the hour. But the theme of a sermon is already familiar; that it is important, august, and sublime is perfectly true—*omnia magna quæ dicimus*, as Augustine says—but it is not novel. All that the most original of preachers can aspire to do is to shed a little fresh light upon well-known and well-worn truths.

No doubt there have been times when the Gospel came to men as something new. It was so, of course, in Apostolic days. It has been so when an age of religious enthusiasm has succeeded an age of religious indifference. Luther, and the other great Reformers, arrested attention as much by the novelty as by the fervor of their convictions. Wesley and Whitefield, in the era of the Methodist revival, enjoyed the advantage of preaching the terrors of the Law and the promises of the Gospel to people who welcomed the message as something strange and startling, something which they had never heard before or had wholly for-

gotten and felt to come upon their minds and consciences as a revelation. For the preaching of conversion to souls which have lost the thought of God always suggests and often effects a novel experience. It is told of Louis the Fourteenth that one day he asked the poet Boileau what kind of preacher was a certain ecclesiastic whom all the Parisian world at the time was running after. Boileau replied, "*Votre Majesté sait qu' on court toujours à la nouveauté, c'est un prédicateur qui prêche l'Evangile.*"

But this is a state of things happily rare; it occurs only now and then in the crises of the Church. For the most part men and women are not surprised by the novelty, but rather wearied by the familiarity of the preacher's message. Yet he must preach, and must preach every Sunday; and, however weary or languid he may be, must try to preach as though his whole heart were in his sermon.

But that every ordained clergyman should preach sermons was not at all the idea of the primitive Church. It seems that the first regular preachers were the bishops. They could, and they alone ordinarily did, preach; but it was in their power to confer the privilege or impose the duty of preaching upon others. Thus Augustine, although he himself argues that it was the proper office of the bishop to preach, was, as his biographer relates, the first presbyter of the African Church who delivered a sermon in the presence of the bishop. Jerome stood up for the rights of the presbyters to preach; it was "a very bad custom," he said, "in certain churches," that the right of preaching should be denied them. Deacons, however, were never allowed to preach except in rare and special circumstances. But it is related by the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius that Origen was invited as a layman by Alexander, the Bishop of

Jerusalem, to preach before him. If so, Origen, who was often an innovator, may be regarded as the prototype of licensed lay preachers.

But whatever may have been the nature and number of the exceptions in primitive or even in mediæval times, preaching did not become the regular function of all ordained ministers until the Reformation. It was then that bishops, priests, deacons, pastors, ministers, all alike began to preach, and to preach with almost equal frequency; preaching in fact became everybody's business.

The Reformation introduced many ecclesiastical changes, and among them a change in the use of the pulpit. It invested preaching with a new importance. The pulpit took the place of the altar. Every clergyman and minister of religion became a preacher. The office of preaching, which in the Roman Church was and is more or less limited to certain orders of preachers, was usurped by the clergy generally. To preach became the one thing, or the chief thing, which the clergy could do for their people, as the one thing, or the chief thing, had been in the old days to offer sacrifice. It follows that clergy of very various gifts and attainments have been expected from Sunday to Sunday to deliver sermons of their own composition upon the great verities of the Gospel. But where everybody preaches there will be many bad preachers; where sermons are many even good sermons will lose their flavor. In the interest then of the clergy, no less than of the laity, it would be well to diminish the number of the sermons. Not the most richly endowed of human beings could preach well as often as the most ordinary clergyman is, in modern times, expected to preach. It was a favorite saying of Bishop Andrewes that he who preached twice in a week "prated once." How hard then is the fate of a vicar or

curate, infinitely below Bishop Andrewes in learning, facility, and experience, if he has to preach three or four sermons a week, or, as I have known, eight or ten sermons in Holy Week! Such a multiplication of sermons is not only a burden upon preachers and hearers alike, but it falsifies the idea of public worship; for the true end of worship is not preaching but devotion. The worshipper who is never happy at divine service without a sermon has not yet adequately learned what worship is. It is possible to pray at all times, but it is not possible to preach often. The tacit understanding which binds the clergy to frequent preaching renders the difficult office of the pulpit doubly difficult.

For it must be remembered that preaching is speaking without certain helps which are generally conceded to secular oratory. I do not say that preaching could or ought to avail itself of these helps, but only that, because it lacks them, it is more difficult. It is the difficulty of preaching which is my subject.

There is no doubt that a good many sermons are dreadfully dull. But it is an element in the difficulty of preaching that clergymen, in preparing and delivering their sermons, are practically debarred from adopting some accepted oratorical means. Thus the use of humor in a sermon is almost unknown within the Church of England. Non-conformist preachers like the late Mr. Spurgeon have sometimes employed humor in their sermons with striking effect. When he preached (if the story is true) upon the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, and asked where it was possible to find martyrs at the present day, and suggested that, if the bishops and clergy of the Church of England were the martyrs, they would be sure to burn well, they were so dry, he resorted to a device which might or might not be allowed and approved by his own

congregation, but would certainly grate upon the critical taste of Churchmen. "To be amusing in the pulpit is a great crime," says Professor Mahaffy, who seems to regret that it is not open to preachers to appeal to "that peculiar human faculty, the faculty of laughter." But the use of humor in sermons is a dangerous weapon. It is more likely to create offence than to excite piety, and the clergy of the Church of England have wisely agreed to forego it. For where one orator possesses the subtle tact of knowing when to raise a laugh and how to check it in his congregation, and of employing merriment in such a way as to leave no sense of incongruity or irreverence behind it, it is probable that ten men in the exercise of humor will do harm rather than good, and will destroy or diminish the moving power of their own exhortations. There have, however, been times when the clergy of the Church of England have not scrupled to insert humorous passages in their sermons. If it were necessary to specify a humorous preacher, although his humor was of a coarser grain than would be allowed to any preacher in the present day, I think I should mention Dr. South. It will be enough to cite one instance of his humorous style. In a sermon which he preached at Westminster Abbey on the 22nd of February, 1684, from Proverbs xvi. 33—"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord"—he dwelt upon "those vast and stupendous encreases of fortune that have followed the small despicable beginnings of some things and persons." Then he continued in the following strain:

Who that had lookt upon Agathocles first handling the Clay and making Pots under his Father, and afterwards turning Robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be King of Sicily? Who that

had seen *Masaniello* a poor Fisherman, with his Red Cap and his Angle, could have reckon'd it possible to see such a pitiful thing within a week after shining in his Cloth of Gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole City of Naples? And who that had beheld such a Bankrupt beggarly fellow as *Cromwell* first entering Parliament House with a threadbare torn Cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the Throne, be invested in the Royal Robes and want nothing of the state of the King but the change of his Hat into a Crown?

King Charles the Second was an auditor of that sermon; he burst out laughing as he listened to it and said, turning to Lord Rochester, "Ods fish, Lory, your Chaplain must be a Bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death." But he himself was the next to die, and South never became a bishop. Such humor is as much out of date as out of taste; it is rather a warning than an example to preachers, and few critics of sermons will be found to regret that modern preachers have ceased to be humorists of the school of Dr. South.

Again, the art of preaching, difficult as it is in itself, is made still more difficult by the unbroken silence in which congregations listen to sermons. Time was when sermons, like speeches, were subject to interruption, as Chrysostom's were, for example, at Constantinople, and the interruption, if it was disturbing, was enlivening. There is, indeed, a story that Chrysostom once preached a sermon against the practice of applauding preachers by clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and that his congregation received even that sermon with applause. But piety, or perhaps decorum, has long since forbidden the ex-

pression of approval or dissent in churches. It would be thought a strange thing that anyone listening to a sermon should cry "Hear, hear" or "No, no." Such ejaculations are wholly undesirable; they are fatal to reverence. But the absence of them enhances the difficulty of preaching. For when an audience gives no visible or audible sign of emotion, how can a speaker tell what the effect of his words is, or whether they have any effect at all? The secular speaker knows more or less if he is in touch with his hearers, but a preacher never knows. For half an hour or perhaps three-quarters of an hour he addresses an audience which seems to be utterly apathetic or indifferent. It is true, indeed, that a preacher who reads his sermon from a manuscript is less dependent upon the sympathy of the congregation than he who preaches, as the phrase is, *ex tempore*. But all preachers, and extemporaneous preachers most of all, would sometimes be thankful if their sermons could evoke at least some sign of sympathy, or even of dissent. They could not, indeed, or would not, use the interruption as political orators use it, for quick rejoinder or repartee; but it would suggest something that they ought to say but had not thought of saying, it would help them to make their meaning more lucid and more persuasive; at all events it would give them time to take breath. So essential to oratory are regular breathing-spaces, that in theatres it has often been found necessary to organize applause. The explanation of the *claque* in French theatres is that actors cannot speak their parts with comfort unless they know that at stated intervals they will get opportunities of recovering themselves by a brief pause. Such opportunities political orators create for themselves. But to speak for considerable length without eliciting a single sign of favor or disfavor, and so to speak as

not to weary a critical audience, is one of the hardest oratorical tasks which could be imposed upon anybody, and it is imposed every week upon the clergy.

Sermons, too, like speeches, if adapted to the public taste, must vary greatly at different times. The sermons of one nation are distasteful or displeasing to another. No English congregation would have listened to such sermons as used to be popular in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. There is, indeed, a story told of a dissenting preacher named Lobb in the seventeenth century who, when South went to hear him, "being mounted up in the pulpit and naming his text, made nothing of splitting it up into twenty-six divisions, upon which separately he very carefully undertook to expatiate in their order. Thereupon the doctor rose up, and joggling the friend who bore him company, said: 'Let us go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night work of it.'" But Mr. Lobb himself was humane in the pulpit as compared to a certain Mr. Thomas Boston, to whose sermons Sir Archibald Geikie has lately drawn attention in his fascinating *Scottish Reminiscences*. Mr. Thomas Boston, who wrote a book called *Primitia et Ultima*, was minister of the Gospel at Ettrick. In a sermon on "Fear and Hope, Objects of the Divine Complacency," from the text Psalm cxlvii. 11—"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him and in those that hope in His mercy"—Mr. Boston, "after an introduction in four sections, deduced six doctrines, each sub-divided into from three to eight heads; but the last doctrine required another sermon which contained 'a practical improvement of the whole,' arranged under eighty-six heads. A sermon on Matthew xi. 28 was sub-divided into seventy-six heads"; on this text, indeed, Mr. Boston preached four such sermons. It is more than

doubtful whether any brains or hearts south of the Tweed could have stood the strain of such discourses. But a Scotch preacher, not in the present degenerate age, has been known to preach from five to six hours at a stretch, and sometimes, when one preacher had finished his sermon another would begin, and there would be a succession of preachers delivering sermon upon sermon, until the unhappy congregations were kept listening to "the Word" for as many as ten hours without a break. No sermons ever preached in England can compare with these. It is told, however, to the credit of an English congregation, that Bishop Burnet once preached with an hour-glass at his side, and, when the sands in the hour-glass had run out, he was requested to turn it upside down and preach another hour. And there may be at the present time a certain interest attaching to a contemporary account of one of the fast-days connected with the framing of the Westminster Confession of Faith. "After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two hours most divinely. . . . After, Mr. Arrowsmith preached an hour, then a psalm; thereafter, Mr. Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr. Palmer preached an hour, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm. After, Mr. Henderson brought them to a short, sweet conference of the heat confessed in the assembly, and other seen faults, to be remedied, and the convenience to preach against all sects, especially Anabaptists and Antinomians."

But upon the whole the judgment of modern times is not unreasonably adverse to long sermons. Life is short; but many things in it, and sermons among them, are apt to be too long. Life is busy, too, nowadays; I do not think any religious service should exceed an hour and a half, or any sermon should exceed half an hour. As a rule,

sermons gain point and power by compression. It is a wise saying of St. François de Sales: "Plus vous direz, moins on retiendra. Moins vous direz, plus on profitera. . . . A force de charger la mémoire d'un auditeur on la démolit: comme l'on estoint les lampes quand on y met trop d'huile; on suffoque les plantes quand on les arrose desmesurément. Quand un discours est trop long, la fin fait oublier le milieu, et le milieu le commencement."

But it is not only in regard to the length of sermons that the public taste has undergone a change. If I may specify four celebrated preachers of the Church of England—Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Dr. South, and Bishop Butler—it is safe to say that there is not one of them whose sermons would be appreciated or perhaps tolerated at the present day. Let me take as an example the sermons of Jeremy Taylor. Bishop Heber has passed a sound criticism upon them in the preface to his edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor. It will be enough to quote the following remarks:

It may still more excite our wonder that such sermons as these should have been addressed to any but an audience exclusively academical. A University alone and a University of no ordinary erudition appears the fit theatre for discourses crowded as these are with quotations from the classics and the Fathers, with allusions to the most recondite topics of moral and natural philosophy, with illustrations drawn from all the arts and sciences, and from history ancient and modern, clothed in language rich and harmonious indeed beyond all contemporary writers, but abounding in words of foreign extraction and in unusual applications of those which are of native origin.

Nor should I have hesitated to conclude that most of Taylor's sermons had been really composed and intended only for an academical audience, had

not the author himself informed us, in his title page and in his dedication to Lord Carbery, that they were preached at Golden Grove to the family and domestics of his patron, or at most to a few gentlemen and ladies of that secluded neighborhood, and to as many of the peasantry on the estate as could understand English.

Autres temps, autres mœurs, as Voltaire says. But it is difficult to believe that any congregation in the seventeenth century, and least of all a rural congregation, can have listened with pleasure or patience to the sermons on Christ's Advent to Judgment, or The Return of Prayers, or the Flesh and the Spirit, or the House of Feasting, or the Marriage Ring.

Yet if the character of preaching varies with the times, it is not perhaps impossible to lay down some general rules for the composition and delivery of sermons. Archbishop Magee, in a lecture on the art of preaching, divided preachers into three classes, viz.: (1) preachers you can't listen to; (2) preachers you can listen to; (3) preachers you can't help listening to. But although these three classes may exist in all ages, it does not follow that the same persons would always compose the same class. Preachers vary as much in their manners as in their gifts; and whatever is natural to a preacher is generally best for him, so long as what is natural is not understood to be what is easy. A great preacher, like a great orator, is a law to himself; but for most preachers the only true freedom is the freedom of walking at large within certain broad definite limits.

It seems to me as clear as any just rule can be that a preacher ought to write out his sermons. That there are preachers who can dispense with the use of manuscript in the pulpit does not upset this rule, but rather enforces it. Fluency or facility is a peculiar

snare to preachers, and above all to young preachers. For if a man is never at a loss for a word, if he can address a congregation at great length without any fear of breaking down, he is of all men the one who most needs the sobering discipline of committing his thoughts to paper. I have never known a preacher, not the most eloquent or the most powerful, who would not, as it seemed to me, have preached better if he would have taken the trouble to write out his sermon. Extempore preaching is apt to be, like long preaching, a form of conceit. It is essential that the preacher should say what he means to say and not something else. It is better to preach too little than too much. But the literary composition of sermons is the best safeguard against prolixity, as it is perhaps the best guarantee of orthodoxy. The rule of Cicero about oratory is still more applicable to preaching: "Caput est quod, ut vere dicam, minime facimus (est enim magni laboris, quem plerique fugimus) quam plurimum scribere."

The writing of sermons was the rule of the primitive Church. Origen is said to have set the example of extemporaneous preaching; but he did not begin it until he was past sixty years of age, and even then it was taken to indicate his wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. His sermons were reported by *ταχυγράφοι*, or shorthand writers. Augustine, too, sometimes preached without preparation, as on one occasion when the wrong psalm was given out in Divine Worship, and he laid aside his prepared sermon and preached upon the psalm which had been read. But extemporaneous preaching may mean two separate things, either that the preacher delivers unprepared sermons, or that he delivers sermons without the use of manuscript. Of the former practice it is only possible to say with Archbishop Magee, that "un-

prepared preaching is like schism, either a necessity or a sin." But even to preach a sermon which has not been largely or entirely written out is, as it seems to me, at least in a young preacher, to forget the seriousness of preaching.

A sermon is so solemn a thing that not only every passage of it but every statement—I might almost say every sentence—demands careful consideration. It is so easy to overstate the argument, or to understate it, or to misrepresent truth by some partial ill-conceived expression, or to fall into heresy, or to say a little more or a little less than is suitable to the occasion or the circumstances.

How many a preacher who speaks on the spur of the moment wanders from his subject or becomes involved in it, or contradicts or refutes himself, or gets into a muddle with his matter, or, as has been said, has made an end of his sermon and does not know it! Scrupulous exact composition—such as Pope prescribes in his criticism of "copious Dryden," who

wanted or forgot

The last and greatest art, the art to blot—

is the only means by which a sermon, alike in its style, its character, and its length, can do such justice as the preacher is capable of doing to his high theme. It is my opinion that no sermon should represent less than six, or if possible eight hours' work; many sermons should represent more. A preacher who possesses the fatal power of droning on with unfinished sentences and undeveloped arguments, to the weariness and misery of his audience, is one of the worst enemies of the pulpit, and, I am afraid, one of the worst enemies of the Church. It were well for him to lay to heart South's trenchant phrase, "How men should thus come to make a salvation of an im-

mortal soul with such a slight extempore business, I cannot understand, and would gladly know upon whose example they ground that way of preaching."

No doubt rules are less strictly applicable to preachers who have long been occupied in the anxious and arduous duty of saving souls, than to such preachers as are immature and inexperienced. Bossuet was wont to say: "My sermon is finished, all that remains for me to do is to find the words." Yet there can hardly be too much pains spent upon the composition of a sermon. If a clergyman preaches easily, he may feel sure that he preaches badly. Rather should he spend a quarter of an hour in elaborating his sermon for every minute that he takes to deliver it.

But while the duty of careful preparation is incumbent upon all preachers, it does not seem that any absolute rule can be laid down for the delivery of sermons. There is no such evident gain in reading a sermon as in writing it. Reading adds little, perhaps nothing, to the precision of statement; but it may detract something from the energy of effect. The following words are Cardinal Newman's: "I think it is no extravagance to say that a very inferior sermon delivered without a book answers the purpose for which all sermons are delivered more perfectly than one of great merit, if it be written and read." Most people know Mrs. Oliphant's story of Edward Irving, how, in the critical hour when he was preaching his first sermon before a Scotch congregation at Annan, he happened, by some incautious movement, to upset the Bible in front of him and sent the manuscript of his sermon, which had lain hidden in its pages, fluttering on to the precentor's desk beneath. A rustle of excitement ran through the Church as the congregation waited to see what the

neophyte would do in such trying circumstances. But in a moment he bent his massive figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, crushed it up in his hand, thrust it into his pocket, and went on preaching as fluently as before. "There does not exist," she adds, "a congregation in Scotland which this act would not have taken by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of 'the paper' would have been presumption indeed."

The habit of reading a sermon from manuscript may be tolerable before a cultivated congregation, it may be actually preferable in a large cathedral, where the preacher, if he is to be audible, needs all his thought for the delivery, rather than for the phraseology of his discourse; but there are congregations, especially such as are illiterate, which can scarcely be brought to believe in a sermon that is read and not spoken. Bishop Phillips Brooks, in his *Lectures on Preaching*, tells a quaint story of a backwoodsman in Virginia, who paid a bishop of the Episcopal Church the rough compliment of remarking that "he liked him; he was the first one he ever saw of those petticoat fellows who could shoot without a rest."

It does not indeed follow that a sermon should be committed to memory. Ancient orators were in the habit of learning their speeches by heart. French and Italian preachers often learn their sermons by heart to-day. But upon the whole memory holds a less distinct and decided place in modern oratory than in ancient. It was generally assumed in classical treatises upon Rhetoric that some more or less artificial means by which a speaker could retain the thread of his subject in his mind were essential to oratory. But modern English speakers or preachers dislike the habit of learning or trying to learn their addresses by

heart, if only because when they depend upon memory for their words, their memory may fail them, and then they are wholly at a loss. Scarcely any position is more painful or more dreadful than when a preacher who has committed his sermon to memory finds in the pulpit that it has wholly vanished from him. It was the fear of such a catastrophe which led Bourdaloue—*le prédicateur des rois et le roi des prédicateurs*, as he was called—to preach with his eyes closed. Preachers less eminent than Bourdaloue have not seldom depended upon prompting. But the English feeling for simplicity or straightforwardness does not approve the presence of a prompter standing half hidden with a manuscript in his hands somewhere on the staircase of the pulpit behind the preacher's back.

Perhaps there is no better way of preaching than that which was advocated by Fénelon in the second of his well-known dialogues. It has been recommended and illustrated by famous preachers, *e.g.* by Dupanloup in France and Magee in England. It is that a preacher should write out his sermon in full, or almost in full, and read it over a good many times until its thoughts, and in some degree its words, have stamped themselves on his mind, and then deliver it without the aid of manuscript, or at least with no other aid than a few heads, inscribed upon a sheet of notepaper, as a means of saving him from any failure of memory. He should feel that no preliminary study can be too great for the solemn task of preaching. But if everything is prepared and nothing left to the inspiration of the moment, sermons are apt to seem lifeless and heartless. The late Mr. Spurgeon, in his *Lectures to my Students*, pokes fun at the preachers who, after imploring the Holy Spirit to prompt their utterances, would be seen slipping their hands behind their backs to draw out a care-

fully elaborated manuscript from their coat-tails. But where the sermon is written out and yet not verbally committed to memory, it is possible to unite in some degrees the qualities of thoughtfulness and liveliness, of reflection and emotion, of the responsibility which will not give to God what has not caused the preacher a strenuous effort, and of reliance upon the divine assistance promised, in the hour of speaking, to the witnesses for Christ.

There may well be, and sometimes is, an excess of art in sermons. For if the art is ostentatious it is fatal. Even a studied elocution is apt to leave a disagreeable impression, as though the preacher were thinking of something else than his high and solemn message. For where rules of oratorical delivery have been formally taught and carefully learnt, sermons may indeed be artistic; but they lose the quality which is better than art, and it is just that quality which makes the sermon real. A sermon may owe much to the preacher's skill in composing or delivering it, but the soul of the sermon is not there. The supreme quality of all sermons is the ethical. As Bishop Dupanloup says in his *Ministry of Preaching*, "Nothing is more essential to the preaching of the Word of God than a certain character of elevation." Even in secular teaching personality counts for much. The printing press has not altogether supplanted the platform or the desk. It is still true, as Socrates used to say, that books cannot answer questions, and living teachers can. It is probably the feeling for personality which has led congregations by a sure instinct to dislike and almost distrust the practice, which seems at first sight eminently reasonable, of clergymen preaching sermons other than their own. It is because the speaker or the lecturer can put himself *en rapport* with his audience, can feel their pulses, as it were, and suit their tempers, be-

cause he can impress upon them the indefinable effect of his own character, that oral teaching remains as great a force as ever. But in sermons personality is everything. It is not so much what the preacher says as what he is that makes his sermon. Personality, it is true, may affect preaching in more ways than one. A village priest, let me suppose, has lived many years among his people; his home is theirs, his interests are theirs; he has baptized the children of the village and seen them grow up, he has married them, and some of them he has laid in the grave; there is not a family whose history he does not know, there is not a cottage within whose walls he is not a welcome and frequent visitor; he has shared his people's hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows; he has been the recipient of their confidences, he is their neighbor, their adviser, their friend; he has exemplified in his rectory or vicarage what Coleridge calls "the one idyll of English life." How is it possible that they should distinguish his sermon from his life? It comes to them fraught with a thousand memories of kindness and sympathy and help in hours of need. Such a man's life is his sermon; his sermon is his life. When he enters the pulpit the congregation who listen to him care not to ask if he is eloquent or forcible in his preaching. It is enough that he is their well-known, long-tried pastor, and his sermons are stamped with the indelible impression of his ministry. Because this is so, it would undoubtedly prove a loss to take away the right of preaching from the parochial clergy and confine it to certain preaching orders. Whether these clergy preach well or ill, nobody can preach to their congregations so well as they.

But where a preacher delivers a single sermon or a series of sermons to a congregation which he has seldom or never seen before, and may not see

again, the case is different. The qualities required to impress his sermon upon men's hearts are not such as issue from association or recollection; they are personal qualities exhibited in the moment of preaching, they are independent of his life and labor in the past. Such a preacher will need many gifts, but above all intensity and sympathy. He must speak with living reality, not as one who is smooth or careless or self-centred, but as though his words came surging from his soul; he must preach, in Baxter's emphatic phrase,

As never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

For far above all style or expression or oratorical skill stands the effect of the preacher himself upon his audience. The great Massillon, it is said, when he began to preach, gave the impression of being utterly unable to refrain any longer from uttering the truth which filled his soul and burst like living flame from his lips.

It is an interesting question, and like most questions of high interest, difficult to answer, whether the pulpit is, or can ever be again, as potent a force as it used to be upon the thought and character of Christendom. There are not a few observers who hold that the great days of preaching are past. They argue, not without reason, that many agencies—books, magazines, newspapers, lectures, addresses upon social and moral questions—occupy to a large extent the old established place of the pulpit. It must, I think, be admitted, that the sphere of preaching can no more be made, as it once was, nearly co-extensive with human interests. Yet preachers like Newman, Robertson, and Spurgeon have exercised a powerful influence within the nineteenth century, and it arose primarily and principally, although not entirely, from the use which they made of the pulpit.

It seems to me that the preacher of to-day will do his work best if he pays regard to the necessary limitations which modern life imposes upon his office. The effect of his preaching may be as strong as ever, but it will be felt within narrower bounds.

For except where the congregation is uneducated (and uneducated congregations are becoming happily few) he cannot now speak from any vantage-ground of superiority. He is not like a master instructing his pupils, but like a friend persuading his equals. He cannot be sure that his hearers will accept what he says because he says it. He cannot assume the old conditions of thought and temper, patience, and docility, the sense of respect, the willingness to learn, the conviction of sin, the unclouded faith in God and Christ, which might once be supposed to exist everywhere. And as this is so, he will always, unless indeed in condemning overt sin, avoid anything like an arbitrary, dictatorial tone. He will refrain from laying down the law in unmeasured terms. Even in censuring what is wrong, he will associate himself, as it were, with his hearers; he will not always say "you," but rather "we." He will claim for himself the privilege of offering counsel upon the highest subjects, and that only as one whose profession has led him to study them exclusively or specially, and to meditate and reflect upon them, and to form conclusions which are in his eyes so vitally and profoundly true that he could not rest satisfied if he did not give them utterance. For after all it is not to assert any unique virtue in the clerical office, if it be taken for granted that, as men who have studied and practised medicine all their lives are the best authorities upon the art of healing, and men who have been brought up from boyhood in the ways of business, upon commerce, so the clergy, from their study of religion and

their intimacy with the discipline of souls, if not also from their personal character, may often prove not the least competent teachers in matters of faith and conduct. And in these matters, if rhetoric is, as Aristotle defined it, the art of persuasion, it is spiritual persuasiveness which will be the highest attribute of preaching.

It must be remembered that the pulpit is not now and will apparently not again become the only or the chief organ of teaching upon theology. When nobody could read the Bible outside the church it was necessary that people should go to church in order to read it. When nobody could hear moral and spiritual truths except in church, it was in the church that everybody heard them. But the church no longer enjoys a monopoly of these subjects. A certain office, then, which once belonged to the pulpit, is now discharged, and perhaps more suitably discharged, by other agencies. For the delivery of sermons does not at the time allow sufficient leisure for the reflectiveness which theological controversy demands. Where religious topics are discussed everywhere, not only in literature but in conversation, the hortatory character of the pulpit may remain what it was, but something of its instructive character must depart from it. I believe the preacher of to-day will be wise if he keeps his pulpit, as far as possible, clear of controversy. There is as much good sense as ever in Mr. Simeon's saying that "the servant of the Lord must not strive," even in the pulpit. For then Christian men and women will find in church a tranquil spiritual atmosphere which cannot be equally found elsewhere, and the effect of it will be edifying and sanctifying.

But there are two kinds of controversial preaching which are open to particular objection.

It cannot but be a grave mistake if the preacher makes use of his pulpit

to enunciate frequently before a mixed congregation the extreme theories of Biblical criticism. Such theories may be true or untrue, and I have no need here to pronounce a verdict against them; but they lack the quality of edification which is proper to the pulpit. The preacher's office is not to destroy faith, but to fortify it. Attacks upon the Word of God, and upon accepted and established interpretations of it, upon the creeds and ordinances of the Church, have their due place, but that place is surely not the House of God. All such teaching as is given from the pulpit should be in fact and in intention constructive. The preacher who sends away his congregation with a wounded or weakened faith not only mistakes the nature but in some sense violates the sanctity of the pulpit. For the office of the pulpit is not to pull down but to build up, not to show men how little to believe but how much, to afford them something of grace, of helpfulness, of corroboration, to make them good soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ. The highest triumph of preaching lies not in instructed intellects, but in converted and consecrated souls.

Still worse, however, than the introduction of criticism is the introduction of politics into sermons. That religion must affect political life, as it affects all life, is perfectly true; but the pulpit is not the platform, it is degraded if it is converted into a platform, as the minister of religion is degraded if he becomes a political demagogue. And the almost certain result of political preaching is not the elevation of politics, but the secularization of the Gospel.

The preacher of to-day will follow most closely in his Master's footsteps if it is written upon his conscience that Jesus Christ, in His ministry upon earth, sought not to save souls by effecting political or social reforms, but

to effect such reforms, even if slowly and painfully, by saving souls. For this reason he will allow nothing to interfere with the spirituality of his preaching.

Preachers have too much forgotten the Divine example. They have attenuated the force of their preaching by enlarging its scope, they have regarded every high topic, if only it could be colored with religion, as suited to the pulpit. That was not the way of the Christ. It has been brought as a charge against Him that His range of interests was confined. Art, science, literature, politics, He left alone. It would have been better to have learnt from Him that nothing is the true and vital matter of a sermon except what tends to the saving or strengthening of souls.

It is not a little remarkable that, wherever preaching in modern times has produced a powerful, energetic effect upon society, the preacher, like Wesley, like Luther, like Chrysostom, like St. Paul, in other ages of Christian history, has made his appeal to the intrinsic spirituality of human nature.

The need, then, of the day is that preaching, at least to cultivated congregations, should become not perhaps less intellectual, but more spiritual. After all, it is the spiritual side of man's nature that affords a reason for preaching, as for all religious worship. For it is this side which is capable of Divine things, and religion alone can satisfy its demand. But herein lies the supreme quality of the preacher's office. He speaks as an ambassador for God, he is charged with a message which he did not originate and which he may not ignore or impair. It is his responsible duty to hold up before his congregation a moral standard far above his own possible attainment. The dignity of his message is too often the censure of his own life. And however earnestly and assiduously he tries

to lift himself to the level of the truths which he proclaims, he cannot but be conscious that they escape and transcend his actual practice and rise above the earthly sphere in which he moves into the serene and sacred atmosphere which lies around the throne of God.

The preacher will be subdued, then, by the feeling of his own unworthiness. Not less subduing to his intimate consciousness will be his appreciation of the contrast between the vast amount of preaching in the Christian world and the actual or apparent poverty of its results. It has been calculated that 100,000 sermons are preached in the United Kingdom every Sunday. But if he asks himself how great is the result of all this effort, he knows not what answer he can give. It may well be that after years of preaching he feels that he has preached almost in vain. He cannot tell the name of any one person, man or woman, who has been moved by any sermon of his to any single definite act of renunciation or generosity or nobleness or faith. I may be permitted, then, in concluding this essay, to quote a moving story not without its encouragement and consolation. I take it from Twells's *Colloquies on Preaching*:

A friend of mine (he says), a layman, was in the company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend had happened to remark what comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he said, "You little know; you little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired and flattered and run after, but how gladly I would forget all that to be told of a single soul I have been instrumental in saving!" The eminent preacher entered into his rest. There was a great funeral, many pressed around the grave

who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there; and by his side was a stranger, who was so deeply moved that, when all was over, my friend said to him, "You knew him, I suppose?" "Knew him," was the reply, "No. I never spoke to him, but I owe to him my soul."

It has been my object to show that preaching is a difficult task, difficult in its moral and spiritual exigencies as well as in its demands upon the intellect, and that it deserves more sympathy than criticism. Clergymen and ministers may not all feel alike about it. But to me there is known at

The Nineteenth Century and After.

least one preacher who looks upon the delivery of sermons as the most exacting duty of all the clerical life, who has preached many sermons, but never one that he would not, if it had not been laid upon him by his profession, have thankfully been spared, who has hoped almost against hope that the seed cast upon the waters he may find again though after many days, and whose prayer is that the office, which he has felt to be so great a burden, if only it be executed with a due sense of its responsibility, may in some degree be accepted by man and not wholly rejected by God.

J. E. C. Welldon.

THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Thackeray took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in February 1829. He avowed that there was much of himself in Arthur Pendennis but in the description of Arthur's University career he has studiously avoided the repetition of his own. To leave no room for identity he takes the first syllable of Oxford and the last of Cambridge, and carries his hero to Oxbridge. He employs the same device in the title he concocts for the servant who waits on collegians. He is styled a scout at Oxford, and a gyp at Cambridge, and joining the two initial letters of the former term with the two final letters of the second he gets the descriptive appellation, a "skip." The river, by an unabbreviated combination, becomes the Camisis. The author might defy all attempts to fix the scene when his designations belong to both universities and to neither. The names of the colleges are entirely fictitious; but for an additional precaution he adopts, in a different form, his system of blending together things dis-

tinct, and where the name points to one college circumstances are introduced which belong to another, as when he says:

Saint George's is the great college of the University of Oxbridge, with its four vast quadrangles and its beautiful hall and gardens, and the Georgians as the men are called, wear gowns of a particular cut, and give themselves no small airs of superiority over all other young men.¹

Saint George, and the Georgians, and the four quadrangles (Trinity had but three), refer to Saint John's and the Johnians. But Trinity was the greatest college in Cambridge, and it was there that the undergraduates assumed an air of superiority. The gown in Thackeray's day was of "a particular cut," in that it had a resemblance to the gown of a bachelor-of-arts, while the undergraduates of all, or nearly all, the other colleges wore gowns of a mean and uniform pattern. They have since been remodelled. The desire for

¹ "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

an alteration was thought by some of the rulers to be a symptom of growing assumption in youth, and when a deputation of students in one of the colleges waited on their Master, not long after Thackeray's time, and begged to be allowed to wear a seemlier robe, he curtly dismissed them with the jest, "Gentlemen, you will change your gown by *degrees*." Neither St. John's nor Trinity was the college of Pen. He goes to a small college, Saint Boniface, which is named, I presume, from the landlord in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem," to denote that it had a reputation for joviality. The object of mixing up places together was to avert the suspicion of personalities. None of Thackeray's old college friends appear in his novel. He was not less careful to exclude Trinity authorities. Pen's tutor, Mr. Buck, whose name is his character, has nothing in common with Thackeray's own tutor, Whewell. Buck was a type; Whewell in every prominent trait was an individuality. The Master of Saint Boniface, who bears the name of the celebrated poet and divine, Dr. Donne, a name which expresses his character when curtailed in its spelling, might represent Dr. Wordsworth, who was Master of Trinity during the undergraduateship of Thackeray, but he might equally stand for most of the contemporary masters of colleges, since they were nearly all Dr. Dons.² The unlikeness of Pen to Thackeray is the dissimilarity which concerns us most. Pen was a sort of admirable Crichton. He was a competitor for Greek, Latin, and English verse prizes; he was one of the most brilliant orators at the

² Thackeray's relation, Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's College, may not have been stiff and pompous in his usual bearing, but if he was he could unbend. Dr. Davy, the Master of Caius College, indignantly told me an instance of his unceremonious behavior. At the election of a Greek Professor, in which he and Dr. Thackeray were on different sides, much bitter feeling arose between the sup-

Union Debating Club; he was a prodigal collector of rare books, fine bindings, and costly prints; he was a leader of fashion, exquisite in dress and profuse in jewellery; he hunted in pink, and rode well to hounds; he gave expensive entertainments, with the air of a man who was superlatively knowing in wines and cookery; and completed his pretension to be an all-round accomplished man of the world by gambling with adepts in the art, who cheated him. While his reign lasted he was a king surrounded by a court who did homage to him, and imitated him. His rise and downfall are depicted with exceeding skill, the downfall especially. The character had usually its representative in the University, but it was not the character of Thackeray.

Though his vivid portrait of the undergraduate Pendennis is not the record of his own college life, he tells in his novel his impression of this chapter in his history.

Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days. The young man's life is just beginning: the boy's leading-strings are cut, and he has all the novel delights and dignities of freedom.

And he repeats once more,

How pure and brilliant was the first sparkling draught of pleasure! How the boy rushes at the cup, and with what a wild eagerness he drains it!³

His Cambridge residence was therefore a time of enjoyment to him.

porters of the two principal competitors. By a combination with one of the rival parties Dr. Thackeray got a third candidate elected, and this accomplished, he clapped his hands in the faces of his discomfited brother dignitaries, and exclaimed, "We have diddled you, my boys!"

³ "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

The academic year commences in October, and Thackeray not arriving till February of the year following, the men with whom he would have to compete at stated periods in examinations had four months start of him in the prescribed training of the place. The disadvantage did not check his incipient determination to do his best. He attended the dally college lectures on mathematics and classics, he had a private tutor with whom he read classics one day and mathematics the next, and he went duly to the rooms of one Badger, an undergraduate, that they might study Greek plays together. "I find reading," he wrote to his mother, "a hard, hard matter; it goeth very much against the grain"; but soon he reported that he was "getting more and more into the way of it." "I am just beginning," he said a little later, "to find out the beauties of a Greek play." He adopted the plan of reading the Greek without turning it into English, which "added to his pleasure in a very extraordinary manner," and he was sanguine enough to hope that by evading the difficulties of construing he would get "to *think* in Greek." With all that we now know of his tastes and habits, and his rooted aversion to his school course of study, we should confidently predict that the power to follow his inclinations, coupled with the enticements which beset him, would speedily defeat his opening resolves. Any ambition he may have had would have worked against him, for coming late to the competition he could not overtake the many that were a-head of him. Fits of idleness interrupted his reading arrangements, a pleasanter literature superseded his task work, and the fragile efforts he kept up were sure to decrease directly the May examination in his college was over. On that occasion he did the most that could be expected of him. "He was," says his friend, Dr. Thompson, afterwards

Master of the College, "in the fourth class, where clever non-reading men were put as in a limbo," and his position truly represented his claims. He was not in the University sense "a reading man," which meant a reader of mathematics or classics, and it is in another direction that we must look for his mental activity.

Even while struggling to persevere in the University course of study, his predilections asserted themselves. He started an "Essay Club," which was to consist of ten persons, who were to meet weekly, and every member was to prepare an essay in turn. The Cambridge residence was divided into three terms of about ten weeks each, and his share of essays would be only three a year, "so that," said he, by way of excuse, "it will take up but little of our time." He meditated speaking at the Union, where he had several hard-reading men to keep him company. Some who were highest in examinations turned aside awhile from classics and mathematics to display their powers of argument and rhetoric in that arena. Either there, or in a private debating club, he seems to have delivered a speech on the "Character of Napoleon." The few intimations we possess of his literary efforts at Cambridge tend to show that his mind turned more to questions of present interest than to the antiquated topics in favor at the University. The character of Napoleon was in no way an academic thesis. The mighty contest was too recent for the passions it provoked to be extinct, and Scott's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which came out in June 1827, was a text that invited commentaries.

In his second year Thackeray joined a small literary society which had set subjects for debate. Looking back on these discussions, he smiled at the self-importance of the youths who embarked in them.

Are we the same men now that delivered or heard those essays and speeches, so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books, and spoken with smug chubby faces, and such an admirable aping of wisdom and gravity?

But unless the youngsters had taken the business seriously the interest would have gone, and they would have lost the benefit they derived from collecting, shaping, and clarifying their ideas. It was not an unwise instinct which set them aping the wisdom of their seniors. In their limited sphere they were images in little of a bigger world, and the debating club in its place and degree was no bad preparation for their after career. Nobody was more earnest in the matter than Thackeray, and the society was kept together by his zeal. "Our debating club," says Dr. Thompson, "fell to pieces when he went."

The first number of a miniature periodical, "The Snob," consisting of four small book-pages, was published at Cambridge, on April 9, 1829, and was edited by a fellow student of Thackeray's, named Lettsom. It ran on for eleven weeks, and was stopped, June 18, by the long vacation, which dispersed both writers and readers. A sequel to it, called "The Gownsmen," appeared on November 5, 1830, four or five months after Thackeray had finally left Cambridge, and came to an end, February 25, 1831, with the seventeenth number, in term time, its life not cut short by a vacation. One fate awaits all these premature and rickety births—they die very young from the feebleness of their constitutions.

A "snob" in 1829 was a vulgar plebeian. Thackeray, in his "Book of Snobs," extended the application of the word, and included under it persons in every station who were addicted either to vulgar manners or meannesses. Arrogance, ostentation, false pretension,

despicable ambitions, trickery, and sycophancy were all qualities that lowered men to the condition of snobs. Formerly in Cambridge, while the word retained its original sense, it was used for a coarse class of townspeople, the rabble, in contradistinction to a gownsmen, and this was its signification in the title of the periodical, "The Snob: A Literary and Scientific Journal, not conducted by Members of the University." Designing to deal freely with University topics, the editor selected a title to convey the jesting pretence, not intended to deceive, that the satire proceeded from rude outsiders, and not from impertinent young students. The prevailing use of "snob" in opposition to "gownsmen" was familiar to Thackeray, and in a letter to the editor of the "Snob," he says, "Though your name be *Snob*, I trust you will not refuse this tiny poem of a *Gownsmen*." He had forgotten the distinction when he wrote his "Book of Snobs." "We then used to consider snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel, who wore high-lows and no straps." The term was primarily applied to the wearers of "high-lows and no straps" outside of college, and only occasionally to a similar style of men within. The strapless students had usually the stimulus of poverty, and read hard, which earned them respect, unless their manners were obtrusively offensive, and this was rare.

The announcement that the "Snob" was a "literary and scientific journal" was inserted under the notion that it was a stroke of pleasantry to call it what it was not. "The contents," says Moy Thomas, "were scanty and slight, and consisted entirely of squibs and humorous sketches in verse and prose." Thackeray's first contribution, as far as is known, came out on April 30, in No. 4, and was a piece in rhyme, called "Timbuctoo," the subject of the University English prize poem in 1829.

The perilous adventures of Mungo Park and his successors had drawn unusual attention to the exploration of the Niger. Timbuctoo, in the Soudan, was the centre of the Mahometan commerce in Africa; and, because no European had succeeded in getting to it, the city had long been invested with the splendors created by imagination. Major Laing escaped the twofold source of danger from the weapons of robbers and the waterless desolation of the vast Sahara, and was the first modern traveller to reach the goal. He performed the feat to no purpose. He arrived at Timbuctoo in August 1826, and in September he was murdered on his return journey, and his papers were lost. He was followed by Caillé, a Frenchman, who, disguising his nationality, got safely to and fro, and informed the world that the rumored glories of the Mahometan capital consisted of a circle of clay tenements and fragile huts, with rude mosques of some size, but no artistic beauty, in the middle. Caillé was not home till late in 1828, and it may be presumed that his account had not, if published, got to Cambridge when the subject for the prize poem was given out. Those who selected it as a theme for poetry were thinking of the fabulous Timbuctoo, which they took for granted was a true picture of the real. The prize poem had not been made public by April 30, nor could it yet be known that its author was Alfred Tennyson. The subject alone was the theme for Thackeray's burlesque. His plan was to dismiss the poetic fantasies which had gathered round the unknown Timbuctoo, to put forward in their stead the disagreeables of African life, and to wind up with the description of the author's love for a blackamoor maiden, and with a prediction that Africa would ultimately be revenged on her oppressors, and would triumph over the armies of Europe. All this he essayed to set forth in the

compass of thirty-two lines. The general idea of describing the true Africa was better than the execution. Thackeray's details are crude and ill-chosen. The misty satire has not any perceptible purpose, the humor is feeble, and the conception, as a whole, is very youthful. His knowledge of Africa was not superior to that which the public had of Timbuctoo. He believed that the tiger was an African beast of prey, and there is a strange confusion between the staple commodities of the country and the sugar and rum which were products of African slave labor in the West Indies. A facility in the flow of the verse, and in the language, is the principal merit in these and other early rhymes of Thackeray. The form is much in advance of the ideas. Appended to the poem are some notes, which purport to be humorous irony. They throw no light on the text, and have not a sparkle of pungent satire, of wit, or of fun. But the author was two months short of nineteen, and it was to a world in teens that he addressed himself. He hit the taste of his boyish audience, who understood him better than we do. He was a guest in May at a wine-party in Caius College, given by his friend and old schoolfellow, Young, and his "Timbuctoo" came up in the conversation.

It received much laud. I could not help finding out that I was very fond of this same praise. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem; how eagerly I sucked it in! "All is vanity!"

He is not priggishly moralizing on this whiff of applause. He is punning on the literal meaning of the maxim, and applies it to himself by taking vanity in the sense of being vain of praise.

From a contributor to the "Snob," Thackeray became a coadjutor with the editor in preparing the four small pages weekly, and he says, in writing

home, that they sat down together to compose No. 8. "We began at nine, and finished at two, but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." The absurdities started by a couple of wags engaged, half-work, half-play, in devising jocosities between them, were likely to furnish more comicality in the process than found its way into the published jests. Such remnants of fun as may have appealed to University contemporaries will now be sought in vain. Hamlet might as profitably have looked for Yorick's "flashes of merriment" in his skull.

When we have taken the measure of the trifles Thackeray wrote at Cambridge, there is not any object in tracing them step by step. They confirm the testimony of Dr. Thompson, who says, speaking of his performances at the debating club, "We did not see in him even the germ of those literary powers which, under the stern influence of necessity, he afterwards developed." The fact is singular, for nothing was plainer subsequently than that his native genius was great, whatever it may have owed to cultivation. "He had a big mass of soul," says Carlyle, and it was visible in his massive head, and in the expression of his eyes. His faculties did not sleep from torpor. He broke away from the University drill, but we never lose the trace of his love of letters, and of his desire to be a producer. The enigma remains, and we have to confess that his turn for literature at nineteen showed itself rather in his relish for it than in his writings. His admiration for the famous novelist upon whom he formed himself was already confirmed.

He had a vivid appreciation [says Dr. Thompson] of English poetry, and chanted the praises of the old English novelists, especially his model, Fielding.

He got hold of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and shows discrimination in what he says of it. "It is an odd kind of book, containing poetry which might induce me to read it through, and sentiments which might incline one to throw it into the fire." There were not ready-made opinions on Shelley to guide him then, and these few slight words are an example of the distinguishing mind he brought to the books which fell in his way.

His reading and writing left him a wide margin of leisure for sociality. "He led," says Dr. Thompson, "a somewhat lazy, but pleasant and gentlemanlike life." The life, lazy in appearance, was more intellectual than it looked. The solitary study of endless books never gives the breadth, and seldom the precision, of view that is got by intercourse with living men. Thackeray, we know, was not idle here. His other books closed, he at least read the book of human nature. He was a favorite in the superior circle to which he belonged. "He had always," says Dr. Thompson, "a flow of humor and pleasantry, and was made much of by his friends." It was not the only sort of humor for which he was noted. "He is as full of good humor and kindness as ever," Fitzgerald wrote of him when, college days over, they met in London. Singing was then in vogue at the parties of undergraduates, and he was a popular performer. He gave "Old King Cole," and other songs, with a comic effect which drew forth peals of laughter and great applause. He had a genuine love of music, and was accustomed to vent his jubilant feelings in song. Fitzgerald, in January 1864, writing under the influence of his recent death, says:

I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come *singing* into my room,

as in old Charlotte Street, thirty years ago.

He was somewhat sparing of conversation at college parties; "not talkative," says Dr. Thompson, "rather observant," which was true of him through life. Large miscellaneous parties, distinct from meetings of his chosen associates, were little to his taste, and in recollection were hateful to him.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples⁴ and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret. One looks back to what was called a wine-party with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again: milk punch, smoking, ghastly headache, frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco.⁵

He broadly asserts that all "wine-party-givers were snobs." He was over critical. Social gatherings of college acquaintances was an ineradicable instinct, and there was no more convenient hospitality than, once a term, to ask friends to come, after their dinner in hall, and partake of that wine and dessert, which, in their station, was the universal accompaniment of feasts. The snobbishness of sham grandeur was assuredly not concerned in the usage, and a boy's brag of tipping was little. If youngsters sometimes drank more than was good for them, excess at a college party, as elsewhere at that

date, was the frailty of individuals, and was not often allowed to proceed far with these. Searching for snobs to fill his long gallery of portraits in *Punch*, Thackeray detected them in situations which would not have suggested themselves to unprejudiced eyes. The whole body of undergraduates were not paragons of virtue, there were vices to be reprobated; but they did not come under the denomination of snobbishness.

Thackeray's greatest acquisition at college was his friends. When he was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of them he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield."⁶ How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary executor.

I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had . . . I shall send you a copy of "Esmond" tomorrow or so, which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

In the consciousness that he might be bidding him a final adieu, his mind, gathering up the whole sum of its affection, went back to the youthful time. The reason is seen in his exclamation, when he describes University life in "Pendennis": "What *passions* our friendships were in those old days!" Fitzgerald speaks for himself:

⁴ Before commerce was carried on by steamers, pine-apples were all of home growth and expensive. They would have been absurdly out of place at an undergraduate's wine-party, but could not have been usual. I never saw one there myself.

⁵ "Book of Snobs" — chap. xv. "On University Snobs."

⁶ "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. ix.

"My friendships are more like loves, I think," was his language at twenty-five. In "Pendennis," Thackeray goes on to tell "how the arm you were never tired of having linked in yours, under the fair college avenues, or by the river-side, was withdrawn of necessity," when a divided destiny sent friends separate ways. This happened in a measure to him and Fitzgerald. At Thackeray's death they had not come together for five years, and but seldom for ten. The affection, quiescent in a not irreparable absence, woke up in Fitzgerald when they could meet no more. "I am quite surprised," he wrote to Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, "to see how I sit moping about him; to be sure I keep reading his books. Oh! the 'Newcomes' are fine!" And to Thompson he wrote:

I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years. I had never read "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes" since their first appearance till the last month. They are wonderful; Fielding's seem to me coarse work in comparison. I have, indeed, been thinking of little this last month but of these books and their author.

Thackeray dead, he had immediate recourse to the books; they were the means of holding communion with his departed friend. "I keep hearing him say so much of it." "Really, a grand figure has sunk under earth."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to trust, but youth, having little ex-

perience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assumed. Between Thackeray and Fitzgerald there was an unusual community of feeling—both in the last degree frank and truthful, both ardent in friendship, both enjoying literature with juvenile enthusiasm, both delighting in the use of their pencil, both lovers of music and song. The fervor of their youthful demeanor got chastened, as usual, in maturer manhood. Fitzgerald once or twice fancied that Thackeray, in his celebrity, had got to disdain him, and in April 1850, he said, "Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me; and we are content to regard each other at a distance." The man of leisure could not estimate the vortex in which Thackeray was whirled, distracted between social entanglements and the labors of the pen, and he imputed to indifference a neglect which grew exclusively from the want of a disencumbered hour. It was in the momentary misunderstanding of April 1850, that Fitzgerald omitted Thackeray from the list of the "only men he ever cared to see again"; but before the December of the coming year the suspicion of estrangement had died away, and Thackeray had his place in that contracted circle of peerless friends.

The affection of Thackeray for the friend who stood next in his favor to Fitzgerald is written in the "Collection of Letters," published by Mrs. Brookfield in 1887. The letters which lay bare the affection are silent on the characteristics of the man. It is the sonnet Tennyson wrote on Brookfield after his death that reveals his qualities at Cambridge. "*Old Fitz*," "*old Thackeray*," was the usual term of endearment, and in the sonnet we learn that Brookfield was "*old Brooks*" to those who knew him best. With Thackeray he was sometimes simply

"dear *vieux*." The sonnet also tells us how often old Brooks and Tennyson conversing heard the midnight chimes of St. Mary's Church; how often the supper-table echoed with helpless laughter to Brookfield's jest; how often he and Arthur Hallam, who loved him well, paced, in company with the poet, the beautiful walk beneath the limes at the back of Trinity College. The paces with such associates bear witness to the solid acquirements that underlaid his ready wit. And his moods were often more than grave. Tennyson calls him "a kindlier, trustier Jacques," blending melancholy with humor. Thackeray himself had a deep vein of melancholy within him, and it is clear from a sentence in the letter he wrote to Brookfield, in March 1852, on the death of Brookfield's father, that the dejection in both had been gathering force the older they grew. "We've lived as much in forty as your good old father did in his four-score years. Don't you think so? And how awfully tired and lonely we are." Thackeray would not have used this positive language to Brookfield unless he had heard from himself that the wheels dragged heavily. A propitious lot is not a cure for despondency. Brookfield was an inspector of schools, had a chapel in London, where he was an admired preacher, refused preferment when it was offered him, and was welcome everywhere; for his easy talk retained its zest, and his humor, never misplaced, enlivened conversation without interrupting it. Life looked darker to Tennyson when he was gone. And in the golden era when Thackeray and Brookfield were fellow collegians, and formed their friendship, they were not weary and depressed, but were bound together by intoxicating enthusiasms, and had the conviction that the bigger world in front of them would provide nobler pleasures than any they had yet enjoyed.

A third intimate with whom Thackeray passed much of his time at Cambridge was John Allen, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Lichfield. Fitzgerald maintained a correspondence with him for years; and, writing to him, says, in 1834, "You are a dear, good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul." "I owe more to you than to all others put together," he says to him in 1837; and in 1840 he concludes a letter with these words, "John Allen, I rejoice in you." Allen's family did not doubt that Dobbin was drawn from him. The outward resemblance was not altogether omitted, and Dobbin had Allen's tall, gaunt figure and long feet. One wore a black coat, the other a red; but soldier and divine were alike in their moral qualities—in their uprightness, simplicity, and generosity. Dobbin was not so lettered as Allen, who usually had a folio open before him. Being the son of a Welsh clergyman who had several children, he was compelled to practise economy, and the one extravagance he could not resist was the purchase of books. From boyhood upwards he was very devout, and, intending to take Holy Orders, he made divinity his principal study, but not to the exclusion of literature. At Cambridge he shared Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for poetry. Milton was his favorite, and he must have been an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, for on November 30, 1830, there is the entry in his diary, "*Virgilium vidi!* This day I saw William Wordsworth." Intermingled with his lovable endowments of heart and mind were peculiarities which brought him into the class of humorists. Archbishop Howley said to Mr. Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, when he was Principal of King's College, and Allen was Chaplain, "That chaplain of yours is a very pig-headed man," and his stubborn resolution in obeying a conscience that was not un-

frequently directed by a short-sighted judgment, turned at times an exemplary virtue into a vice or a jest. His most conspicuous singularity grew out of his indignation against wrong. He would denounce supposed culprits in private, often misled by false rumors, and made it a rule to report his hasty and violent utterances to the object of his censure. He heard, for example, that Bishop Wilberforce, who was accustomed to write letters on a journey, had said in a railway carriage, to a person entering it, that a seat he kept for his correspondence was occupied. "Then he told a lie," retorted Allen, and wrote off his remark to the Bishop, with the addition, "I am sorry that if my information is correct I cannot withdraw the statement." Wilberforce addressed his reply to Allen's bishop, and the issue was a second letter from Allen: "Bishop Lonsdale bids me apologize to your lordship, and I therefore do apologize." With amazing simplicity, we find him saying, when he was verging upon sixty: "As I believe, my quarrels spring up and grow in an unexpected manner. Something moves me strongly, and I write; but I little anticipate what will follow after the first letter." Experience, we should conclude, must have shown him that the usual sequence would be indignant replies or disdainful silence. If he had lighted in the course of his extensive reading on two brief sentences in Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," they would have explained to him the nature of his error, and taught him a safer plan of action.

Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but (as in the exercise of all the virtues) there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance by which a man speaks truth with measure that he may speak it the longer.

And that he may speak it efficaciously

at all times. Nobody well acquainted with Allen ever doubted the purity of his motives. His love of righteousness prompted his indiscretions in vindication of it, and Bishop Lonsdale tersely summed up his ruling principle when he said of him, that "he had never known any man who feared God more, or man less."

The undergraduate, it may be taken for granted, did not venture to exercise the censorship practised by the arch-deacon. His friends enjoyed his stores of reading, his worth, his open nature, and his warm affections, undisturbed by his misdirected zeal. His parents, gathering from his letters that his company was courted at Cambridge—his mother said he had been counted an agreeable companion from a child—reminded him that the more he kept to himself the less waste there would be of time and money. He knew too well the value of his associates to loosen his hold. Thackeray, who was the most frequent disturber of his studies, comes before us, in an unexpected manner, as the patron of them, in a letter from Allen the father to his son.

This morning we received your letter, which mentioned that your friend Thackeray was commissioned to look out for a second master to a school at Pimlico, and he thought that you were qualified to undertake the duties of the situation.

It was a proprietary school; the salary two hundred a year; and that the headmaster should have trusted Thackeray's judgment, at nineteen, to select a second master for him, is a practical tribute to the sense and discernment, which, in that young time, were conspicuous among his lighter traits. Allen declined the post for the present, and accepted it directly he had taken his degree. He did not stay long. He next became a lecturer at King's College, in the Strand, and remained in

London for several years, where he furnished Thackeray with numerous fresh sittings for *Dobbin*. They both lived for some time in Coram Street, and Fitzgerald, writing to Allen, in April 1839, says: "Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street."

Thackeray's knowledge of Allen and Brookfield, become clergymen, was gained from close neighborhood and constant intercourse. In his chapter on "Clerical Snobs," he accepted them for representatives of their sacred calling, and marked, in the most decisive manner, his estimation of them and their order. Excusing himself for not "showing up the parsons," in company with the other classes of society, he breaks out with the exclamation, "O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again if it ever casts ridicule upon either." "Jimmy" I take to be Thackeray's old friend James White, the author of "*The Earl of Gowrie: a Tragedy*" and other works, which have not survived him; and "Johnny" and "Willy" are the John Allen and William Brookfield of his Cambridge set. The fondness of friendship might dwell exclusively on virtues, but they were there, and some share of the frailty common to man is always to be assumed, and need not always be mentioned.

Among the remaining intimates of Thackeray at the University was Robert Groome, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Norwich, a lettered man of eminent worth; Thompson, the future Greek professor and master, whose classical attainments were accompanied by genial conversation, and "a character," says Sir F. Pollock, "noble and generous"; and James Spedding, a unique personage,

who might have been numbered among humorists, had not his singularity consisted in a concentrated resolution and a perfection of good sense, that seemed to exempt him from the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. His father was a Cumberland squire, who farmed his own estate, and whose whole bent was to the practical business of life. Poetry, to his apprehension, was an excrescence, an unreal domain; and poets, whom he judged by the worst side of the specimens that had cropped up at the Lakes,—by Shelley's mad vagaries, by Coleridge's rumored laxities, and Wordsworth's imperious outbursts of temper,—were, in his eyes, an unprofitable or a disreputable race. He was jealous of his son's critical conferences with Tennyson over manuscript poems of the latter, and in general it could not appear business to him that James should be a searcher after truth, a lover of literature for its beauties and wisdom, and a scorner of aggrandizement for himself. Spedding had been a schoolfellow of Fitzgerald's at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, and their friendship, at Spedding's death in 1881, had lasted for sixty years. One of his peculiarities, in Fitzgerald's judgment, was that he began where he ended, and was unaltered from fourteen to seventy-four. Wise in his boyhood, and with plenty of the boy in him when he was old, he had throughout combined, in heart and head, all that was best of youth and age—a man "incredible, had one not known him." Two qualities Fitzgerald singled out in him, his calmness and his wisdom. No matter what the trial, he kept his quietude, and was, says Fitzgerald, "immutable." "He was the wisest man I have ever known," is the language of his friend. He was the oracle of Fitzgerald, who referred doubts and difficulties to him, and always got from him the light he required. His range was wide. He

¹ "Fitzgerald's Letters," vol. i. p. 57.

was an excellent classic, was acquainted with the elements of science, and had studied Christianity, history, poetry, the drama, and politics, in some of their branches, with the unpretentious exactness that was habitual to him. His steady employment for upwards of forty years was to edit the Works, and unravel the life, of Bacon. With a prodigality of obscure research that made no show, and earned him little credit or none, he pursued his subject through dull and dusty mazes of books and manuscripts, not diverted for a moment by outward discouragements, and inward weariness from his immovable purpose. It is a venial anomaly that he, who was accustomed to approach every question with a rectitude superior to prejudice, should have been misled by personal bias in his verdict on Bacon's moral obliquities. This partiality of a noble nature admitted, the book remains a monument to Spedding's integrity.

A man is known by his company. Thackeray's friends at college were men of a superior class, some of them learned, all well read, all desirous of assimilating to themselves the works that had credit in their circle. He owed none of the friendships to previous ties. They were formed on the spot from community of tastes, and the future lives of these confederates attested the stability of their early leanings. Thackeray was not among the number of painful students who vex themselves with tasks of repulsive dryness. He followed his inclinations, and wisdom could not have chosen a better method for training his mind in the direction suited to his genius. That his reading was not less earnest because it was pleasant and discursive, is plain from its effect on him. At school, at college, and in the interval between the two, his English education had gone on unceasingly. His published pieces were trivial. The

essays he read at his little clubs displayed no precocious talent. But the masterpieces he admired with all his mind without attempting to emulate them, for the effort was beyond him, remained lesson-books to him from choice, if not upon system, till he had learnt to rival or surpass them.

At the date of the Cambridge Easter vacation of 1830, Fitzgerald, who had taken his degree in the previous January, was staying with an aunt in Paris. Thackeray was in possession of twenty pounds, and determined to join him there. It was a clandestine jaunt, to be kept secret from his parents, and when he went for his *exeat* to his tutor, Whewell, and was asked where he was going to spend his vacation, he answered, "With a friend in Huntingdonshire." The pleasure he anticipated from his stolen expedition was realized. On his future journeys to Paris, he constantly grew insensible to the sights and sounds around him, and reverted in imagination to the superior charms of his first experience, with its animating novelties, and those "delights of the jolly road," which rendered grateful to the effervescent spirits of youth the forty hours by diligence from Calais to Paris.* After two or three weeks of pleasuring, he left Paris suddenly.† His twenty pounds were nearly exhausted, and he had barely sufficient money to take him to London. His sensations were reversed on the homeward journey. The fun was over; the deception and risk of detection remained. "What a long, dreary, *guilty* forty hours it was from Paris to Calais, I remember!" he said, thirty-two years afterwards in his Roundabout Paper, "Dessein's." He always thought of "this escapade" when he was crossing to Calais. "Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on

* "Roundabout Papers"—"Notes of a Week's Holiday."

† Letters of Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. 3.

the memory." The day before he wrote his essay he met his college tutor, now become Master, at an hotel where they occupied adjoining bedrooms. After exchanging kindly greetings they parted, and Thackeray, with his self-reproaches renewed by his recent passage across the channel, was inclined to knock at the Master's door and acknowledge the fib of April 1830. He kept the revelation instead for the "Cornhill Magazine."

There it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

The gay narrative in the magazine had a grave underlying purpose. "I feel easier in my mind," Thackeray said, "now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." He deceived his tutor, but did not injure him. The reparation he owed was to his own conscience, and his manner of atoning for the ancient delinquency, never forgotten, was an instance of that punctilious regard for truth which was habitual and invincible with him.

He seems to have remained at Cambridge till the commencement of the Long Vacation, in June 1830, and did not return. The examination for his degree would have been in January 1832. When he conjured back his early days, in looking at a coin of George IV., he described the manner of his final departure, which had a certain prominence, because it marked the period, and had vanished with the coming in of railways:

What is this? A carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely

they won't drive into that— Ah! they have all disappeared.¹⁰

The trumpeter in red was the mail-coach guard; the young men were collegians going home for the holidays, and the undergraduate who drove was an amateur who had feed the coachman to have the privilege of taking the reins. A consummate driver in the days before railroads had the reputation which attaches to a famous cricketer in ours. Many noblemen and squires were adepts in the art, and the extreme test of their dexterity was to pass at full speed close to objects on the way, and almost touch without grazing them. It is recorded to the glory of the notorious Sir John Lade that "his eye was precision itself, and that he was distinguished for driving to an inch." He laid a bet, and won it, that he would go at a great pace, twenty-two times in succession, through a gateway only wide enough to admit his carriage, and would turn each time without stopping. The undergraduate, proud to display his power of shooting past the carriage in front with nothing to spare, had in appearance the intention of running it down, and the daring performance with a mail coach and four, and the horses at a gallop, must have made a considerable impression on Thackeray, since in the retrospect it was to him the most memorable circumstances in his exit from Cambridge.

He had traversed the entire circuit of undergraduate life before he left; and, unless he had been pursuing the special studies of the place, there was nothing to be gained by a repetition of the round. The remaining time before he would be qualified for what to him would have been a useless degree, could be spent to better advantage than in the sterile sameness of college routine.

The Late Rev. Whitwell Elcin.

¹⁰ "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute." *The Monthly Review.*

JOSEPH CLAYSON'S PURCHASE.

"It w'r that two acres o' ground as goes w'l' my cottage what fetched me," said the man in a hoarse chest-whisper. "When the auctioneer to-night kep' a lookin' at me, an' then at Tom Willard, an' then agin at me with 'is 'ammer playin' over the table; an' I seed the place I'd watered w'l' my sweat for twenty years a slippin' away—!"

"Ah, there where you live at the bottom of the village," said Mr. Percival the solicitor, comprehending. "The sale was this evening, of course. But the matter was not with us; Evesons' acted."

He who stood in the dining-room doorway was a short, toll-bowed man of weathered face, scanty, indeterminate jaw-whisker, and grizzled unruly hair. He wore a rusty black coat and corduroy trousers. He almost cringed, his eyes blinked in the lamplight, his breath came audibly, and he turned his dingy hat in his red hands. The cords of his brown throat worked a little under the encircling crimson kerchief.

Mr. Percival stood on his hearthrug in evening dress. He was slight, young-looking, with a professional nose, a shaven mouth and chin, and the beginning of baldness at his temples.

"There'll be no 'arm done, sir?" asked the man in the same tense whisper. "If I should ask yer, there'll be no 'arm done, an' you won't tell nobody?"

"Come in and shut the door, Clayson," said Mr. Percival, half smiling at his visitor's secretive and tragic earnestness, and resigning himself. For Mr. Percival was awaiting his wife's dressing pleasure. They were off to the Hunt Ball at the neighboring town, where he practised. (But Clayson, through the maid, had insisted.) "Secrets belong to our trade," he said reassuringly.

Clayson closed the door gingerly, sat down on the edge of a chair as gingerly, and sighed hard. He looked up with a wild eye, but he brought no smell of liquor into the room; just the distinct odor of earthed clothes. He began desperately:

"It's no secret, sir, 'cause everybody knows; but everybody dunno I've come to you, an' they'll be wonderin'; Tom Willard most of all. Twenty-three year I've bin there, an' I've dug an' weeded an' dinged, an' got the ground in good 'eart; an' I was jist turnin' myself round. Then our landlady died sudden, an' a sale bill w'r put up—an' then Tom Willard come sniffin' round!"

Mr. Percival looked at the clock.

"A 'undred an' sixty-five pound," said the man slowly. "An' I've bo't it," he said intensely. "The auctioneer's eye kep' a glitterin' fust on Tom Willard an' then on me, an' 'e ses, sharp like, 'One 'undred and sixty'—with 'is 'ammer ready—'For the last time one 'undred an' sixty—'

"Then 'e ses very quiet, 'Mr. Joseph Clayson.' Then every eye in the room were turned on me, an' the four walls went swimmin'; an' I felt like a man done murder. I'd bo't what I cou'n't pay for." Clayson's voice seemed to be forced out from somewhere deep down within him.

"A lot o' money for it, everybody seemed to be sayin'," he continued. "'A lot o' money' knocked in my 'ead, an' made me feel sickish inside. Everybody seemed precious glad it warn't them, while they drank their wine an' wiped their mouths—all but me. I cou'n't touch it; not one drop. But the auctioneer 'e smiled—till 'e found I'd got no money on me for the 'posit. Sixteen pound! I looked at the door, but I ketched Tom Willard's eyes on me

with a sneer in 'em, an' I seed 'im a steppin' over it wi' me in the road! 'I'll git it,' I said, 'I'll git it!' An' the auctioneer ses:—'I'll give you an hour, Mr. Clayson.' *Sixteen pound!*"

He gasped. His breath came noisily, his shoulders rose and fell; beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Mr. Percival seemed to have a glimpse of mental turmoil curiously suggestive of the twirl of black and white water suddenly disclosed under lightning. Clayson wiped his face with a red-and-black handkerchief.

"'Ere, sir," he said, producing a folded paper. He laid it on the table, and fell back, gabbling feverishly: "Two pound one I'd got laid by for the rent; sixteen shillin's for barley meal; eight shillin's for a pair of shoes; two-an-sixpence club-money; two fat pigs in the sty, an' one ton fifteen o' seed taters in the pit. Then, my gal at the doctor's 'ad just took 'er quarter's—she 'eard an' she come runnin' wi' that—bless 'er! Mr. Blows the butcher put me five pound down on the pigs to kill next week at times price like a gentleman an' a Christian; George Sabey bo't my taters there an' then for four poun' five, money down—clean give away; a skinner, George Sabey; knowed I w'r jammed in the corner, an' what I'm to do for seed God on'y knows! Eben Young paid me five shillin's for two days I'd done for 'im this week." He ticked the items off on his fingers as he named them. "That made sixteen pound two an' sixpence." He stretched his hand, palm upwards, towards the table. The lawyer saw the fingers were crooked from labor past straightening.

"Yes," he said, glancing at the paper hurriedly, "quite regular; stamped and signed; purchase completed in one month. And now, Clayson? I haven't much time."

"A month, sir! One 'undred an' forty-nine pound! Eben Young, 'e ses

to me, 'you go to Mr. Percival's, 'e lets out money,' 'e ses."

"You wish to have the money on mortgage?"

"Mortgage—that's it, sir! Anythink so as I stop there! My oldest gal's out, an' the boy's jist been took on the line. The three young uns, when they ain't at school, are allus on the road for droppin's, an' I put up another pigsty last year beside gittin' some o' the bricks for the stable. What wi' my two allotments I w'r *jis-st*—"

"Exactly, Clayson. You had better come and see me at my office."

"I've 'ad no sleep for three nights, sir; not since Tom Willard come round the place. My wife was a rockin' 'erself over the fender when I fetched the rent an' shoe an' meal money; and the kids began to whimper for company. Another night I daren't think on. It's either ketch or turn tail."

"The place would have to be surveyed and valued first," explained Mr. Percival. "And in any case no one would advance you the full value; not more than three-fourths at the outside. That might be about a hundred and ten, as I gather you have bought it rather dearly. You have been paying eight pounds rent? Ah, about a hundred and forty is probably its worth."

The man's features worked, his lip twitched and hung.

"I remember the place," the lawyer went on. "Not at all productive; indeed, I think half waste. Extremely unlevel, and with a pond at the bottom?"

"Yes, where some brick earth's bin dug, and where Nick Lays the cobbler drowned 'isself years back. People says 'e walks; I never see nothing, though I've often *thought*."

"There is a plantation next to it along one side?"

"That spinney don't hide so much sun as you'd think." The man leant

forward in his chair like one feverishly eager to convince. But his voice was raucous, grotesquely unpersuasive. "Not *near* so much sun as you'd think, sir. 'Course the land's rough in places, but I shall level an' make staple everywhere now it's my own, like, if I work to the bone. I know it every inch; I've bin at it till I could swear to the smell of it, an' I know it'll grow if it's nursed. It's puttin' your 'eart in as tells. Every year it'll do more; be wuth more." He squeezed his hat over his left knee and his right clawed at his trouser as he swayed himself back and forward slightly, his eyes on the solicitor.

"I cannot advise a client on the strength of what may be, Clayson," said Mr. Percival smoothly, "even if I should entertain the matter at all. Perhaps if you could find some thirty or forty pounds of your own—?"

Clayson shook his head as though asked for the moon. His rhythmic body-swaying had ceased, but his knees continued the motion horizontally; they neared and widened as he sat, loose from the hips, slackly.

"Then I must decline the consideration of it," said the lawyer decisively. "Eight pounds rent less rates means about six pounds clear; I very much question if anyone would advance more than a hundred on it. But of course you can try," he added hurriedly to the huddling, half-palsied figure in the chair.

"An' if not sir—the money I've paid?"

"Oh, if you cannot complete, you lose, probably," said the lawyer with some reluctance. "But you mustn't think about that. You will find somebody; or you may re-sell at a profit. Good-night, Clayson. Sorry I cannot help you in this. But we should be happy to prepare your conveyance reasonably."

The man rose without a word. His legs were manifestly uncertain, and his

hat bobbed up and down although he held it in both hands. The muscles round his mouth twitched, and the brown of his face had changed to a queer slatish gray.

A tripping step sounded without, and a white-robed, perfumed and radiant woman appeared in the doorway. She stopped; she was Mrs. Percival, and she looked from the squat hulked earth-worker to her husband questioningly and wonderingly. The man just lifted his head once, then his nailed boots sounded in the hall.

"Arthur!" ejaculated Mrs. Percival, when she had glanced after him curiously. "How he shook! What was it?"

Mrs. Percival was younger than her husband; she had a round face, a beguiling voice, and an impulsive heart. "Now, what was it, Arthur?" she pleaded, persuasively.

Mr. Percival strove to put the question by as he helped his wife on with her cloak. But in the brougham she returned to the attack.

"Your office secrets, Arthur," she said loftily, "are out of my jurisdiction. But this man was in trouble—*great* trouble, and when a person comes to my house in great trouble it's my—er—prerogative, yes *prerogative*—to know the reason why. It was nothing—nothing but what I can hear; you admit that, Arthur, and yet you won't—if it's of no consequence why not say? *Professional practice!* A fig for your professional practice; that's for the office three miles away, not for the dining-room. Oh, I *wish* I'd gone after him at the time! whatever was I thinking—but never mind, I know him, and I'll go and ask him in the morning. You may laugh, but I mean it, sir! Now, *why* not, Arthur? *Merely business!* Then it's my business to know what made a man like that *look* like that!"

"Oh—h!" she said slowly, as her husband told her at last. "I thought

it must be *ever* so! And that man trying to get it away—that other man! I hate him! Here we are at the Town Hall."

"Twenty-one out of twenty-six dances," said Mrs. Percival a few hours later. "Not bad for an old married woman, eh? Wasn't the floor good? And, do you know, Arthur, that man's face haunted me the whole time."

"What man?" asked her husband.

"You know; you needn't make-believe. That man Clayson. I wonder what sort of an evening *he* spent? No, I'm not excited; I didn't touch champagne *once*. And I've been thinking. I've some money of my own, haven't I? It didn't all go to—? No; well, this poor Clayson! I shall lend him some to—ah, complete, yes.

"Now, sir, don't look like that, as though you couldn't laugh for smiling. Hasn't a married woman absolute control?—answer me that, Mr. Solicitor. Then please take it that you are instructed to advance Clayson the sum of one hundred and—fifty, isn't it?—yes, one hundred and fifty pounds, with all the usual rigmarole, and so on. You agree? you will be sure and see to it at once? If you promise me that you may consider yourself kissed. *You can't! why not? Lots of things! But why? what? It ought to be surveyed!* That means somebody to walk over it and look wise and ask questions and take a fee. I tell you what, Arthur, we'll go and survey it!" Mrs. Percival clapped her hands.

"*Next week!*" she echoed—"With that man's face before me? To-night, before we go to sleep! This very night; it will be *splendid!* Now don't put on that weary look; well, if you don't I'm going by myself; I shall go out through the garden gate and just walk round and assure myself that Mr. Joseph Clayson's property is there all safe and

sound; and if *you* like to let *your* wife go *alone*—"

"Now, *come* along, Arthur—*catch cold!* Why, it's a lovely night, and you always say one needs fresh air after dissipation, and people *often* walk home after dancing; *miles*. Come along, and perhaps I'll let you charge my professional fee. We'll take Bruno, and then perhaps we shall get summoned for poaching. Arthur Percival, aged forty-two, and Emily Edith Percival, aged—never mind—were charged—etc. No, he'll only bark, and wake dear, good sleepy-heads. Come along; out in the moonlight; it will be *sweet*; just like—you remember."

Perhaps the whim of the errand appealed to Mr. Percival; perhaps, secretly, the end of it—or perhaps the walk and the fresh-breathed night tempted him after the reek of blooms and perfumes; after heat of gas-flare and thronging human beings.

"I couldn't have slept," ejaculated Mrs. Percival, when they were fairly on the open road. "That poor man's face would have kept coming and going and coming, you know, on the darkness, when you shut your eyes. It did in the ball-room. Once, when I was a girl, I was silly enough to attend a murder trial, and I saw a man condemned. He was led away looking just like that. As somebody said, he could see the Great Shadow advancing. And I thought heaps of things, to-night, in the dances, I mean. Supposing this poor Clayson should be out late, about his place, with his trouble on his mind, and that other man who wants it should be looking round in the dark—they do, when they think there's nobody to see them—and they should meet and quarrel? Well, I'm sure that's the way dreadful things are done, *often*; and when you think like *that*, I believe it's *meant*. We turn here; you see, I know—I'm at home all day."

The village lay below, a misty huddle

of roofs, with one lighted window showing like a red eye watching. Above and close beside them the old church loomed hoary under a waning moon that hurried in and out of whitish clouds. From the hedge-rows to right and left trees sprang irregularly, a soft, full wind rustling in their bare boughs. The dry, firm road lay a gray band broadening up out of the merging darkness.

"I wonder if we shall meet anybody!" said Mrs. Percival. "It's just as if night shuts all the world away from you. I'm sure I shall have something to talk about. Poor old Clayson, what a state he was in! I should just *love* to call him up and tell him."

"This is our nearest way," said Mr. Percival, when they had descended the slope, crossed the little brook and turned off into a bye-road. "We cut off a corner here."

They crossed a meadow diagonally by means of a footpath and came out on the road again. Back to the left, and one field's distance from them, a plantation massed black and square with its long side stretching away at right angles to the line of highway. Mr. Percival stopped opposite the corner of it.

"There it is," said he, pointing to where a small erection or two clustered darkly in the open field ahead of the block of trees. "You see the plantation bounds the property on this side, and runs down beside it and away beyond. The hill drops to the pond."

"I know," said Mrs. Percival quickly, "I heard the maids talk. The pond where the man drowned himself, and where he revisits. You needn't laugh"—Mrs. Percival had tight hold of her husband's arm and she shook him—"there *are* things—well, things we don't understand; we have all known them. How eerie everything always looks in the dead hours! I'm sure after dark *I* can believe anything."

"There is a sort of path along the edge of the wood," said Mr. Percival. "If you like we can go down there and come out somewhere on the old main road, and so round home that way. We shall go right along this side of Clayson's estate then."

He opened a gate as he spoke. They walked over a rude road through a field until they came to the plantation. "Mind the briars," said Mr. Percival, as he stepped through a worn gap in the low, sparse hedge and held the twigs aside with his gloved hand for his wife to pass. "Now along the path inside. Single file here. Keep close to me, and don't scream if you hear a rat rustle."

Mrs. Percival gave her husband a little dig of reproof. She started, nevertheless, at the sudden scuttle of some roused animal in the undergrowth. As they rounded the angle of the plantation the moon hanging over the trees touched them again; they walked on the edge of the ragged shadow cast by the timber. Close on their left, from clumps and tangles of underwood, rose the larches, tall and stark at hand, merging away into the depths of a black, mysterious forest. To their right and forward, over a straggling, broken hedge and a shelving bank, lay a side hill of rough grass and arable in patches, spreading gray and black under the moon. The low homestead crouched squat on the crest of the hill, and thereabouts a dog barked once.

"A God-forsaken place," said Mr. Percival. "Very unlevel and naked to the north, as farmers say. There is the pond in the hollow; you can see the moonlight shining on the water. A most indifferent investment."

"I shall come round and tell Clayson in the morning," said Mrs. Percival serenely. "I'm quite looking forward to it. *What is it, Arthur?*"

Her voice had suddenly become an intense and fearful whisper. She

clutched her husband's arm and looked ahead from over his shoulder. He had stopped, and he was looking intently forward to the shimmering pool below. Towards this, on the near side of it, certainly a figure moved slowly—a shifting shadow against the pale grass and the glistening water.

"Who?" quavered Mrs. Percival. "Who—*what* is it?"

Mr. Percival stood with his gaze fixed. From the dark cottage behind the dog set up a long crooning wall, and the vague figure stopped at the pond. It was the form of a man, and Mrs. Percival clung to her husband behind, her face at his cheek, peering hard, and gasping: "Oh, it's true then, Arthur! it's *true*!"

She had turned very white in the moonlight, and she shook all over. Mr. Percival was almost as pale as she, but he stood rigid, staring as if struggling mentally—as if recognizing unwillingly and comprehending; then he started as if spurred by the imperative need of action, and he caught his wife's delaying arm almost roughly. "Oh, let's go *back*, Arthur!" she wailed, hanging feebly at him, "*let's* go back."

"Come along and don't be a fool!" he breathed hoarsely. He dragged his wife forward, scrambling, stumbling; himself panting and breathless, she hissing in her tremors like a wet rag squeezed. Presently he stopped again, in the shadow, close under the fir trees.

The man beside the pond was visibly bareheaded and in shirt-sleeves. He moved a little round the water's edge; he stopped, looking into it, then away to the sky and the moon. He took off his waistcoat and showed white from the waist upward, he stopped as if feeling the water with his hand. He stood erect, turned, and gazed up the slope topped by the dark dwelling.

Mr. Percival could not speak. The wind had dropped—or perhaps the trees

shut it out. Earth—woodland—sky listened—waited—hung. The black and white figure below was bending as if busy with bootlaces. A long moment drew interminably.

"Hi, Clayson," gasped Mr. Percival. "Is that you?"

The man below did not jump, but Mr. Percival did, at the sound of his own voice. His wife gave a curious sob and he himself laughed unrecognizably. The man, who had been crouching straightened himself slowly. "Eh—h?" he piped in startled acknowledgment.

"*It is!*" gasped Mrs. Percival. "Oh, go, Arthur, *go!* I'll stop here; he won't see me! I'm not afraid *now*—I thought it was that *other!*" She gave a short choking laugh.

"It is I, Mr. Percival," called the solicitor, shakily. He scrambled through the hedge and advanced over the coarse herbage towards the pond. "I had been to a ball and got a bad headache, so I was walking round to get rid of it and I caught sight of you."

Clayson stood with his shoulder to the moon. His face looked whiter than his shirt, and his eyes large. "Muster Percival!" he ejaculated. Then he stooped and felt his waistcoat at his feet aimlessly, his breath coming and going with a whistling sound. "Muster Percival?"

"Yes," said the solicitor. "And—er—Clayson, I have been thinking that perhaps I can manage that little affair of yours. In fact, if you will come and see me to-morrow I promise that I can."

Clayson looked up. "Say it again, sir," he said, rising slowly and staring. He turned his back on the water and gazed up the hill as he listened to the pledge repeated.

"That is, if you still wish it," concluded Mr. Percival.

"*Wish it!*" echoed Clayson. "Wish"

—a noise in his throat broke off speech; then he laughed gurglingly, and bent anew, lacing up his boots. "She'd only jist dropped off to sleep," he said in quite another tone, turning up his face and jerking his thumb towards the dwelling. "If you know'd 'alf, sir!"

"I think I should have that pond filled up, Clayson," said Mr. Percival, as they drew away together. "You have children, you know. Good-night—I am going on home this way. Any time between two and four to-morrow, and we'll put that little matter all right. Good-night. You are going straight back to bed now?"

Temple Bar.

Clayson laughed hoarsely and brokenly as he felt the lawyer's grip. His own rough hand was moist. "I shall wake 'er an' tell 'er, sir," he said. "Good-night, an' God bless yer. I can't make it out—I 'adn't prayed—but God bless yer!"

"Oh, Arthur!" breathed Mrs. Percival, as she stood with her husband in the shadow and watched the dim distance swallow Clayson's form as he ascended to the cottage. "I know—I know; and if—oh, I can't bear to think! Kiss me, Arthur!"

W. H. Rainsford.

IN RED MARRAKESH.

There are certain cities that cannot be approached for the first time by any sympathetic traveller without a sense of solemnity and reverence that is not far removed from awe. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Damascus, and Jerusalem may be cited as examples; each in its turn has filled me with great wonder and deep joy. But all of these are to be reached nowadays by the railway, that great modern purge of sensibility. Even Jerusalem is not exempt. A single line stretches from Jaffa by the sea, to the very gates of the Holy City, playing hide-and-seek among the mountains of Judæa by the way, because the Turk was too poor to tunnel a direct path.

In Morocco, on the other hand, the railway is still unknown. He who seeks any of the country's inland cities must take horse or mule, camel or donkey, or, as a last resource, be content with a staff to aid him, and walk. Whether he fare to Fez, the city of Mulai Idrees, in which an old writer assures us "all the beauties of the earth are united"; or to Mequinez,

where great Mulai Ismail kept a stream of human blood flowing constantly from his palace that all might know he ruled; or to Red Marrakesh, which Yusuf Ibn Tachfin built nine hundred years ago—his own exertion must convey him. There must be days and nights of scant fare and small comfort, with all those hundred and one happenings of the road that make for pleasant memories. As far as I have been able to gather in the nine years that have passed since I first saw Morocco, one road is like another, unless you have the Maghrebbin Arabic at your command and can go off the beaten track in Moorish dress. Walter Harris, the gifted resourceful traveller and *Times* correspondent, did this when he sought the oases of Tafilalet; so also, in his fashion, did R. B. Cunninghame Graham, when he tried in vain to reach Tarudant, and set out the record of his failure in one of the most fascinating travel books¹ published since "Eothen."

For the rank and file of us, the
¹ "Moghreb al Acksa."

Government roads and the harmless necessary soldier must suffice, until the Gordian knot of Morocco's future has been untied or cut. Then flying railway trains loaded with tourists, guide-book in hand and camera at the ready, will pierce the secret places of the land, and men will speak of "doing" Morocco, as they do other countries in their rush across the world, seeing all the stereotyped sights and appreciating none. For the present, by Allah's grace, matters are quite otherwise.

Marrakesh unfolded its beauties slowly, and one by one, as we pushed horses and mules into a canter over the level plain of Hilreell. Forests of date palms took definite shape, certain mosques (those of Sidi ben Yusuf and Bab Dukala), stood out clearly before us, without the aid of glasses, but the Library Mosque dominated the landscape by reason of the Kutubia tower by its side. The Atlas Mountains came out of the clouds and revealed the snows that would soon melt and set every southern river afloat. The town began to show limits to the east and west where, at first, there was nothing but haze. One or two caravans passed us northward bound, their leaders hoping against hope that the Pretender, the "dog-descended," as a Susi trader called him, would not stand between them and the Sultan's camp, where the profits of their journey lay. By this time I could see the old gray wall of Marrakesh more plainly, with towers here and there, ruinous as the wall itself, and storks' nests on the battlements, their red-legged inhabitants fulfilling the duties of sentries. To the right, beyond the town, the great rock of Djebel Geelliz suggested infinite possibilities in days to come, when some conqueror armed with modern weapons and a pacific mission shall decide to bombard the walls, in the sacred name of civilization. Then the view was lost in the date palm forest through

which tiny tributaries of the Tensift run babbling over the red earth, while the kingfisher, or dragonfly—"a ray of living light"—flashes over the shallow water, and young storks take their first lessons in the art of looking after themselves.

When a Moor has amassed wealth he praises God, builds a palace, and plants a garden, or is suspected, accused—despotic authority is not particular—and cast into prison! In and round Marrakesh many Moors have gained riches, and some have held them. The gardens stretch for miles. There are the far-spreading Angdal plantations of the Sultans of Morocco, in part public, and elsewhere so private that to intrude would be to court death. Their name signifies "The Maze," and they are said to justify it. In the outer, or public grounds, of this vast pleasure, the fruit is sold by auction to the merchants of the city in the late spring, when blossoming time is over, and the buyers must watch and guard it until harvest comes.

We rode past the low-walled gardens, where the pomegranate and apricot trees were flowering, and strange birds I did not know were singing in the deep shade. Doves flitted from branch to branch, bee-eaters darted about among mulberry and almond trees. There was an overpowering fragrance from the orange groves, where blossom and unplucked fruit showed side by side. The jessamine bushes were scarcely less fragrant. Fig trees called every passer-by to enjoy their spreading shade, and the little rivulets, born of the Tensift's winter floods to sparkle through the spring and die with midsummer, were fringed with willows. It was delightful to draw rein and listen to the plashing of water and the cooing of doves, while trying in vain to recognize the most exquisite among many sweet scents.

Under one of the fig trees, in a gar-

den, three Moors sat at tea. A carpet was spread, and I caught a glimpse of the copper kettle, the squat charcoal brazier tended by a slave, the quaint little coffer, filled no doubt with fine green tea, and the curious porcelain dish of cakes. It was a quite pleasing picture, at which, had courtesy permitted, I would have indulged in more than a brief glance.

The claim of the Moors upon our sympathy and admiration becomes greater by reason of their love for gardens. Some authorities declare that their devotion is due largely to the profit yielded by the fruit, but one could afford to forget that suggestion for the time being when Nature seemed to be giving praise to the Master of all seasons for the goodly gifts of the spring.

We crossed the Tensift by the bridge, one of the very few to be found in South Morocco. It has nearly thirty arches, all dilapidated as the city walls themselves, yet possessing their curious gift of endurance. Even the natives realize that their bridge is crumbling into uselessness, after nearly eight centuries of work; but they do no more than shrug their shoulders, as though to cast off the burden of responsibility and give it to destiny. On the outskirts of the town, where gardens end and open market squares lead to the gates, a small group of children gathered to watch the strangers, with an interest in which fear played its part. I waited now to see the baggage animals come to the front, and then M'barak led the way past the mosque at the side of the Spanish Gate, so called because part of its decorations were brought by the Moors from Spain. Once within the gate, narrow streets, with windowless walls frowning on either side, shut us in from all view save that which lay immediately before us.

No untrained eye can follow the

winding maze of streets in Marrakesh, and it is from the Moors we learn that the town, like the Gaul of Cæsar's Commentaries, has three well-defined divisions. The Kasbah is the official quarter, where the soldiers and governing officials have their home, and the prison called Hib mis bah receives all evil-doers, and men whose luck is ill. The Madinah is the general Moorish quarter, and embraces the Kaisariyah, or bazaar district, where the streets are parallel, well cleaned, thatched with palm and palmetto against the light, and barred at either end to keep animals from entering. The Mellah, or "salted place," is the third great division of Marrakesh, and is the Jewish quarter. In this district, or just beyond it, are a few streets that seem reserved to the descendants of Mulai Ismail's black guards, from whom our word "blackguard" might well have come to us, though it did not. Within these divisions streets, irregular and without a name, turn and twist in a manner most bewildering, until none save old residents may hope to know their way about. Pavements are unknown, drainage is in its most dangerous infancy, the rainy season piles mud in every direction, and, as though to test the principle embodied in the homœopathic theory, the Marrakshis heap rubbish and refuse in every street, where it decomposes until the enlightened authorities who dwell in the Kasbah happen to give orders for its removal. Then certain men set out with donkeys and carry the sweepings of the gutters beyond the gates. This work is taken seriously in the Madinah, but in the Mellah, it is shamefully neglected, and I have ridden through whole streets in the last-named quarter searching vainly for a place approximately clean enough to permit of dismounting. Happily, or unfortunately, as you will, the inhabitants are inured from birth to a state of things that

must cause the weaklings to pay heavy toll to Death, the lord who rules even Sultans.

I had little thought to spare for such matters whilst riding into Marrakesh for the first time. The spell of the city was over-mastering. It is perhaps the most African city in Morocco to-day; almost the last survivor of the changes that began in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and have brought the Dark Continent, from end to end, within the sphere of European influence. Fez and Mequinez are cities of fair men, while here on every side one recognized the influence of the Soudan and the country beyond the great desert. Not only have the wives and concubines brought from beyond the great sand sea, darkened the skin of the present generation of the Marrakshis, but they have given to most, if not to all, a suggestion of relationship to the negro races that is not to be seen in any other Moorish city I have visited. Strangely enough, perhaps, it is not a suggestion of fanaticism or intolerance. By their action as well as their appearance I knew most of the passers for friends rather than enemies, convinced that I was one of the harmless, uncivilized people from a far land, who smoke tobacco, drink wine, and live without the True Faith.

Marrakesh, like all other inland cities of Morocco, has neither hotel nor guest-house. It boasts some large fandaks, notably that of Hadj Larbi, where the caravans from the desert send their merchandise and chief merchants; but no sane European will choose to seek shelter in a fandak in Morocco, unless he is prepared to face much filth and discomfort. There are clean fandaks in Sunset Land, but they are few, and you must travel far to find them. I had letters to the chief civilian resident of Marrakesh, Sidi Boubikir, British political agent, millionaire, farmer, financier, builder of palaces, politician,

statesman, and friend of all Englishmen who are well recommended to his care. I had heard much of the clever old man who was born in very poor surroundings, started life as a camel driver, and is now the wealthiest and most powerful unofficial resident in Southern Morocco, if not in all the Maghreb, so I bade Kaid M'barak find him without delay. The first person questioned directed us to one of Boubikir's fandaks, and, by its gate, in a narrow lane, where camels jostled the camp mules until they nearly foundered in the underlying filth, we found the celebrated man sitting within the porch on an old packing-case.

He looked up for a brief moment when the Kaid dismounted and handed him my letter, and I saw a long, closely shaven face, lighted by a pair of gray eyes that seemed much younger than the head in which they were set, and perfectly inscrutable. He read the letter, which was in Arabic, from end to end, and then gave me stately greeting, Salam interpreting.

"You are very welcome," he said. "My home and all it holds are yours."

I replied that I wanted nothing more than modest shelter for the days of my sojourn in the city. He nodded.

"Had you advised me of your visit in time," he said, "my best house should have been prepared. Now, I will send with you my steward, who has the keys of all my houses. Choose which you will have." I thanked him. The steward appeared, a stout, well-favored man, whose djellaba was finer than his master's. Sidi Boubikir pointed to certain keys, and at a word several servants gathered about us. The old man said that he rejoiced to serve the friend of his friends, and would look forward to seeing me during our stay. Then the steward led the way into an ill-seeming lane, now growing dark with the fall of evening.

We turned down an alley more

muddy than the one we had left, passed under an arch by a fruit stall, with a covering of tattered palmetto, caught a brief glimpse of a mosque minaret, and heard the sonorous voice of the Mueddin calling the Faithful to evening prayer. In the shadow of the mosque, at the corner of this high-walled lane, there was a heavy metal-studded door. The steward thrust a key into its lock, turned it, and we passed down a passage into an open patio. It was a very silent place, beyond the reach of street echoes, and there were four rooms built round the patio on the ground floor, as well as three or four above. One side of the minaret's tower was visible from the patio, but apart from that the place was not overlooked. To be sure, it was very dirty, but I had an idea that the steward had brought his men out for business, not for an evening stroll, and so I bade Salem assure him that this place, known to the Marrakshis as *Dar al Kasdir* (the Tin House), would serve all our purposes. A thundering knock at the gate announced a visitor, one of *Sidi Boubikir's* elder sons, a civil, kindly-looking Moor, whose face inspired confidence. Advised of my choice, he suggested we should take a stroll while his men cleaned and prepared the patio and the rooms opening upon it. Then the mules, resting for the time in his father's *fandak*, would bring their burdens home, and we could enjoy our well-earned rest.

I took this good advice, and returning an hour later found that a very complete transformation had been effected. Palmetto brooms and water brought from an adjacent well had made the floor look clean and clear. The warmth of the air had dried everything, and the pack mules had been relieved of their loads and sent back to the stable. Two little earthen braziers full of charcoal were glowing merrily under the influence of the bellows that *Kaid*

M'barak wielded skilfully. Two earthen jars of drinking water, with palm leaves for corks, had been brought in by my host's servants. In another hour the camp beds were unpacked and made up, a rug was set on the bedroom floor, and the little table and chairs were put in the middle of the patio. From the corner where *Salam* squatted behind the twin fires, came the pleasant scent of supper; *Kaid M'barak*, his well-beloved gun at his side, sat silent and thoughtful in another corner, and the tiny clay bowl of the *Maalem's* long wooden kief-pipe was comfortably aglow.

There was a timid knock at the door. The soldier opened it and admitted—"the *Shareef*." I do not know his name, nor whence he came, but he walked up to *Salam*, greeted him affectionately, and offered his services while we were in the city. Twenty years old perhaps, at an outside estimate, very tall and thin, and poorly clad, the *Shareef* was not the least interesting figure I met upon my journey. A *shareef* is a saint in Morocco, as in every other country of Islam, and his title is due to descent from Mohammed. He may be very poor indeed, but he is more or less holy, devout men kiss the hem of his *djellaba*, no matter how dirty or ragged it may be, and none may curse a *shareef's* ancestors, for the Prophet was one of them. This youthful saint had known *Salam* in Fez, and had caught sight of him by *Boubikir's* *fandak* in the early afternoon. *Salam*, himself a chief in his own land, though fallen on evil days then, and on worse ones since, welcomed the newcomer, and brought his offer to me, adding the significant information that the young *Shareef*, who was too proud to beg, had not tasted food in the past forty-eight hours. He had then owed a meal to some Moor who, in accordance with a well-known custom, had set a bowl of food outside

his house to conciliate night-prowling devils. I accepted the proffered service, and had no occasion to regret my action. The young Moor was never in the way and never out of the way; he went cheerfully on errands to all parts of the city, fetched and carried without complaint, and yet never lost the splendid dignity that seemed to justify his claim to saintship.

So we took our ease in the open patio, and the Shareef's long fast was broken, and the stars came to the aid of our lanterns; and when supper was over I was well content to sit and smoke while Salam, Kaid M'barak, the Maalem, and the Shareef sat silent round the glowing charcoal, perhaps too tired to talk. It was very pleasant to feel at home, after two or three weeks under canvas, along the southern road.

The Maalem rose at last, somewhat unsteadily after his debauch of kief. He moved to where our provisions were stacked, and took oil and bread from the store. Then he sought the corner of the wall by the doorway, and poured out a little oil and scattered crumbs, repeating the performance at the far end of the patio. This duty done, he bade Salam tell me it was a peace-offering to the souls of the departed who had inhabited this house before we came to it. I apprehend they might have resented the presence of the infidel, had they not been soothed by the Maalem's little attention. He was ever a firm believer in djann, and exorcised them with unfailing regularity. The abuse he heaped on Satan must have added largely to the burden of sorrows under which we are assured the fallen angel carries out his appointed work. He had been profuse in his prayers and curses when we entered the barren pathway of the Little Hills, behind the plains of Hilreeli, and there were times at which I had felt quite sorry for Satan. Obla-

tion to the house spirits made, the Maalem asked for his money, the half due at the journey's end. Kief or no kief, he was easily sober enough to count the dollars carefully and make his farewells with courteous eloquence. I parted with him with no little regret, and look forward with keen pleasure to the day when I shall summon him once again from the bake-house of Djedida to bring his mules and guide me over the open road, haply to some destination more remote. I think he will come willingly, and that the journey will be a pleasant one. The Shareef drew the heavy bolt behind the Maalem, and we sought our beds.

It was a brief night's rest. The voice of the Mueddin, chanting the call to prayer and the Shehad roused me again, refreshed. The night was passing; even as the sonorous voice of the Unseen chanted his inspiring "Allah Akbar," it was yielding place to the moments when "the Wolf-tail" sweeps the Paling East."

I looked out of my little room that opened on to the patio. The arch of heaven was swept and garnished, and from "depths blown clear of cloud" great stars were shining whitely. The breeze of early morning stirred, penetrating our barred outer gates, and bringing a subtle fragrance from the beflowered groves that lie beyond the city. It had a freshness that demanded from one, in tones too seductive for denial, prompt action. Moreover, we had been rising before daylight for some days past, in order that we might cover a respectable distance before the Enemy should begin to blaze intolerably above our heads, commanding us to seek the shade of some chance fig tree or saint's tomb.

So I roused Salam, and together we drew the creaking bolts, bringing the Kaid to his feet with a jump. There

* The False Dawn.

was plenty of time for explanation, because he always carried his gun in an old flannel case, secured by half-a-dozen pieces of string, the knots in which defied haste. He warned us not to go out, since the djann were always abroad in the streets before daylight; but, seeing our minds were set, he bolted the door upon us, and probably returned to his slumbers.

Beyond the house, in a faint glow that was already paling the stars, the African city, well-nigh a thousand years old, assumed its most mysterious aspect. The high walls on either side of the roads, innocent of casements as of glass, seemed, in the uncertain light, to be tinted with violet amid their dull gray. The silence was complete and most weird. Never a cry from man or beast removed the momentary impression that this was a city of the dead. The entrances of the bazaars in the Kalsariyah, to which we turned, were barred and bolted; their guardians sat motionless, covered in white djellabas, that looked like shrouds. The city's seven gates were fast closed, though doubtless there were long files of camels and market men waiting patiently without. The great mansions of the wazeers, and the green-tiled palace of Mulai Abd el Aziz—"Our Victorious Master the Sultan"—seemed as unsubstantial as one of those cities that the mirage had set before us midmost the R'hamna plains. Even Salam, the untutored man from the far Riff country, felt the spell of the silent morning hour, and moved quietly by my side without a word.

"Oh, my masters, give charity! Allah helps helpers!" A blind beggar, sitting by the gate, like Bartimæus of old, thrust his withered hand before me. Lightly though we had walked, his keen ear had known the difference in sound between the native slipper and the European boot. It had roused him from his slumbers, and he had calcu-

lated the distance so nicely, that the hand, suddenly shot out, was well within reach of mine. Salam, my almoner, gave him a handful of the copper coins, called *flous*, of which a score may be worth a penny, and he sank back in his uneasy seat with many thanks, not to us, but to Allah, the One who had been pleased to move us to work his will. As for me, I was no more than Allah's unworthy medium, condemned by the decree of the Perspicuous Book to burn in fires seven times heated, for unbelief.

From their home on the flat rooftops two storks rose suddenly, as though to herald the dawn; the sun became visible above the walls, and turned their coloring from violet to gold. We heard the guards drawing the bars of the gate that is called Bab al Khamees, and we knew that the daily life of Marrakesh had begun. The great birds might have given the signal that woke the town to activity.

Straightway a throng of men and beasts made their way through the narrow, cobbled lanes. Sneering camels, so bulked out by their burdens that a foot passenger must shrink against the wall to avoid a bad bruising; well-fed mules, carrying some early-rising Moor of rank on the top of seven saddle-cloths; half-starved donkeys, all sores and bruises; one encountered every variety of Moorish traffic here, and the thoroughfare that had been deserted a moment before was soon thronged. In addition to the Moors, and Berbers, and Susi traders, there were many slaves, black as coal, brought in times past from the Soudan. From garden and orchard beyond the city, fruit, and flowers, and vegetables were being carried into their respective markets, and as they passed the air grew suddenly fragrant with a scent that was almost intoxicating. The garbage that lay strewn over the cobbles had no more power to offend, and the

fresh scents added, in some queer fashion of their own, to the unreality of the whole scene.

To avoid the crush, we turned away from this quarter of the city, to where the Kutubia Tower rose, flanking the Mosque of the Library, with its three glittering balls that are solid gold, if you care to believe the Moors (and who should know better?), though the European authorities declare they are gilded copper. No visitors will forget the Mosque or the voices of the three blind Mueddins who call Believers to prayer from the adjacent minarets. By the side of the tower that is a landmark almost from R'hamna's far corner to the Atlas Mountains, Yusuf ibn Tachfin, who built Marrakesh nine hundred years ago, enjoys his long sleep in a grave unnoticed and unhonored by the crowds of men from far-off lands, who pass it every day. Yet, if the conqueror of Fez and troubler of Spain could rise from nine centuries of rest, he would find but little change in the city he set on the red plain in the shadow of the mountains. The walls of his creation remain, even the broken bridge over the river dates, men say, from his time, and certainly the faith and works of the people have not altered greatly. Caravans still fetch and carry from Fez in the north, to Timbuctoo and the banks of the Niger, or reach the Bab er Rubb, with gold and ivory and slaves from the eastern oases that France has almost sealed up. The saints' houses are still there, though the old have yielded to the new. Storks are privileged, as of old time, to build on the flat roof-tops of the city houses; and therefore still besought by amorous natives to carry love's greetings to the women permitted to take their airing on the house-tops in the afternoon. Berber from the highlands, blackman from the Draa, wiry, lean, enduring trader from Tarudant, and other cities of the Sus, pa-

tient, frugal Saharowi from the sea of sand; no one of them has altered greatly since the days of the renowned Yusuf. And who but he among the men who built great cities in days before Saxon and Norman had met at Senlac, could look to find his work so little scarred by time, or disguised by change? Twelve miles of rampart surround the city still, if we include the walls that guard the Sultan's maze garden, and seven of the many gates Ibn Tachfin knew are swung open to the dawn of each day now.

From the Library Mosque, with its commanding tower and modest, yet memorable, tomb, we strolled past the Sultan's palace, white-walled, green-tiled, vast, imposing; passing thence to the lesser mosque of Sidi bel Abbas, to whom the beggars pray, for it is said of him that he knew God. The city's hospital stands beside this good man's grave. And here one naturally pays tribute also to great Mulai abd el Kadr Ijjilali, whose name is very piously invoked among the poor. The mosque by the Dukala gate is worthy of note, and earns the salutation of all who come by way of R'hamna to Marrakesh. We rested awhile from the growing heat by a fine fountain with the legend "Drink and admire," in Arabic, where the hard-working water-carriers from the Sus fill their goatskins, and all leisured folk congregate during the hours of fire.

From a fandak in the Madinah we hired horses, and rode out to the Melah, literally "salted place," in which the town Jews live, reaching our destination by way of the Olive Garden. It is the dirtiest part of Marrakesh, and, all things considered, the least interesting. The lanes that run between its high walls are full of indescribable filth; comparison with them makes the streets of the Madinah and the Kasbah almost clean. One result of the dirt is seen in the prevalence of

ophthalmia, from which three out of four of the Mellah's inhabitants seem to suffer, slightly or seriously. Few adults appear to take exercise, unless they are called abroad to trade, and when business is in a bad way the misery is very real indeed. A skilled workman is pleased to earn the native equivalent of fourteen pence for a day's work, beginning at sunrise, and on this miserable pittance he can support a wife and family. Low wages and poor living, added to centuries of oppression, have made the Morocco Jew of the town a pitiable creature; but on the hills, particularly among the Atlas villages, the Jew is healthy, athletic, and resourceful, able to use his hands as well as his head, and the trusted intermediary between Berber hillman and town Moor.

Being of the ancient race myself, I was received in several of the show-houses of the Mellah, places whose splendid interiors were not at all suggested by the squalid surroundings in which the house was set. This is typical to some extent of all houses in Morocco, even in the coast towns, and greatly misleads the globe-trotter. I noticed fine carving and coloring in many rooms, but the European furniture was for the most part wrongly used, and at best grotesquely out of place. Hygiene has not passed within the Mellah's walls; but a certain amount of Western tawdriness has. Patriarchal Jews, of good stature and commanding presence, had their dignity hopelessly spoilt by the big blue spotted handkerchief, worn over the head and tied under the chin. Jewesses in rich apparel seemed quite content with the fineness within their houses, and indifferent quite to the mire of the streets.

In the latter days of my sojourn I visited three synagogues—one in a private house. The approaches were in every case disgusting, but the

synagogues themselves were well-kept, very old, and decorated with rare and curious memorial lamps, kept alight for the dead through the year of mourning. The benches were of wood with straw mats for cover; there was no place for women, and the seats themselves seemed to be set down without attempt at arrangement. The brass-work was old and fine, the scrolls of the law were very ancient, but there was no sign of wealth and little decoration. In the courtyard of the chief synagogue school was in progress. Half-a-hundred intelligent youngsters were repeating the master's words, just as Mohammedan boys were doing in the Madinah; but even among these little ones ophthalmia was playing havoc, and doubtless the disease would pass from the unsound to the sound. Cleanliness would stamp out this trouble in a very little time, and would preserve healthy children from infection. Unfortunately, the administration of the Mellah is exceedingly bad, and there is no reason to believe that it will improve.

When the "Elevated Court" is at Marrakesh, the demand for works helps the Jewish quarter to thrive, but since the Sultan went to Fez the heads of the Mellah seem to be reluctant to lay out even a few shillings daily to have the place kept clean. There are no statistics to tell the price that is paid in human life for the shocking neglect of the elementary decencies, but it must be a heavy one.

Business premises seemed clean enough, though the approach to them could hardly have been less inviting. You enter a big courtyard, and, if wise, remain on your horse until well clear of the street. The courtyard is clean and wide, an enlarged edition of a patio, with big store-rooms on either side, and stabling or a granary. Here, also, is a bureau, in which the master sits in receipt of custom, and deals in

green tea that has come from India via England, and white sugar in big loaves, and coffee, and other merchandise. He is buyer and seller at once, now dealing with a native who wants tea, and now with an Atlas Jew, who has an ouadad skin or rug to sell; now talking Shilha, the language of the Berbers, now the Maghrebblin Arabic of the Moors, and again debased Spanish or Hebrew, with his own brethren. He has a watchful eye for all the developments that the day may bring, and while attending to buyer and seller can take note of all his servants are doing at the stores, and what is going out or coming in. Your merchant of the better class has commercial relations with Manchester or Liverpool; he has visited England and France; perhaps some olive-skinned, black-eyed boy of his has been sent to an English school to get the wider views of life and faith, and return to the Mellah to shock his father with both, and to be shocked in his turn by much in the home life that passed uncriticised before. These things lead to domestic tragedies at times, and yet neither son nor father is quite to blame.

The best class of Jew in the Mellah has ideas and ideals, but outside the conduct of his business he lacks initiative. He believes most firmly in the future of the Jewish race, the ultimate return to Palestine, the advent of the Messiah. Immersed in these beliefs, he does not see dirt collecting in the streets, and killing little children with the diseases it engenders. Gradually the grime settles on his faith too, and he loses sight of everything save commercial ends and the observances that orthodoxy demands. His, one fears, is a quite hopeless case. The attention of philanthropy might well turn to the little ones, however. For their sake some of the material benefits of modern knowledge should be brought to the Mellah. Schools are excellent; but

children cannot live by school learning alone.

Going from the Mellah I saw a strange sight. By the entrance to the "salted place," there is a piece of bare ground stretching to the wall against which sundry young Jews in black djellabas sat at their ease, their hair curled over their ears and black caps on their heads in place of the handkerchiefs favored by the elders of the community. One or two women were coming from the Jewish market, their bright dresses and uncovered faces a pleasing contrast to the white robes and featureless aspect of the Moorish women. A little Moorish boy, seeing me regard them with interest, remarked solemnly, "There go those who will never look upon the face of God's prophet," and then a shareef, whose portion in Paradise was, of course, reserved to him by reason of his high descent, rode into the open ground from the Madinah. I regret to record the fact that the holy man was drunk (whether upon hashish or the strong waters of the infidel, I know not), and to all outward seeming his holiness alone sufficed to keep him on the back of the spirited horse he bestrode. He went very near to upsetting a store of fresh vegetables belonging to a True Believer, and then nearly crushed an old man against the wall. He raised his voice, but not to pray, and the people round him were in sore perplexity. He was too holy to remove by force, and too drunk to persuade; so the crowd, realizing that he was divinely directed, raised a sudden shout. This served. Straightway the hot-blooded Barb made a rush for the arcade leading to the Madinah, and carried the drunken saint with him, cursing at the top of his voice, but sticking to his unwieldy saddle in manner that was admirable and truly Moorish. If he had not been holy he would have been torn from his horse, and, in native par-

lance, would have "eaten the stick," for drunkenness is a grave offence in orthodox Morocco.

We rode back into the Madinah to see it in another aspect. The rapid rise of the sun had called the poorer workers to their daily tasks; buyers were congregating round the market stalls of the dealers in meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit. With perpetual grace to Allah for his gift of custom, the merchants and their assistants were parting with their wares at prices far below anything that rules in the coast towns of the Sultan's country.

The absence of My Lord Abd el Aziz and his Court had tended to lower rates considerably. It was hard to realize that while food cost so little, there were hundreds of men, women, and children within the city to whom one good meal a day was something

The Fortnightly Review.

almost unknown; yet this was certainly the case.

Towering above the other buyers were the trusted slaves of the wazeers in residence—tall negroes from the far south for the most part, hideous men, whose black faces were made the more black by contrast with their white robes. They moved with a certain sense of dignity and pride through the ranks of the hungry free men round them; clearly, they were well-contented with their lot—a curious commentary upon the European notions of slavery, based, to be sure, upon European methods with regard to it.

The whole formed a marvellous picture, and how the pink roses, the fresh green mint and thyme, the orange flowers, and other blossoms, sweetened the narrow bazaars, garbage strewn under foot, and roofed overhead with dried leaves of the palm.

S. L. Bensusan.

THE JAPANESE IN FORMOSA.

BY CAPTAIN SIR JOHN KEANE, BART., R.A.

Although Formosa is easily accessible, and has been in the possession of the Japanese for more than seven years, it lies somewhat off the beaten track of tourists, and attracts little attention from the outside world. It is, however, the scene of that Power's first efforts at colonization; and possibly a short account of what I saw and heard, during a short tour in the island last year, of the work that is being carried out by the Japanese may be of interest at the present time.

The island is about 235 miles long and 75 miles wide at its broadest part. A high axial range runs from north to south through the eastern half of the island, rising to a height of 12,850 feet at a peak called Mount Morrison about the centre of the island, and visible in clear weather from the China

coast, some 100 miles to the west. To the east the hills fall off abruptly to the Pacific Ocean, terminating in cliffs as high as 5000 feet. To the west a broad expanse of fertile plain extends from the foot of the mountains to the waters of the Formosa channel.

The mountain districts are inhabited by a race of savages whose origin has never been satisfactorily determined. Some have a distinct resemblance to the Malay type, while others look as if they were of northern origin, and had migrated, at early times, from Japan or the Loochoo Islands. Philology, moreover, gives no clue as to their origin, for few words can be found in their various dialects connected, in any way, with the languages spoken in the Loochoo Islands or the Malay Peninsula. They are grouped into tribes,

which in early times were generally at war with one another; and the wide differences in the languages spoken to this day show that intertribal intercourse must at all times have been infrequent. These savages of the hills are very antagonistic to the advances of civilization. Like the Dyaks of Borneo, many of them are determined head-hunters; and this unpleasant practice, possessing as it does a partly religious significance, serves to foster that warlike spirit against which the rulers of the plains have hitherto so unsuccessfully contended. Their dress varies with the season. In hot weather it is scant, while in winter they wear cloth of their own weaving, made of two kinds of material, prepared from rhea and banana fibre, and ornamented with a red pattern, the red threads being picked out from the lastings of foreign blankets. As a race they are very moral and upright, and can always be relied upon to fulfil any pledges they have given. Their hostility is chiefly directed against their would-be rulers; and they have been known to welcome with hospitality the visits of foreigners to their villages, and to provide for them the best sport that could be obtained. But with the prospector they will hold no intercourse, regarding him as the precursor of evils which would in the end reduce them to the level of common coolies under a foreign yoke. It certainly speaks well for their virility that to-day, after more than three hundred years of foreign occupation, they still control a large portion of the island, and are in a position successfully to resist the advances of a people so determined and well organized as the Japanese.

The population of the lower foothills and the plains comprises Pehowans, otherwise known as civilized savages, Hakkas, immigrants from the province of Kwang Tung in South China, and

Hoklos from the province of Fokien, and Japanese. The civilized savages cannot as a rule be distinguished from the Chinese, whose national dress and coiffure they have adopted, though some few still bear the tattoo lines down the forehead, which are a distinctive feature of the savage tribesmen. The Hakkas are a hardy race, and live on the borders of the savage territory. They supply most of the workers for the camphor industry, and are the chief victims of the head-hunters. The Hoklos comprise the large majority of the Chinese population in the island. They have a distinct and less manly type of countenance than the Hakkas; the women bind their feet, while in their general life and customs, and above all in the dirt and squalor of their surroundings, they differ little from the Chinese on the mainland.

Formosa has been occupied successively by Portuguese, Dutch, Spaniards, Chinese, French, and Japanese. The Portuguese, who were the pioneers of European trade in the East, founded in 1590 a settlement at Keelung, and gave to the island its present name of "Isla Formosa" (Beautiful Isle). The Dutch landed in 1624, and remained in possession until driven out by the Chinese in 1655. During their occupation the island flourished and trade increased. They succeeded, as no Powers have ever done, in establishing friendly relations with the savages: they built many forts, one of which at Tamsui serves to-day for the offices of the British Consulate at that port. The prosperity of the island also attracted the Spaniards who established themselves at Keelung in 1627. For some years they were allowed to remain undisturbed, but in 1642, after the garrison had been much reduced, they were expelled by the Dutch. The Dutch themselves were the next to suffer from a reduction of their fight-

ing forces. In 1661, several of their ships having been withdrawn for the purpose of an attack on Macao, they were defeated by the Chinese pirate chief Koxinga, who, calling upon their forces at Tamsui to surrender, said, "This island was the dominion of my father, and shall descend to none other but myself. Foreigners must go." Koxinga then proclaimed himself king, but he died in the following year. He was succeeded by his brother, a weak man, who, after intriguing with the Dutch, was finally dethroned by the Chinese in 1683.

For more than two hundred years Formosa now remained a portion of the Chinese Empire. In 1884, during the war with France, certain of the northern ports were occupied by the French troops, to be handed back on the conclusion of peace in June 1885. The island did not thrive under Chinese rule. Under an energetic governor indications of prosperity would appear to produce, however, very occasional and no lasting effect. In their dealings with the savages the Chinese were singularly unsuccessful, and, the more valuable of the camphor forests being under savage control, this estrangement of the savage population led to further difficulties, and retarded the development of that most important industry. Between the European traders and Chinese there was continual friction. The mandarins as usual objected to any progressive policy which did not largely benefit themselves. They oppressed the people with arbitrary exactions, and, when the poverty of the mass drove many to rob and plunder, they were unable to protect the law-abiding.

Formosa was ceded to Japan by China in 1895 under the terms of the treaty of Shimoniseki; but notwithstanding its formal cession by the Chinese Government under treaty agreement, the occupation of the island

was for a time stoutly opposed. The officials knew that, under Japanese rule, their livelihood would be gone; but they saw in further, though probably futile, resistance an opportunity for self-enrichment. Encouraged, doubtless, by those in authority at Peking, they established a fresh Government, under the title of the Formosa Republic. On the 23rd of May 1895 an official declaration of independence was widely published, and ex-Governor Tang appointed himself President. The responsibility for this revolutionary movement was thrown upon the people, it being represented that everything was being done with their knowledge and consent. In reality, however, they were kept in complete ignorance throughout, and the prime movers were a select band of prominent and unscrupulous officials. The first duty of the new republic was to strengthen the island's defences and consolidate the forces at their disposal. A Mr. Waters, whose career had been somewhat varied, was appointed artillery instructor at a salary of £30 a month. His qualifications for the post had been gained in the various occupations of miner, barman, and prize-fighter; but in times of real necessity natural ability rises superior to special training or experience, and before long this Mr. Waters, once a champion pugilist in some American State, was appointed Minister of War to the Republic of Formosa. For a short time preparations were very active, and the Government were confident of success. Raw levies were enlisted and drilled, while—largely with the assistance of Viceroy Chang Chih Tung—considerable quantities of arms and ammunition were obtained from the mainland of China. But this outward show was only a thin veneer to cover the dishonesty of everybody occupying official positions. The story is told of one foreign contractor who, anxious to ob-

tain an order to supply Maxim guns, was compelled to reduce his tender to a price at which it would have been impossible to carry out the order with a reasonable profit. The guns were therefore supplied deficient in certain parts, which the authorities were informed could be easily purchased on the mainland, or could even be manufactured locally. There is no necessity to trace the shortlived fortunes of the republic. Its decline was, if anything, more rapid than its ascendancy. The officials levied taxes, which they misappropriated with the usual Chinese ingenuity, but from the outset they were unable to offer any resistance to the trained forces of Japan. The port of Keelung an important strategic point in the north of the island, was captured—somewhat in the same manner as Wei Hai Wei a few months earlier—by a turning movement overland. From there the advance to the capital of Taipeh was virtually unopposed, and, once this city was occupied, the work of subjugation was one of steady progress, checked by occasional outbreaks of plunder and brigandage.

As so frequently happens with a newly-acquired possession, the task of civil and political reconstruction is more arduous and anxious than that entailed in the prosecution of a successful war. This case was no exception. The Japanese found little or no machinery to carry on the work of civil government. The treasury was depleted, the records were in a state of hopeless confusion, titles to land were entirely undefined, and there was no survey on which to identify existing plots. The railways were of little use. Rolling stock and engines were in a most dilapidated condition, and the permanent way, which at the outset had been very badly laid, was in a state of absolute disrepair. There was no attempt at sanitation, and the filth and squalor of the towns were appalling.

The people, moreover, had, during long years, grown accustomed to this casual state of affairs, and they were ill-suited for the system and order that their new rulers were determined to introduce. At first sight it might seem that Japan's task was one of hopeless difficulty. She had no experience in colonization, and the state of her finances did not warrant any large additional and—at any rate for the time being—unproductive outlay. She had no large reserve of trained officials, no administrators of proved experience; moreover, the Chinese were ill-disposed, and the savages were unfriendly. But she possessed, on the other hand, all the energy and zeal of a country recently wedded to European ideas, and determined to push them with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. It is more than eight years since Japan embarked upon this task, and, now that success is practically assured, it is instructive to examine the methods that she has employed.

Two causes have contributed principally to her success: one the natural wealth of the country, the other the tractability of her new subjects. It is unfortunate that few Europeans, even among those whose lot is cast in the East, are at pains to ascertain the true character of the native races. For the most part they are led by popular phrases and catchwords somewhat after the same manner as the average voter is led to the adoption of Free Trade or Protectionist principles. Thus, in the case of the Chinese, it happens that because, as a race, they are cruel in the punishment of their criminals, dislike foreigners, and object to the importunate attentions of missionaries, they are, once and for all, classed as barbarians, without sympathy or feelings, and utterly undeserving of consideration or humane treatment. This attitude of mind is a pity, not only because it is impolitic but because it is

unjust. As a set-off to their faults they possess many good qualities, qualities to which Europeans aspire, but to which they frequently do not attain. The spirit of self-discipline is strongly inculcated among all classes; and they uphold a high standard of filial piety, which imposes upon children the almost imperative duty to support their indigent parents, to mourn for their deceased relatives, and to reverence their departed ancestors. Following, moreover, the ethical teachings of their great masters, stoical contentment has become an ingrained characteristic of the race. Whatever their lot in life, they accept it with happy philosophy and indifference; and they are not tormented by those feelings of ambition, vanity, and vexation of spirit, so fertile a cause of unhappiness and family trouble to the people of Western races. They are conservative in their ideas, and, though wonderfully organized as a community, they are unaccustomed to all the machinations of faction and political agitation. In contrast to the Indian and Malay, they are energetic and industrious, willing to work, and anxious to trade, exceedingly skilful as artisans, and most successful as merchants. At the same time, they are not suited for representative government. The spirit of individuality, merged as it is in the family, is weak, and corruption is in the very "warp and woof" of the national character. They despise the profession of arms, regarding armies not as an insurance but as engines of destruction; while their conservatism and aversion to reform handicaps them in competition with foreign rivals. But they are a people both easy and satisfactory to govern, and, under an enlightened rule, they make most excellent subjects. The Japanese were therefore fortunate to find people with these characteristics comprising the bulk of their new subjects. They were also not altogether

unfortunate in succeeding to a government whose essential features had been corruption and misrule, for, politically, they found their new subjects thoroughly unspolled, and, once the new conditions had been accepted as inevitable, in a proper frame of mind to appreciate any consideration that they might be shown.

So divergent are the opinions, among even the best informed, as to the form of government best suited for Eastern races, that it is interesting and instructive briefly to examine the methods employed by the Japanese, and the measure of success that has attended them. In general, their policy is based on the assumption that, however astute and businesslike the Chinese may be, and however estimable in their private virtues, they are, in their civic capacity, mere children, and should be treated as such. Their government, therefore, while it is absolutely firm and consistent, is decidedly paternal. They are at times overbearing and arbitrary, but on the whole they are just. In acquiring sanitary properties they give very inadequate compensation for the surrender of private rights. Though martial law is nominally removed, many of its most irksome provisions are still enforced. Every householder must be registered, domiciliary visits are frequent, and the absence of any inmates must be satisfactorily accounted for. But the success of any government must be judged not so much by the form of its laws as by their effect upon the subject, and the Chinese in Formosa to-day are thoroughly contented, and have no desire to revert to the yoke of their own unprincipled officials.

In addition to an industrious population, Japan has acquired in Formosa a possession abounding in natural resources. The principal products are gold, coal, sulphur, tea, sugar, and camphor. The camphor industry is a

Government monopoly, the combined produce of Japan and Formosa constituting the bulk of the world's supply. It is a product of considerable commercial value, being largely used in the manufacture of celluloid articles and certain classes of smokeless powder, and the manner in which it is collected and prepared is of unusual interest. From the earliest days of foreign trading camphor has been the chief cause of trouble between the Chinese and the savage tribes. The most valuable of the camphor-forests are within the savage territory, and each advance of the border line, made with a view of breaking fresh ground, has been stoutly contested. From time to time compromises have been arranged and concessions negotiated, but, as a rule, the savages have exercised sufficient foresight to see that any encouragement of the industry would entail the ultimate loss of their independence.

Owing to the extreme courtesy of the Japanese officials, I was permitted to visit certain camphor-forests lying in the disputed territory beyond the regular line of police posts, and a short description of the expedition may be of interest. It took several hours' hard walking from the foot of the hills to reach even the nearest of the camphor-stills. For some miles our route lay along the bank of the Tamsui river, which, flowing through the capital town of Taipeh, enters the seas at the port from which it takes its name. To the south the hills rose tier above tier, and in the distance towered the peaks of the highest ranges sharply outlined against the clear blue sky. On both sides the valley up which we passed was clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation of palms, bamboos, tree-ferns, plantains, and oleanders, vividly reflected on the still soft face of the olive-green waters below. In places the hills rose almost sheer from the water's edge, while large rocks, over-

grown with moss and lichen, overhung the river-bank. In other places the valley opened out, and, while the less steep hillsides were cleared for the cultivation of tea, rice, and vegetables, other agricultural produce was growing on the flat lands by the river-side. The special charm of the scenery was the entire absence of all monotony. The sombre vegetation on the hillside was broken by patches of light-green bamboos, recalling the color of a young larch plantation, by the downward course of some small stream, or by the outcrop of some giant rock clothed with the soft verdure of mosses and small creeping plants. Leaving the main river, we follow the course of one of its tributaries up a small valley, where, unfortunately, on one side all the vegetation had been cleared as a protection against the savage incursions. In the course of time we passed a rough hut which marked the farthest limits of Japanese occupation, and a little farther on we came upon a more substantial building, in course of construction, indicating a farther extension of their frontier line. From this point we saw, high above us on the hillside, almost hidden among the foliage, a small hut. This was the home of the camphor-workers. By this time we had entered the dangerous zone, and we took certain precautions, which, however unnecessary in reality, served, at least, to allay the anxiety of our guides. We loaded our rifles and proceeded in single file, a Chinese guide leading the way, along a narrow track with thick undergrowth on each side and dense foliage overhead. While the savages would hardly have attempted to attack a large party of our number, against a solitary traveller the advantage would have been largely on their side. A head-hunter will lie for days in wait for his victim, whom he knows must sooner or later pass a certain spot. Hidden among the dense foliage and

undergrowth, he shoots his enemy at a point-blank range, and then, rejoicing, brings back the head to his tribesmen, by whom he is received with every mark of approbation and respect. The danger in these districts is no idle one. In the neighborhood I visited forty heads had been taken within the past nine months; and I was shown a spot, not a quarter of a mile from the house where we sought shelter for one night, where two heads had been secured within the past few weeks. All the men, many of the women, even some of the children, are armed, and never move abroad without their weapons. Their armament was a quaint collection. Except among the officials no two guns appear to be alike, and, to judge by their shaky and dilapidated appearance, they could be little more than a moral protection to their owners. There is much to fascinate in the lives of these hardy Hakka tribes. Like the Scottish clans of days gone by, they live at enmity with their neighbors, each eagerly watching the other's disadvantage. They are freed from many of the annoying restrictions of civilization, and they know nothing of modern industrialism, its big towns, its poverty, and its vice. Their occupations are healthful and manly, the spirit of adventure wells strong in their natures, and their daily round is enlivened by the excitement of its attendant dangers. They are brave, unsophisticated, and obliging, and, as most pleasures in this world are to be measured by dangers braved and difficulties overcome, so their gratification must be intense when they have safely brought to market a valuable consignment of camphor, or saved their crops from the ravages of their savage enemies.

After climbing for some time the steep and slippery hillside in the direction of the hut we had seen from the valley below, we came upon a large

camphor-tree lying felled across our path. It was about four feet in diameter, and had been sawn longitudinally into two portions. Two men were engaged paring off, with a kind of gouge-shaped adze, chips measuring some six inches in length and about the thickness of one's little finger. The whole air was pervaded by a strong odor of camphor. A little farther up the hill we came upon the stills themselves, picturesquely situated by the side of a mountain stream amid the most luxuriant vegetation. The process by which the camphor is extracted from the wood is simple and inexpensive. The chips are placed in an iron retort and heated by a slow fire. The camphor-vapor given off from the chips passes along a bamboo tube into a cooling-box, where it condenses in the form of snowlike crystals. The cooling box is partially immersed in a stream of running water. The chips are renewed every twenty-four hours, while every eighth day or so the fire is extinguished and the crystals scraped off from the sides and bottom of the crystallization-box. The crude camphor is then placed in large tubs and allowed to settle. After a short time the camphor-oil, which is of a yellowish color, sinks to the bottom and is drawn off. The camphor itself, damp, and still containing a certain proportion of oil, is packed in bags, transported by coolies to some convenient centre, and thence to the refining factory at Taipeh. The camphor-oil, still containing a large proportion of camphor, is sent to Japan, where it is subjected to an elaborate and somewhat expensive treatment. In the works at Taipeh the crude camphor is dealt with by various technical processes of drying, heating, and evaporation, and is prepared as refined "A-grade camphor" or as "Improved crude." The value of the camphor monopoly, which extends to Japan as

well as Formosa, is very considerable, producing a revenue of about £300,000 a-year. The actual workers are paid for the crude camphor at the rate of £3 per picul of 133 lb. This sum, though it represents a considerable profit on their actual outlay and working expenses, is but a fair recompense for the risks to which they are exposed and the expenses incurred in the upkeep of armed guards for their protection. In the foreign market "A" camphor realizes about £10, 14s. per picul, crude camphor £9, 10s. Allowing for a reasonable increase in the world's demand, it is estimated that Formosa contains sufficient camphor to supply the world for another hundred years. At the same time, while the Japanese may probably control the market, it is not so certain that they can control the savages, and the development of this valuable asset depends equally upon the success which attends her measures for the pacification of these hostile tribes.

Next to the camphor in interest, and probably greater in commercial importance, is the tea industry. The quantity exported is small, amounting only to some 20,000,000 lb, per annum; but the prices obtained are, *pro rata*, higher than those of any teas in the world. The chief market is in the United States. Formosa teas are known in the trade by the name of "Oolongs," and possess a highly aromatic flavor, which the merchants declare is natural to the leaf, but which to an ordinary tea-drinker suggests the admixture of some flavoring matter. The trade in general, and the process of preparation in particular, are very primitive, differing widely from the up-to-date methods of India and Ceylon. In the latter countries from the time the leaf is picked to the final preparation occupies a period of about forty-eight hours. The factories are all in the centre of the tea-gardens,

and mechanical processes for rolling and dessicating are employed. In Formosa a week may elapse from the picking of the tea to the completion of the finished article. The tea-gardens, entirely in the hands of native growers, may be three or four days' journey distant from the capital town of Tai-pek, where the central factories, chiefly managed by European firms, are situated. In order to avoid fermentation during transit, the leaf, after picking, undergoes some preliminary and rather crude treatment at the hands of the native grower. It is sun-dried and fired in metal pans over wood-fires on no settled plan, but with the object of removing sufficient moisture to admit of its transit to the central market.

In this semi-prepared state it is purchased by the European firm, cleaned, sorted, subjected to further firing, packed, and exported. Among certain of the more progressive firms there is a desire to introduce machinery after the model of Ceylon and India. Others, equally well informed, deprecate any change, maintaining that the peculiar flavor of "Oolongs"—the cause of which has never been satisfactorily determined—is due to the slow and more primitive methods employed. This contention receives some support from the fact that, in spite of many attempts on the lines of Formosan experience, the growers in Ceylon have never succeeded in producing a tea equal in quality or flavor to the Formosa Oolong. For many years past Amoy has been the chief port for the transshipment of Formosan tea, and the prosperity of the port has chiefly depended on this important trade. But the improvement of Keelung harbor is seriously affecting the trade of Amoy. Every year an increasing number of direct shipments is being effected, and some merchants are considering the advisability of transferring their princi-

pal offices from the Chinese to the Formosan port.

As in the north of the island tea, so in the south sugar, is the important industry. Under favored tariffs and subsidies the exports to Japan are steadily increasing. Two large mills receive an annual grant, amounting to 5 per cent on the capital invested, while sugar-crushing machines are lent to farmers at cheap rates, and land for cultivation is leased on favorable terms. Japan, producing none, requires annually sugar to the value of £3,000,000. By means of preferential treatment she hopes eventually to obtain the bulk of this from her own colony.

The mineral wealth of Formosa consists of coal, gold, and sulphur. The gold is obtained chiefly from washings in the Keelung river. In 1901 the value of gold produced amounted to £160,000, for 1902 it is estimated at £250,000, and before many years certain persons, who are perhaps oversanguine, consider that gold will be the most valuable of the island's products. Coal is found in patches all over the northern hills of the island, but the seams are for the most part shallow and intersected by serious faults. All the working is surface-working of a primitive kind, and, if only on account of the labor difficulty, capitalists have not hitherto considered the erection of expensive plant expedient. In the valley to the north of the island there are rich sulphur deposits, and a steady trade in this article has for some time been carried on with the United States.

I have already referred to the methods employed in the treatment of the Chinese. Arbitrary though they may be, they are on the whole just, and so far have produced very satisfactory results. As to the constitution, laws, and machinery of Government, they are essentially European in character, and based on the model of our Crown

Colony administration. There are no representative institutions. The supreme authority is vested in the Governor-General, who is answerable to the Emperor through the Minister of Home Affairs. In matters executive he is assisted by a council composed of the heads of various departments and the senior officers of both the military and naval forces. Though he seeks their advice he is not bound to follow it. In matters of legislation he submits Ordinances to the Council, which, when approved, are forwarded for the final sanction of the Emperor. The more important officials are appointed from Japan, the remainder by the governor. For administrative purposes the country is divided into districts in charge of district officers, whose duties are somewhat similar to those of the district magistrates in India, and consist in the discharge of specially delegated administrative and judicial functions.

Large sums of money have been expended on public works, of which perhaps the most important has been the dredging and improvement of Keelung harbor. The outer anchorage has a good depth of water and sufficient accommodation, but it is open to the north-east monsoon, and in heavy weather the loading and discharge of cargo from lighters is dangerous. Formerly the inner anchorage was little more than a large mud flat covered by about four feet of water at high tide; but, for two years, three powerful dredgers have been working continuously until now a navigable channel half a mile long and twenty-four feet deep has been cleared, and a 3000-ton ship can lie alongside the railway wharf, which a few years ago was only accessible to small sailing craft. As this dredging continues more wharfage will become available. The port is being still further improved by the levelling of a small island and the reclamation of a considerable area of foreshore.

The opening up of this harbor will enable trade to follow the most direct routes and obviate the trans-shipments, which are now necessary, of Formosan produce at Amoy and Hongkong.

During their occupation the Japanese have greatly improved the internal communications throughout the island. Some 800 miles of new roads have been made. Large sums of money have been devoted to railway construction, and of the 250 miles projected, over 180 have been actually completed. The line from Taipeh to Keelung, twenty miles in length, had to be constructed *de novo*, it being found more economical to do so than to trust the trains over the shaky bridges and dangerous curves of the line made during the Chinese occupation. Great difficulties attend the completion of the line from Taipeh to Tainan in the south. The most formidable obstacles are two rivers flowing down a bed three to four miles broad, lying at least eighty feet below the level of the surrounding country. In the dry season these rivers divide into a number of small streams; in the winter the whole broad river-bed is one vast raging torrent, carrying down trees and *débris* from the hills above. Either the whole extent of the river-bed must be bridged or else the line must be diverted up difficult gradients over a hilly country, and taken across the river nearer to its source. Either alternative possesses great engineering difficulties. The work is at present interrupted, not, however, from any faint-heartedness but because the money advanced by the Diet for the work is distributed over a number of years, and all so far voted has been expended. Throughout, the line is well laid, the rolling stock, though insufficient, is serviceable, and, as in Japan, the fares are very cheap. An uncertain communication is maintained over the uncompleted section of this line by

means of trolleys running on a narrow gauge line about two feet six inches wide. The line is under the control of the Military Department, and is used chiefly for the transportation of military stores. I travelled on this line for about twenty-five miles, from the northern end of the broad gauge to the first of the rivers already mentioned. Here my journey was arrested, as most of the bridges had been carried away by a recent flood. It was an interesting and at times a thrilling experience. The carriage of the trolley has no sides, consisting simply of a plain floor about four feet wide with upright posts fitting into sockets at each corner. The trolley on the level or upon incline is propelled by two coolies, one on each side, pushing against these posts. Travelling downhill the coolies jump upon the trolley, while one of these posts, taken out from its socket and inserted through a loop projecting from each end of the vehicle, acts as a lever applying a brake, which, however primitive, is most certainly very effective. Downhill a speed of at least thirty miles an hour is attained, and at first the experience seems very alarming. The line is single, and when two vehicles meet one has to be taken off the track to allow the other to pass. The rule of the road is that everything gives way to military service. With private passengers the trolley least heavily loaded is supposed to give way. Conditions being equal, the course followed is decided either by the politeness of the passengers or by a wrangle between the coolies. Each trolley only provides, as may be imagined, comfortable accommodations for one person, though I saw on some as many as four passengers.

In marked contrast to China, system and regularity are everywhere the most conspicuous feature of Japanese occupation. The towns are very clean, and

outside every house is a box for the disposal of refuse. In the capital the better class of Japanese and the officials have formed a reservation within the walled city where they found more open spaces than immediately without the walls. They have planted trees and laid out broad regular streets. The residence of the Governor-General is an exceptionally imposing structure, and thoroughly European in appearance. Its somewhat meretricious grandeur may no doubt impress the population, but, for beauty, it compares unfavorably with the artistic buildings of the old Chinese governor's yamen not far distant; as indeed even the best of modern European architecture lacks the strength of design and grace of outline which so distinguish the buildings in China or Japan. Within, the Governor's residence is expensively but uncomfortably furnished after a European model. All the wood employed in its structure is Formosan; it contains billiard-rooms, ping-pong tables, electric fans, electric light, and other occidental conveniences, but it lacks all the repose and comforts of a Western home. During my short stay I was most hospitably entertained there by the Acting Governor, and met several of the prominent officials. Nothing could exceed their kindness. The dinner provided might almost be described as sumptuous; the wines were of the most excellent quality, the cooking was irreproachable, while the waiting would have satisfied the most particular of hostesses. This is the more remarkable when we remember that only on State occasions do these gentlemen adopt European ways, and the excellence to which they can attain is a striking testimony to their marvellous powers of adaptation.

The attitude of the Japanese towards European ideas is of special interest to the student of social change and progress. On the ship by which I

travelled from Formosa to Japan the first-class *ménage* was throughout in foreign style, and yet on inquiry I learnt that hardly one European travelled each trip, and that the majority, if not all, of the Japanese passengers would in their own homes be accustomed to Japanese food and modes of life. The arrangement, however inapplicable to their circumstances and tastes, seemed to form part and parcel of their deliberate adoption of Western systems. The police system in Formosa is most efficient, but the methods employed are often inquisitive and officious, and were it not for the amusement they afford they would be at times most annoying. At the hotels in Formosa, among a series of questions, to which the visitors must record replies, is one, "What is your condition?" The answers given by foreigners must be varied and amusing, and yet it is possible to picture some official carefully tabulating these various replies, and vainly endeavoring to derive therefrom some valuable scientific conclusion. In matters of finance their methods are sometimes possessed of the same puerile simplicity. A recent law imposed, under the title of a business tax, a large number of imposts, intended to fall chiefly on the capitalists and business men. Among the various items were taxes on "purchases," "sales," "contracts," "commission agencies," and "capital." These taxes did not take the form of stamp duty, but were a percentage on the amount of various transactions, and the scrutiny of business books—which would doubtless be falsified—was the only means of determining the correctness of any amounts actually paid. The tax on capital, amounting to one-third per cent, led to curious results. The revenue officers attempted to levy the tax on the capital of a large bank and insurance company, amounting to some three millions sterling, for which

one gentleman in the island happened to be the agent. When this gentleman pointed out to the authorities the utter unreasonableness of their demands, they were not in the least annoyed, in fact their attitude was almost apologetic. They confessed they did not quite understand the meaning of the law, and that their demands were more tentative than imperative; and, as this gentleman told me, these officials come down to his office day after day, discuss the question in a friendly spirit, and depart quite undecided as to what course to adopt. In the end they will probably accept a lump sum in full settlement of all their claims. These instances serve to show that the Japanese are in a state of transition from Eastern to Western ideas, and that, in some cases, they seem to be handling European customs without a full appreciation of their significance or their use. Time will no doubt remedy this defect; and it is certainly a happy augury for the future that they have even to-day sufficient sense not to push their unintelligent methods to their illogical conclusion. Their government in Formosa, moreover, compares most favorably with that of the Americans in the Philippines, where, with deplorable results, the latter have attempted to apply the constitution of the United States to conditions totally dissimilar and entirely unsuitable.

Foreign trade, including trade with Japan, has increased in value from £2,200,000 in 1896 to £3,800,000 in 1898. Since then it has remained almost stationary,—figuring at £3,700,000 in 1901—for reasons which, in the absence of much detailed information, it is most difficult to determine. A most reasonable assumption, however, is, that this initial and rapid increase between the years 1896 to 1898 was due to the abolition of all the restrictions connected with Chinese rule, and the

substitution in their place of honest and enlightened methods of government. By 1898 the real and immediate benefit of this change of government had been realized, and trade had reached its normal level. Since then Japan has been struggling with all the difficulties attendant upon the development of a new country. The attraction of capital, the diversion of trade from established centres, the education or importation of an industrial population,—these all require time, and until they are in some degree accomplished no substantial and steady increase in trade can be expected.

The revenue has risen from £200,000 in 1895 to £1,400,000 in 1901. Taxation amounts to about 11s. per head for general purposes, to which must be added an additional sum of 5s., approximating to the average amount raised in the prefectures for local purposes. A considerable proportion of the revenue (£400,000 in 1901) is derived from monopolies of camphor, opium, and salt,—opium yielding some £135,000. An attempt has been made to deal with the opium question on the same lines as in Burmah. The right to purchase and use the drug is confined to those possessing government certificates as opium-smokers. These certificates are renewed annually, fresh ones are granted very sparingly, and by this means the authorities hope that by the time the present generation of smokers have died off the use of opium, with all its deleterious effects, will have ceased to exist. So far these measures have in Burmah met with indifferent success, and it will be interesting to see whether the Japanese fare better in their most laudable and enlightened attempts to eradicate this most deplorable of vices.

The two chief and most serious obstacles to future development are the labor difficulty and the attitude of the savages. At present restrictions,

amounting almost to prohibition, are placed upon the immigration of Chinese, not for political or social reasons, as in America and Australia, but because a recrudescence of disorder is feared by the influx of bad characters from the mainland. The result is that wages of unskilled laborers stand at the abnormally high rate of 1s. 4d. a-day. One foreign merchant informed me that he had decided to defer the investment of a considerable sum of money in a local undertaking as long as this scarcity of labor continued. As the country is at present perfectly quiet and singularly devoid of crime, business men look forward with confidence to the removal of these restrictions and the restoration of normal conditions in the labor market. The establishment of friendly relations with the savages is a much more troublesome matter. There would probably be no difficulty in arranging for a delimitation of these borders or for some understanding with regard to barter and exchange; but the savages refuse to allow foreigners to settle within their confines, and they have

no desire, even for valuable consideration, to grant any concessions for the working of the resources they at present control. They wish for the fullest measure of independence. The Japanese naturally, as the sovereign Power, are unwilling to consent to any such *imperium in imperio*, and they only tolerate for the time being what they are unable to suppress.

The present is a critical time in the history of Japan. While she has made an alliance with one she is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with another of the Great Powers. Her own country is small, its resources limited, and she must expand if she wishes successfully to pursue the progressive ambitious policy on which she has embarked. Her hope and aspirations lie in a closer and a controlling union with China, in the reconstruction of the Chinese administration, in the reorganization of the Chinese army; and her work in Formosa shows that she possesses among her people those qualities of energy, patriotism, and determination so essential for the successful accomplishment of such a task.

Blackwood's Magazine.

FULFILMENT.

Before the quick'ning of the grass,
 When violets blow,
 And to and fro
 O'er folded buds the bleak winds pass,
 A thrush upon the elm-tree near
 Sings with reassuring sweetness,
 "Soon will end this incompleteness,
 When June is here! When June is here!"

Then over sodden garden-beds
 Drip summer leaves,
 While 'neath the eaves
 The roses droop their pale-pink heads,
 And hushed are drowsy insect-hums,
 Wood-pigeons coo, despite the rain,

"The sun will brightly shine again
When August comes! When August comes!"

Across the fields so lately gold
Creep mists that chill,
And gray and still
Calm twilight comes ere day is old.
Briefly the western crimson burns;
Then sounds the robin's plaintive chant,
"What fair things Mother Earth will grant
When Spring returns! When Spring returns!"

Chambers's Journal.

Gwendoline Jones.

THE "SELF-ASSERTION" OF JESUS.

I.

In two recent articles in this *Review* the endeavor was made to show that by a convergence of many different intellectual forces the thought of the Christian Church had been led to give new prominence to the historical personality and teaching of its Founder, and that, as the consequence of this, a new form of the Christian synthesis was emerging from the prolonged period of analysis characteristic of the past century, which was peculiarly adapted to the moral and spiritual crisis of the age. The central ideas of the historical teaching of Jesus were stated to be three:—the Fatherhood of God, His own necessary place as Mediator of the new filial life, and the Kingdom of God. In the discussion of the social and international outlook, emphasis was laid upon the moral and spiritual value of the third of these ideas, the Kingdom of God. It is, however, impossible to separate that idea from the other two. The entire teaching is an organic whole, and none of the three ideas can be fully understood without the others. We ask, for instance, how we are to conceive of the

Kingdom of God. Is it simply that "one far-off Divine Event, to which the whole creation moves" under the guiding influence of the Providence of God and the universally indwelling influence of the Divine Spirit, and which has always and everywhere been present in promise and in potency throughout the world? In that case we are under no necessity of thinking of Jesus as essential to the Kingdom in any other sense save that in which any of the great moral and spiritual leaders of humanity are essential to it, for as it in principle existed before Him, so it may in principle exist where His name and His influence have never penetrated. Or are we to conceive of the Kingdom of God as having a definite beginning in History, as having been actually founded by Jesus, as being still organically related to Him, and as being to-day a Divine Economy of grace moving onward through human history as the Gulf Stream moves within the chill Atlantic, or as the great world of organic life moves on in all its splendor and beauty amid the inorganic order? Here are two quite distinct conceptions, and

we can only determine which of them was the Idea of Jesus by passing from the Idea of the Kingdom of God to that which He held concerning His own Vocation, just as eventually we can only understand that latter Idea by passing on to His primary Idea of the Divine Fatherhood. That primary idea underlies our present discussion, but cannot be directly treated of within its limits. I shall confine myself here simply to the way in which Jesus conceived His own Vocation in the Kingdom of God.

The interpretation of the Personality of Jesus is the storm centre of the theological controversy of the present day, as it was of the first Christian centuries. Almost everything in our construction of Christian thought, it is felt, depends on the foundation on which we build, and the sense of the importance of this primordial problem has given rise to many theories of that Personality. But, broadly regarded, all these theories may be grouped in one or other of two classes. One of these we may, without further hesitation, call the Humanitarian; the other, for want of a better name, we may, in the meantime, call the Transcendent. By that latter name I mean to indicate the view that underlies both the great traditional views of Sacerdotalism and Evangelicalism, using the latter term in the broad sense in which it is used on the Continent. At the heart of Evangelicalism and Sacerdotalism alike there lies the conviction that, negatively, the Personality of Jesus is inexplicable in terms of ordinary human and historical life alone, and, positively, that in Him in a unique fashion God has drawn nearer to men, and through Him has established new relations with them which are as truly unique as is the Personality of His Son. This great common ground of traditional interpretation of the Personality of Jesus will, I trust, define itself more clearly

as we proceed with our study of the problem.

The Humanitarian view is familiar to all who are acquainted not only with the scientific theology, but with the general culture of the age, for it has, at the present moment, the *Zeit Geist* on its side. It teaches that Jesus Christ is simply the summit spirit of Humanity, the highest interpreter of the great unchanging, spiritual environment of the soul, and of the laws of that soul itself. Such an interpreter may be compared with a discoverer in natural science. A scientific discoverer penetrates more deeply into the secrets of the vast Cosmos than did his predecessors, but he does not change that environing world by one iota, he simply explains it. The order which he expounds was always there, the tangle and confusion were simply in the mind of man, and the total effect of the scientific discoverer is upon that struggling human mind alone. His task is to bring thought into juster and truer relations with the unchanging environment. It is after this fashion, and, perhaps, to some extent, unconsciously under the influence of this analogy that our age tends to conceive of all the great moral and spiritual teachers of the race. On this view they are, one and all, simply pioneer discoverers of the unchanging and inviolable spiritual ground and order of the world. All the change which such spiritual teachers stand for or effect is within the souls of men. By the action of such teachers the human soul and the social organism become more intimately adapted to the standing spiritual order, or are brought into closer fellowship with its mysterious Source. Where that Source is conceived of as personal and free, this general view is in two respects modified. First, as human character rises under the influence of religion. God is conceived of as meeting the advance with answering approval and increas-

ing love, and in this mediate fashion the great religious teacher may be viewed as effecting a change in the spiritual environment of the soul. Or, again, the Humanitarian Theist, like Dr. Martineau, may say that all human discovery in the moral and spiritual sphere is due to divine revelation, which is conditioned by and proportional to the moral progress of the seer. God's revelation lies round every man, he would say, like a besieging sea. Human aspiration, prayer and striving lift the sluices and let the ocean in. It is at this point that Humanitarianism approaches nearest to the traditional view,¹ but it does so, it appears to me, at the expense of taking up elements alien to its true genius, for if we admit the presence of a transcendent, intervening Divine Agency coming in from without into the individual life at all, we are already in principle carried beyond the modern world view with its rooted objection to miracle, and its conception of everything human as explicable in terms of evolution and uniformity. Yet Dr. Martineau is at one with other Humanitarians in denying that Christ is anything more than the supreme interpreter of the one uniform spiritual Environment and of Him who is its Source, the highest of the great series of Founders of Religion, the man who has been led farthest up the Mount of Vision into the zone of morning light. Such, in outline, is the Humanitarian explanation of the Personality of Jesus.

The question now immediately before us is this: Does the theory afford an adequate explanation of the primitive Christian consciousness, or of the self-consciousness of Christ, as we may

reach them by fair use of the Epistles and the Gospels?

It is, clearly, to a great extent out of harmony with the everyday Christian life and thought of the Churches as we know them. It is true that Humanitarianism, in its Theistic form, has much in common with such teaching and life. It shares with them their belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Law of Self Sacrifice for the Common Good, and the Immortality of the Soul. But there is one element, at least, in the Traditional teaching which it is unable to assimilate, and that is what it believes to be an exaggerated estimate of the Personality of Jesus. In his famous "Address to Divinity Students," in the year 1838, Emerson gave striking expression to this revolt. "In this point of view," he says, referring to the Divine nature of the human soul, "we become very sensible of the first defect of historical Christianity. Historical Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. As it appears to us, and as it has appeared for ages, it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love. But by this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man. The manner in which his name is surrounded with expressions which were once sallies of admiration and love but

¹ There is, of course, great variety of standpoint within the general Humanitarian view, as there is also within the Transcendent. The right wing of the former approaches the left wing of the latter. The beautiful Eirenicon with which Dr. Drummond closes the series of "Hilbert Lectures" and some things which Dr. Martineau has said in his less controversial

writings approximate to certain forms of the Transcendent view. None the less the distinction between Christ as simply Interpreter, and Christ as Interpreter and Mediator, between Christ as simply Revealer of new truth about God and the moral order, and Christ as "God manifest in the flesh" seems to me deep and vital

are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous sympathy and liking." Through many pages of this brilliant address Emerson reiterates his thought with a force of expression which shows how profound was his revolt alike from the orthodoxy and from the Unitarianism of his day, which at that time, in this respect, stood much closer to orthodoxy than is at present the case. Now as a simple historical fact it cannot be denied that that element in Christian thought, against which Emerson protests as foreign to its true genius, dates back from a very early period in its story. We can go back at once to the first Christian centuries, and say of their controversies and creeds, as of their devotional writings and hymns and ritual, that from his point of view they "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." There is not one of the centuries, not the simplest and earliest, to which this criticism does not apply, not one of them in which the Humanitarian view could live and move within the Church without a painful sense of oppression and rebellion. Still further, if we pass back from the ages of Christological discussion and creed-making into the vital and genetic period of Christianity, the age of the New Testament Epistles, we find that the same thing is true here also. Scientific exegesis has long ago broken down the earlier Humanitarian endeavor to prove itself in line with Apostolic Christianity. It is true, of course, that we find in the Epistles no such clear and dogmatic expositions as we find in the Nicene, Athanasian and Chalcedonian Creeds. What we do find, however, is that these Epistles everywhere express and suggest those questions which the Creeds answer in terms of the philosophic thought of their time. It is absolutely incontestable and indubitable that from Emerson's point of view the Apostolic writ-

ings "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." Their thought, indeed, is always circling around this theme, returning to it ever and again, and, Antæus-like, deriving new strength and boldness from its return to its ground. It does not, in fact, appear as if this element were a "noxious" and alien ingredient of their thought at all, but rather as if it were something primitive and vital.

We carry our inquiry a stage further, therefore, and pass up into that mysterious *annus mirabilis* of Christianity in which such mighty spiritual forces were awakening in obscurity and silence, and whose records are found in the Gospels. Do these records sustain Emerson's protest? Is the Jesus whom they depict such as Humanitarians believe Him to be? Up to a certain point we may gladly admit that He is, and that they have done the common cause invaluable service by bringing this human element into new light and prominence. This is the great and conspicuous service that Humanitarianism has rendered to historical Christianity. Its protest has been needed as an element in the thought of Christendom, and as a "reagent" its services have been invaluable. But as its contribution has been made and absorbed, it has, to my thinking, become increasingly clear that this solution is far too bare and simple to account for the riches of the Personality of Jesus Christ. On that view, as we have seen, He is simply an interpreter of the standing spiritual order, a prophet of the great truths of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Law of Love. Now, if such be His sole function, plainly the only morally fitting attitude on His part must be to use every resource of the teacher to make these priceless truths luminous and imperative to His disciples, and then to stand back and let their light shine upon them.

We recognize that this is the true attitude of the man of science in proclaiming the truths which he has discovered. Why is it that we feel that the whole story of the discovery of the Origin of Species is so honorable to both Wallace and Darwin? Is it not just because there was no petty self-assertive wrangling between the two great thinkers as to priority of discovery. We feel that here there was a moral greatness shown that befitted the greatness of the occasion. We feel that this is the true tone of Science, to be so impressed by the greatness and majesty of truth that there is no place for personal claims. So, too, it is a note of moral greatness in practical affairs when for some great cause a man is willing to be despised and forgotten. A recent writer² has put the matter admirably: "There are qualities such as hypocrisy, altogether irreconcilable with virtue, destructive of it in every sense; there are others, and obtrusive self-appreciation is one, irreconcilable with the *highest* virtue. We are thrilled by Danton's cry: 'Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre'; 'let my name be blighted: let France be free,' because it strikes the note of self-forgetfulness. Whether genuine for him or not, we say, 'that is the tone in which men should speak; this indifference to personal interest, this absorption in the service of a cause,'"

Not otherwise is it with the great moral and religious teachers of human history. Who can imagine Socrates making his own personality the centre of his teaching? He has too shrewd a measure of his own limitations, and, I may add, too keen a sense of humor to be guilty of such a moral lapse. Yet how mighty was the personal influence which came to him unsought. He is, in this respect, a hero of the true Hu-

manitarian type. It is a figure of this kind, but with a deeper insight and a more tender sympathy, that Humanitarians wish to find in the Gospels. So, too, the dying Buddha said³ to his disciples, ere he passed away to his Nirvana: "It may be, Ananda, that in some of you the thought may arise: The words of our Teacher are ended; we have lost our Master. But it is not thus. The truths and the rules of the Order which I have taught and preached, let these be your teacher when I am gone." The personality had passed away into Nirvana for ever, but the truth remained.

It may be said, however, that the man of science and the prophet are not on the same footing as regards their power of enforcing the truths which it is their mission to proclaim. The man of science can summon to his aid the accepted principles of logic, and can force conviction on every open mind by argument and evidence. But the prophet moves in a different sphere. He gains his new truth, not by reasoning by which he can convince others, but by insight, which cannot be imparted by any logical process to his followers. Hence, unlike the man of science, he must speak authoritatively, must use the full weight of his life and personality in forcing his truth home on dull and unenlightened hearts. The distinction is a true one. We may readily admit that the spiritual teacher must speak with an authority that would be unnecessary and unbecoming in a teacher of Science. He is the spokesman of an imperative law, and his message is not simply to the intelligence but to the conscience and heart of his hearers. Now in both the cases just cited, the case of Socrates and the case of Gautama, these teachers, it may fairly be said, were as much akin to the man of science as to the prophet.

² Dr. Forrest's "The Christ of History and Experience," p. 57. 1st Edition.

³ Monier Williams' "Buddhism."

The Athenian sage believed that all sin was due to ignorance, and that the truths which he taught were to be learned by dialectic. The Buddha also taught that evil was due to illusion, and his life work, as viewed by him, was not so much the taking away of guilt as the dispelling of misery by the destruction of illusion.

A closer analogy, in this particular respect, to Jesus, it may further be argued, lies before us in the Founder of Islam, who made the truth of the Unity of God a burning and shining reality for the Arab races by making his own personality the centre and rallying point of their faith. The first article of the creed of Islam, "There is no God but God," has become a great force in the world only because of the second, "Mohammed is the prophet of God." That is true. There is unquestionably in the soul of man something which welcomes the note of authority in its religious teachers, something, too, which hails the thought not only of new, but of final revelation from God. This authority and finality Mohammed claimed. His career and the course of Islam, I believe, furnish the most striking example of the thesis that no man, however spiritually enlightened beyond his contemporaries, has the right to put his own personality forward between God and His Truth and the Soul. It is, however, necessary to define strictly the limits of the personal self-assertion of the Founder of Islam. He never claimed to be more than the greatest and the last of the prophets; he never dreamed of asserting his own sinlessness; his last dying cry was for "pardon;" in a word his claims are far lower than those which, according to the Gospels, were made by Jesus, who declared that he who was but little in the Kingdom of God was greater than the greatest of the prophets, who said that He would return again as Judge of all

flesh, and who instituted a memorial feast to perpetuate the idea that His blood was shed for the remission of sins and to keep His own Personality living in the memory of His followers. Yet, attenuated as were the claims of Mohammed in comparison with those of Jesus, history has demonstrated that they were far in excess of his rights. The curse of Islam to-day is that it is so chained to its founder. It reproduces him only too faithfully in its polygamy, its intolerant cruelty, its insatiable love of power. That he raised the world around him to a higher level is, indeed, true; but the tragedy of the later history is that the world has moved beyond that level, and that Islam cannot move with it because its Prophet's self-assertion has bound his followers not only to the great and high truths which he received from God, but to the evil survivals from the past which were also elements in his complex personality.

So, too, this excess of self-assertion is the key to the moral deterioration of Mohammed himself, as well as to the corruptions of his religion. The gift of prophecy is the noblest of God's gifts, but it is also the most dangerous. The man to whom is granted a new vision of Divine truth is privileged beyond the other sons of men, but he is safe only so long as he realizes in every fibre of his nature that he is nothing and that God is all. The moment that pride because of his privilege creeps into his heart, the moment that the *ego* asserts itself unduly, in that moment the soul's tragedy begins. The clue to the strange paradoxes of Mohammed's personality, his early struggles for virtue and religious reform and his growing self-indulgence, his humane and generous nature and his astounding cruelty, lies here. It is the story of the progressive ruin of a soul through pride. "When once he dared to assume the name of the Most High as the seal and au-

thority of his own words and actions, the germ was laid from which were developed the perilous inconsistencies of his later life."⁴

For the true type of the spiritual interpreter we must look elsewhere. What is the noblest type of purely human teacher of religious truth, the true attitude of the most enlightened human spirit to whom God has granted a fresh vision of Himself, of His Purposes, and of Human Duty? How should such men bear themselves towards their fellows? What should be their self-estimate, their bearing towards God? We have an answer to these questions in the great phenomenon of Hebrew prophecy. We may say that historical criticism, like the archangel's spear, heals the wounds which it has made, for modern study of the Scriptures, by focussing attention on the prophets in the Old Testament and on the Personality of Jesus in the New, has given us a better understanding of the profound difference between them. As we study the writings of the prophets, we see with perfect clearness that while they speak with authority in the name of God, that authority has clearly defined limits, which are never crossed. They claim only to be interpreters of the Divine Order of the world and of the Divine Nature in which that Order inheres. In the light of this insight they interpret the past, they forecast the future, and they mark out the true line of present action. But their claim to authority is limited solely to the specific message, the "Word," or the "Burden," which they believe themselves commissioned to deliver. They never dream of going beyond this, of making their own personalities authoritative, and therefore mediatorial, or of asserting finality for the revelation which they bring. Rather does each of them rejoice in

being only one of a great series of revealers of God's Will. He is one of the prophetic order. He receives the prophetic tradition, adds his share, and hands it on to the next whom God may raise up to explain His unfolding Counsel to His people. No one who is familiar with their writings can fail to be impressed with the clear distinction which they draw between themselves and the Divine Message. With pathetic humility they confess themselves to be "men of unclean lips," weak, erring, sinful men, to whom God has committed a Revelation, terrible and glorious, which they must proclaim. There is here a profound and significant difference between the prophet of Islam and the prophets of Israel. Mohammed founded a spiritual tyranny, personal and autocratic to the core; the Hebrew prophets stand forth as the interpreters and statesmen of the great Theocracy, who are each summoned by Jehovah to do his part in his day and generation, and then to disappear, leaving the work to other hands. Who can imagine an Isaiah or a Jeremiah desiring to leave his name as a battle cry of faith? The prophets are nobly above all such personal claims. They are too absorbed in the terror and splendor of the Divine Counsel to dream of intruding their own personalities between God and man. The note of each prophet is, "Let my name be blighted, but let Israel be holy." They are one and all inspired by the spirit of the prayer of Moses: "O, this people have sinned a great sin. . . . Yet now if Thou wilt forgive their sin . . . and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." It is this absorption in the Divine glory and self-forgetfulness in presence of what is greater than they that give them their peculiar moral grandeur.

Contrasting thus the prophetic attitude with that of Mohammed we cannot fail

⁴ Muir's "Mohammed," p. 507. 3rd Edition. 1894.

to discern its superior nobility. We are sure that this is the true temper in which men should speak of things so great. It marks the very utmost limit to which the tone of religious authority can lawfully go in any merely human teacher, however spiritually enlightened he may be. If we believe that the prophetic message was true, we shall also believe that they did not pass that limit. They had a Divine Commission to fulfil, they fulfilled it, and then gladly and humbly laid down their burden. Such is the ideal attitude for the religious teacher.

Now the contrast between the attitude of Jesus and that of the prophets is the more remarkable when we remember that it was on this prophetic literature that His own soul was nurtured. We can see from the extant records of His teaching how deeply imbued His mind was with the peculiar thought of the prophets, how frequent are His allusions to their very language. His ideals of God and of true human life were largely formed under their influence. That they were for Him the greatest among the sons of men is shown, moreover, by the unique place among those sons of men which He gave to the only one among His contemporaries whom we can say that He actually *admired*, the great Baptist. In the Baptist He saw the old prophecy resurgent in its noblest form. To Him those prophets were the *élite* of their nation, the men who expressed its very genius and soul. Had Jesus, then, been in His own view one of that great series of prophets, which, when all is said, is what the Humanitarian theory demands, we should assuredly have found in Him the same spiritual note that we find in them, "Let my name be blighted, but let Israel be holy."

But unless the Gospels give us a wholly misleading account of Him, that is certainly not the case. They

represent Him as saying, in the most explicit way, that the Baptist is much more than a prophet because he is the forerunner of Himself, and, further, that the least among His followers is greater than John. They show Him constantly saying things about Himself which far outstrip the claims of Mohammed, or of any of the other great Founders of Religion, habitually assuming that faith in Himself and not simply in His particular teachings is the necessary condition of the New Life in His followers, and that unbelief in Him is the great sin of His people. They show Him asserting the right to forgive sins, and finally predicting His own return in power and glory to control the world and to judge all nations. The four Gospels, in fact, are full of this element. It is either expressed or implied throughout almost the whole teaching of Jesus. If these records are faithful then it is incontestable and indubitable that Jesus, on Emerson's view of Him, does "dwell with noxious exaggeration" about His own Personality. If He said the things about Himself, therefore, which they report Him to have said, if He assumed the spiritual attitude to His disciples which they represent Him to have assumed, it is not surprising, nay, it was inevitable, that Christian life and thought should from the first have taken the course which we know that they have taken and which Humanitarianism deplores. But, obviously, if it be so then the appeal which Emerson makes from the Churches to Jesus is no longer possible, and we must hold Him responsible for an overweening estimate of Himself and an abnormal self-assertion which have wrought disastrous results in the spiritual and intellectual life of mankind. But, as we shall see, a conclusion so radical as this is irreconcilable with the general impression which the personality of Jesus makes upon every morally enlightened mind.

This is in truth the great difficulty of Humanitarianism, and we have now to consider the way in which it has been met.

Plainly, the line of least resistance is to question the accuracy of the records. First of all, it is quite clear that the strategic necessities of the case demand the negation of the historical accuracy of the Fourth Gospel. To enter upon any adequate discussion of that great and intricate question here is, of course, impossible. I shall not use the witness of the Fourth Gospel in developing the argument of these articles, simply because considerations of space forbid. I believe it, however, to be an Apostolic source, and to give a true picture of the inner teaching of Jesus. But leaving that great and difficult question on one side, let us ask this other: Can the character and teaching of Jesus as they are pictured in the Synoptic Gospels be brought within the limits of the Humanitarian theory? It will not to-day be questioned that if these records are to be taken as they stand, the Personality of Jesus cannot be so explained. But the minute analytic criticism of the Gospels which has sifted them line by line, which has decomposed and recomposed them a hundred times, that necessary work of analysis of the sources which was an essential preliminary to the rejuvenescence of theology, has to some extent made obsolete the old proof-text method of using isolated passages to demonstrate what Jesus said and thought. It is always possible, to-day at least, to bring a battery of critical authorities to bear upon any particular saying in the Gospel, to prove either that it is capable of two meanings, or that it has been altered in translation from Aramaic into Greek, or that its absence from the "*Logia*" or *Ur-Marcus* makes it "suspicious," or that the Evangelist had some preconceived idea which led him to misunderstand the

meaning of Jesus. The critical movement, in fact, has raised such a whirl of dust that some find it very difficult to see anything distinctly at all, and one very eminent scholar has reached the conclusion that we can be certain only of some half dozen sayings of our Lord, these sayings being selected on the principle that inasmuch as they seem to go clean against the traditional view of His personality they could not have been invented and must, therefore, be original. Hence, it is always open to an objector, at the present moment, to make out a possible case against almost any particular saying which seems to tell decisively against his theory. In answering him one may be able to establish only a counter probability, and so in the stress of a multitude of such discussions the cumulative weight of a great number of probabilities is apt to be forgotten.

But there is one way at least of bringing the whole question as to the self-assertion of Jesus to a clear issue. What was His relation to the Messianic faith of His land and time? Did He believe Himself to be the Messiah? Did He make that claim? If He did make that claim what did it necessarily imply? I venture to think that the question here raised is of far greater importance than is even yet generally recognized. It is now more than half a century since the historical genius of Baur detected and gave emphasis to the great part which the Messianic Idea has played in the development of Christian doctrine. In his masterly survey of the causes which led to the growth of the new world religion, he gives it due prominence. He dwells first on that side of the teaching of Jesus in which the Humanitarian finds its essence, the interpretive element, which is concerned with truths about God and the soul. He then proceeds as follows:⁵

⁵"The First Three Christian Centuries," Vol. I., p. 37. Eng. Edition.

And yet had Christianity been nothing more than such a doctrine of religion and morality as we have been describing, what would it have amounted to, and what would have come of it? True though it be when we regard Christianity in this aspect, that it comprised and summed up those pure and simple truths which utter themselves in man's moral and religious consciousness, and that it opened up these truths to the common mind in the plainest and most popular style, yet more than this was needed. A form was needed for the religious life to grow up in as a concrete structure. A firm centre was required around which the circle of its disciples might rally, so as to grow into a fellowship which should be able to win dominion over the world. When we consider the way in which Christianity grew up, it is plain that it could have had no place nor significance in history, but for the person of its Founder. How soon must all the true and weighty precepts of Christianity have been numbered with the words spoken by many a friend of humanity and philosophic sage of ancient times, had not its doctrines been made words of Eternal Life in the mouth of its Founder. But we cannot help asking, with regard to the person of Jesus, what is to be considered as the secret of the importance it has attained for the whole of the world's history? However powerful we may conceive His personal influence to have been, it must have acted from a certain point or fulcrum supplied by the circumstances of the place and time. Without this it could not have produced that effect on the mind of the age which enabled the work and influence of an individual to set on foot a movement so extensive and profound, and exercising such an influence on the whole life of mankind. Here, then, is the point where Christianity and Judaism belong to each other so closely, that the former can only be understood in the light of its connection with the latter. To put it shortly, had not the Messianic idea, the idea in which Jewish national hopes had their profoundest expression, fixed itself on the person of Jesus, and caused Him to be regarded as the Mes-

slah, who had come for the redemption of His people, and in whom the promise to the fathers was fulfilled, the belief in Him could never have had a power of such far-reaching influence in history.

That Baur is right in thus emphasizing the immense importance of the Messianic element in the historical development of Christianity seems to me certain. It was this that made the new religion from the outset not primarily a philosophy, or an ethic, or even a system of spiritual truths, but a living religion with power over the masses of men. It is now recognized on all hands that in this identification of Jesus with the Christ there is found the tap root of Christian doctrine. It is, to vary the figure, the element in its life which has from the first led it into different ways of thought from those in which Humanitarianism can find itself at home, which has made it not simply a new teaching, but a religion of mediation, a religion which, in Emerson's view, "dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." Baur's contention is undoubtedly the true one. Somehow or other, primitive Christianity had become possessed by the conviction that Jesus was the Messiah, and out of this came the peculiar faith and life and thought of the Christian Church.

But we cannot, of course, stop at this point. We must ask how the Apostolic Church became so possessed by this conviction. Did the Apostles at this critical point understand or misunderstand Jesus? The progress of historical inquiry is gradually bringing this question into increasing prominence, and it will, I believe, become perfectly clear that this is no secondary question to be lightly slurred over, but that the answer to it is of absolutely vital moment for the true interpretation of His character. Its importance lies here. We have seen that in the synop-

tic Gospels there are many reported sayings of Jesus which, as they stand, clearly indicate that He assumed a place in the spiritual order inconsistent with the Humanitarian reading of His Personality. These may be attacked in detail, their historical authority questioned and their apparent force weakened. But it will all be of little avail if Jesus actually declared Himself to be the Messiah, for if He were capable of doing this then He was also capable of saying these other startling things. They belong to the same type of self-judgment, and form with it a coherent and definite whole. It is, therefore, inconsistent to object to these sayings on the one hand on *a priori* moral grounds and at the same time to accept the fact that Jesus claimed to be the Messiah: a latent inconsistency which seems to me to run through a very large part of modern Humanitarian criticism of the Gospels, and which the prolonged and minute investigation of the period which has been going on for more than half a century, is slowly but remorselessly bringing to light.

To Dr. Martineau, in England, belongs the credit of having first discerned the critical importance of this question; and in his book on "The Seat of Authority in Religion" we find, with all its historical shortcomings, the most thoroughgoing endeavor to deliver Humanitarianism from its dilemma. His solution is simple and drastic. He fully admits that the Apostles accord to Christ a place incompatible with the Humanitarian solution, and would, I suppose, have no quarrel with the statement that they "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." But he accounts for all this by regarding it as a Jewish survival. Just as the earlier Brahminism lived on beneath the surface in primitive Buddhism, and worked itself to the surface in the apotheosis of the Buddha,

so, I suppose, he would picture to himself the survival of Messianic and Apocalyptic ideas in the Epistles. But he carries the same principle much further. He finds the same phenomenon in the synoptic Gospels to a far greater extent than modern criticism, as a whole, has been prepared to admit. Messianic beliefs, he says, were in the air. There was a positive Messianic obsession in the minds of the disciples and Evangelists. They would have it that Jesus was the Messiah in spite of all that he could do to prevent them from falling a prey to so hateful a delusion. Thus the Evangelists are wont to pervert the simplest sayings and deeds of Jesus, with perfect honesty, no doubt, but with entire inaccuracy, none the less. Jesus himself never claimed to be Messiah, but shrank with repugnance from the thought. Of that Dr. Martineau is certain. He did not claim to be Christ, because He was not the Christ, and a man of the greatness and nobility of Jesus could not claim to be greater than He was or than man could be. Inspired by this conviction, Dr. Martineau goes through the Synoptic narratives, having disposed of the Fourth Gospel after another fashion, and reconstructs their narrative in his own way. The most stubborn facts yield to the *élan* of his analysis, and disclose the most unexpected meanings. The confession of Peter at Cæsarea Philippi, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," with Christ's reply, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven," becomes, through an ingenious use of Mark's account, a rash assertion by Peter of his faith in Jesus as the Messiah, and a stern repudiation of the title on the part of Jesus, "Silence, you are never to say such a thing!" The Triumphal Entry is dissolved into an accident of travel. The

wearied Jesus finishes His journey to Jerusalem by riding into the city on an ass, while the blinded multitude read into the incident an ancient prophecy, and hail Him King. As for the many incidents and sayings recorded in the Synoptic Gospels which imply an authority more than human, they are one and all read back into the life of Jesus by the disciples and evangelists. As we read the confident and brilliant pages of the venerable writer, our interest in his argument gradually fades. The whole adventure, we feel, is too desperate to have any practical result. He has decided the case on other grounds than those of criticism. Our interest, therefore, naturally passes from the subject matter to the writer, and we ask, How has he come to hold this determining conviction? What was it which forced this strong and high-minded thinker, to whom our age owes so much, into a position so singular? For the facts groan and cry out under such treatment. We feel that by such critical methods almost anything could be proved. We may fairly say that the assertion that Jesus never claimed to be the Messiah is to-day one of the eccentricities of criticism. It has, of course, been denied by others than Martineau, but by very few. There is almost no fact of the Gospel history that has not been so denied. But that Harnack's verdict, "This part of the Evangelic tradition appears to me to survive even the keenest examination," a verdict which he has

* This already brings us to the other designation which He gave of Himself, the Messiah. Before I attempt to explain it, I ought to mention that some scholars of note,—and among them Wellhausen,—have expressed a doubt whether Jesus described Himself as the Messiah. In that doubt I cannot concur. Nay, I think that it is only by wrenching what the Evangelists tell us off its hinges that the opinion can be maintained. The very expression, Son of Man—that Jesus used it is beyond question—seems to me intelligible only in a Messianic sense. To say nothing of anything else, such a story as that of Christ's entry into Jerusalem would have to be simply expunged

reiterated in even more decisive form in his later work,⁶ is the true one does not seem to me to admit of reasonable doubt. But Martineau's argument, unconvincing as it may be, has a very peculiar interest. How did he find himself in such a position that it was needful for him to cut his way with such desperate trenchancy through the documents and through the greatly preponderant consensus of even his critical allies? There is an extremely interesting series of letters in his recently-published "Life and Correspondence" which throws much light on this psychological problem. As I think that it lays bare the real stringency of the Humanitarian dilemma, I shall venture to quote from it in some detail.

In a summary of certain unpublished lectures delivered between 1840 and 1845 Dr. Martineau is represented by his biographer as "always assuming that Jesus was the Messiah," and as believing that He so represented Himself to His disciples.⁷ Later,⁸ in a review of F. W. Newman's "Phases of Faith" (1850), we find that he has abandoned his own view that Jesus was the Messiah, while he retains the conviction that Jesus Himself believed it. He now shares his friend's views on both these points. But he is grieved at the conclusions detrimental to the character of Jesus which Newman draws. "It was not without personal pain," says his biographer, "that Mr. Martineau observed the destructive character of the conclusions which Mr.

if the theory is to be maintained that He did not consider himself to be the promised Messiah and also desire to be accepted as such. Moreover, the forms in which Jesus expressed what He felt about His own consciousness and His vocation become quite incomprehensible, unless they are taken as the outcome of the Messianic idea. Finally the positive arguments which are advanced in support of the theory are either so very weak, or else so highly questionable, that we may remain quite sure that Jesus called Himself the Messiah."—"What is Christianity?" pp. 130, 131.

⁷ Vol. I., p. 171.

⁸ p. 212.

Newman had reached. Their main divergence was in their estimate of the character and historical position of Christ. To the end of his life Mr. Martineau retained the profoundest veneration for Christ, and the attitude of a disciple towards Him; and, though he has been accused of 'destructive criticism,' his aim was always to destroy the lower in order to preserve the higher, and by a just historical method to clear away the accretions which obscured or distorted that grand and unique personality." How then did Martineau, in this second phase of his thought, deal with Newman's attack on the character of Christ? He argues that "such fallibility in matters of intellectual and literary interest as every theory must allow which leaves to the inspired prophet any human faculties at all, or any means of contact with his age and nation" is compatible with a true revelation of God through a morally perfect character. On this ground, his biographer says, "It was maintained by him that, though the claim to be the expected Jewish Messiah had no basis in reality, it was not indicative of any moral imperfection, for due allowance must be made for the vague and ambiguous meaning of the word 'Messiah' . . . and if Jesus never positively denied the political functions of the Messiah, an infallible moral perception detained Him from every tendency to realize them." In a later review of a new edition of "Phases of Faith," in reply to Newman's continued assertion that there was an undeniably arrogant tone in Christ's Messianic claims, his biographer says that, "Mr. Martineau accepted in part the answer that Christ had all these prerogatives, and it was only truth and reason to claim them." Plainly his mind was not at rest on the subject, and the leaven of Newman's criticisms was at work, for his biographer con-

tinues, "He qualified this acceptance by the statement of his conviction that the present Gospels exhibit this oracular and Messianic character of Christ's teaching in great excess of the reality." But he was unable to remain content with this position of unstable equilibrium. Nearly forty years later, in a letter to Mrs. Humphrey Ward about a paper which she had written on "New Forms of Christianity," we have the final result of his life thought. He says, "The inner life of Jesus will not, I fear, work the sequel as you describe it. The supposed pretension to the Messiahship breaks the identity and changes the whole moral attitude and relations of the personality. His message hitherto had been that the time was at hand for the kingdom of righteousness on earth to which, in common with His compatriots, He devoutly looked; He stood in regard to it on the same platform with them, and took it home to Himself, while delivering it to them, marking His fellowship by sharing with them the baptism of repentance. Now by a sudden transformation He appears in the character of *the King*, the secret being revealed at the same moment to Himself and to Peter, and allowed to break out, and rend the air of the approaches to Jerusalem. This total change of function, this leap upon a throne, with legions at command, and sentences of irrevocable destiny to pass, it is impossible to make continuous with the character of the Galilean man of God. His message then was one of self-abnegation; now it is turned into one of self-proclamation, a claim and not a service. And that claim, if really made by Him to others, must carry in it what they understood by it—the coming in the clouds of Heaven, the downfall of the kingdoms of the earth, and all the scene-shifting of 'the last days.' And all these elements of the contem-

* "Life," Vol. II., pp. 240, 241.

porary Messianic belief are attributed to Him by the same Evangelists who make Him appropriate the Messianic office at all. They must, in my judgment, either all be taken or all be left. . . . I quite agree with you in referring the 'sentences of self-assertion' ascribed to Jesus to the moulding influence of the disciples' belief. But what higher degree of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?"

This letter, every word of which deserves to be carefully weighed, is simply a summary of the argument expanded in much greater detail in the volume on "the Seat of Authority in Religion," published two years earlier. In that book we find Dr. Martineau's whole view of the development of Apostolic thought wrought out with a vigor and a rigor which disclose his sense of the gravity of the position. We find that he has come thoroughly over at last to F. W. Newman's view that if the synoptic narratives are trustworthy, no possible defence of the character of Jesus on this point can be made. He must in that case be deemed guilty of overweening self-assertion, of irritation, of unpleasing self-consciousness, of "dwelling with noxious exaggeration about His own personality." But, having granted this, Dr. Martineau now pursues an altogether different course from that of Mr. Newman. The character of Jesus has made too profound an impression upon him for Mr. Newman's conclusions to be open to him. It was impossible for one of his lofty, spiritual genius to be contented with the solution that satisfied the somewhat narrow and acrimonious spirit of his friend. We cannot, for instance, imagine Dr. Martineau saying that Fletcher of Madeley was a more perfect character than Jesus.¹⁰ On the other hand his intellect was too penetrating not to see that the

admission of Christ's own faith in His Messiahship involved either such a moral revolt as Newman's, or the acceptance of such a view of the Founder of Christianity as would lift Him above the ordinary historical categories, and make Him something more than a mere teacher of new truths about God and the Moral Order. Either he must change the fundamental theoretic view of Humanitarianism, or he must hold Christ guilty of an arrogance and self-delusion that would lower Him from His place in the hearts of men, or he must cut his way through the documents. Dr. Martineau was unable to face either the first or the second alternative, and so he adventured on the task of explaining the Gospel history afresh. I have quoted these passages at length because they seem to me to lay bare the real heart of the whole problem discussed in these pages. The progress of criticism is bringing us face to face with Dr. Martineau's difficulty. If we cannot rank him high among critics, we may gladly accord him a very high place among the thinkers who can work truths out to their conclusions, and see how they are inter-related, and an even higher rank among those fewer and rarer spirits who are gifted with moral and spiritual insight. That he saw the true issues as few among the Humanitarians of to-day see them, I believe as certainly as that he chose the wrong way out of the entanglement. His clear perception of the moral supremacy of Christ, and his equally clear perception that the Messianic claim, however much it might be attenuated, was inconsistent with goodness of the purely human type should, I venture to think, have led him to widen his theoretic view of the world, rather than to do violence to history.

But are we right in laying so much stress on the view of even so eminent a religious thinker as Dr. Martineau?

¹⁰ 'Phases of Faith,' p. 210. Ed. 1850.

"What higher grade of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?" Was it not in the peculiar circumstances of the age a very natural error for a spirit so peculiarly gifted as that of Jesus? Are we not going too fast when we say that for Him to make such a claim either convicts Him of a spiritual crime against human liberty or proves Him to be more than man? Have there not been many men who claimed to be the Messiahs of Judaism, and have there not been men like the Bab or the Mahdi in Islam? The case of the Bab may at once be ruled out. In his day and land the Monism of Islam had run out into Pantheism, and his assertion of Divinity had therefore an entirely different significance from the assumption by Jesus of an authority practically divine, in the spiritual climate and soil of a stern Monotheism. But had not Palestine many false Messiahs in the age of our Lord? Yes; but it was one thing for a Barcocheba to assume the office of a Messiah, another and a wholly different thing for Jesus of Nazareth. To the Zealot the Messiah was a political and warlike figure, and any bold and fanatical adventurer who thought he could liberate his people might lay claim to the office, half-deceiving and half self-deceived. There is no more mystery about such figures than there is about the Mahdis and Khalifas of our own day. History ranks none of them high, either in the moral or intellectual scale. But the truly extraordinary thing is that such claims to the obedience and religious devotion of his followers as the Messianic claim implied should be made by Him who spoke the Sermon on the Mount, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son, to say nothing of the discourse which the Fourth Gospel represents Him to have spoken in the Upper Room. What, in its essence, was that Messianic hope which the teaching of

the prophets had created? To these prophets the coming Messianic age was the goal of all God's ways with Israel and with the Gentiles. It was a cosmic event. It "completed the history of the world." It was due to the intervention of God working more gloriously in His world than ever before. It was a new epoch in the history of God as well as in the history of man. Sometimes this "one far-off divine event" was pictured by them as due to the immediate intervention of God, or at least nothing explicit was said of the Messiah. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Divine Grace and Power were conceived of as mediated by the figure of a Personal Deliverer and Vicegerent of Jehovah. The saving and delivering Power of God were personalized and focussed in the figure of Him who was to come. The vagueness of this latter conception, its apparent wavering between earth and heaven, rendered it possible for narrow and earthly minds to vulgarize it, and to conceive of the Messiah as essentially a Warrior Prince. When the blessings of the Kingdom were conceived to be secular prosperity, glory and power, the Messiah was naturally conceived of after the same fashion. Now it is just with this rooted, secularized prejudice that we see Jesus struggling all through His earthly ministry. It is the key to the ambiguity and reticence of His earlier teaching as to His being the Christ. It was needful for Him to make plain the real nature of the Kingdom before He declared Himself its King. That He did both seems to me luminously clear. Conceive the nature of the Kingdom, then, as Jesus conceived it, and as He revealed it in the Sermon on the Mount. Think of His revelation of the Father, and of the Soul of Man and its true life. Think of the profound spirituality and inwardness of the whole. Eighteen centuries have added nothing to it. Its

full realization is still far in advance of the highest human spirits. What are its blessings according to Jesus? The Forgiveness of Sins, the Fatherly care of God, Communion with God, Brotherhood, Participation at last in the world victory of the Kingdom. It is the highest hope of the Prophets spiritualized and extended. "He that is but little in it is greater" than the last and greatest of the Prophets. Now for Christ to say that He is the Messiah of such a Kingdom as that is obviously a very different thing from the claim of a Barcocheba to be the Messiah of a kingdom of the sword. Little more is implied in that claim than the power to fight and conquer by the favoring grace of God. But for Christ to associate Himself with the personalizing strain of Old Testament hope, while at the same time He defines the Kingdom as He does in the Sermon on the Mount, is unquestionably, it seems to me, to declare Himself to be the Mediator of the Divine Life to the human race. What possible meaning can we attach to His Messianic claim in the context of His teaching but this? Can anyone say what it does mean, if it does not mean this? It follows, inevitably, that among the virtues of the kingdom—purity of heart, love to God, love to man, and the rest—we must place faith, love and obedience towards Himself—in a word the acceptance of Him as Saviour, and the owning of Him as Lord. When once we have reached that conclusion, and have thought out what Mediation and Finality really imply, we can see that nothing new and startling is added by the thought that He is Judge of all the Earth. The claim to be Messiah and the strange isolated sayings which assert His unique place in the spiritual order fall together in a complete unity. They are parts of the same general view. We may, in fact, with confidence make Martineau's judgment

our own: "What higher grade of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?"

It is clear, I think, that we have here the true roots of the "noxious exaggeration" with which, it is asserted, the Church has always thought of Jesus. He is Himself, I believe, directly responsible for the peculiar cast of Christian life and thought. Christianity reproduces Him here as certainly as Islam reproduces Mohammed, and on the bare Humanitarian view the Christolatry of the Christian Church must be traced to the overweening self-estimate of its Founder, as surely as the polygamy and tyranny of Islam must be traced to the sins of its Prophet. But are we, indeed, shut up to so repulsive a conclusion? If Martineau's way out of the dilemma is impossible for us, is that of F. W. Newman in any way more possible. That writer says frankly that we must recognize that Jesus had an overweening estimate of Himself, and that when that was touched, He was irritable and hard. Can that view be equated with what we otherwise know of the character and teaching of Jesus? Of that every earnest man must form his own conclusions from the study of the Gospels. The first disciples were put in practically the same position as we are in this matter. We know the conclusions which they reached. They had such confidence in Jesus that they took Him at His word. The moral impression which He had made upon them was so profound that it carried with it conviction as to the truth of His Messianic claim. I am content to make the same profession. The total impression which Jesus makes upon the human soul seems to me overwhelming, and Newman's solution preposterous.

It is only the total impression that can carry conviction, but one point may be referred to separately. Every

student of comparative ethics knows the peculiar emphasis which Christian morality lays upon the self-suppressing virtues. A new virtue appears in the classical heathen world with the new religion—the virtue of Humility. This quality of patience, gentleness, self-repression, lowliness, true magnanimity, is essential to the Christian type, and of it the Apostolical writers habitually adduce Jesus as the great example. The case for it is indeed stated by Jesus Himself with a paradoxical vividness which causes the gravest difficulty to many minds, because it seems to them unpractical and over-driven. Now this is surely not the type of ethical teaching which could ever come from a character of the kind which Mr. Newman describes. There must be something radically wrong with a construction which leads to such results as these. What is it then which is wrong? What is the initial error which leads to the critical violences of Martineau and the moral contradictions of his friend? It is the postulate with which they both start; it is the fundamental theory of Humanitarianism, the theory which assumes that Jesus can be explained by the same principles as explain Zoroaster or Gautama or Mohammed, that like them He is simply a great Interpreter, a Revealer of new truths about the unchanging spiritual environment of the soul.

We are shut up, I believe, to another explanation of the facts. If the Humanitarian view be the true one, if Jesus be simply a man, like the Founders of the other great world-religions, then authority of the kind which He asserted would indeed be spiritual tyranny, a tyranny traceable to His overweening estimate of Himself. But the Transcendent theory starts from different premises. It holds that the Personality of Jesus was absolutely unique, and, therefore, that the analogy between Him and the founders of other

religions, while valid and illuminating up to a certain point, is inadequate. The founding of the Kingdom of God, to those who hold this view, is not simply a historical development, but a great Cosmic Event, which finds a partial analogy in the first appearing of Organic Life in the physical realm, or the emergence of Self-Conscious human life in the animal world. The Apostle Paul, indeed, goes further and compares it to a new creation. On this view the Personality of Jesus is essentially that of the Mediator of the Divine Life. Let us, for the moment, and for the argument, suppose that His Personality is of this unique kind. Let us suppose that faith in Him, acceptance of His authority, the whole personal element of love, trust, reverence, obedience, really initiated His disciples into a higher and nobler life of communion with God, a life which at every point was maintained, and increased *pari passu* with the maintenance and enrichment of the personal relation with Himself; let us suppose that the Spiritual Universe was actually so ordered by God; would it not then be His bounden duty, His Divine Vocation, to make this momentous spiritual fact plain and clear to men. If so, how could He better do it than by following just such a course of action as the Gospels represent Him to have followed? On such a view the paradox between His self-assertion and His humility would disappear. He might with perfect consistency say, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father," and, in the same breath, "I am meek and lowly in heart." On the view thus provisionally suggested we can illustrate the solution of the paradox from human life. Take the case of a Monarch, who by the historic traditions and the institutional structure of a nation represents its national life, or a President, who by common consent is the representative of a great common-

wealth. Such a man may in spirit be humble and self-forgetful, but none the less under the sense of historic vocation he may assert and maintain his rightful place and refuse to tolerate any usurping and presumptuous rivalry, which would disable him from doing the work with which the nation has entrusted him, or wrong the honor of the people through its representative head. Yet, St. Louis on his throne, or Lincoln in his Cabinet, may be in essential spirit a humbler man than the ragged beggar at his gates. The self-assertion of the ruler may spring from natural arrogance, but it may also spring from self-denying love for his people, and a clear perception that its welfare depends on the maintenance of social order, an order to which his vocation is necessary and vital. Self-assertion in itself is not a vice. It may be a heroic virtue. Everything depends upon its motive, and whether or no

The Contemporary Review.

there is reality behind it. The explanation which the theory of Transcendence gives of the Self-assertion of Jesus is that there was Reality behind it, and that Jesus followed the course which He did follow because it was His Divine Vocation, the only way in which He could adequately reveal His Father's will and redeem the souls of men. It is here, I believe, that the only adequate solution of the problem is to be found. It is only if we grant the unique and peculiar Personality and Relations to God and Man of Jesus Christ, that we can understand the picture given by the Gospel records and harmonize their apparent contradictions.

The questions as to the admissibility of the view thus provisionally suggested and as to its contents raise considerations of another kind, and are reserved for further discussion.

D. S. Cairns.

REST.

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.

I think it is not rest from toil alone
That doth await us in our Home above,
The while we kneel before the great White Throne,
But Love.

Love which shall calm the restlessness within,
Love which shall ease us of these hearts oppressed—
Love which outlasts death, and the grave and sin,
Is Rest.

C. D. W.

THE PESSIMISTIC RUSSIAN.

In estimating the special racial characteristics of a nation certain traits are curiously apt to make an abiding, though exaggerated, impression upon foreign onlookers. Such traits, to the complete negligence of others equally existent, frequently become proverbial abroad, albeit to the individuals of the nation in question they scarcely appear to have any special prominence. Thus *pessimism* is the distinctive attribute universally applied to Russia, and yet nine intelligent Russians out of ten would be very much astonished, if not aggrieved, were they informed that they come of a pessimistic race.

To begin with, comparatively few of the opinions expressed by foreigners upon Russia and the Russians are based upon information obtained by direct intercourse with the people or a personal knowledge of the country, and certain it is, that if we approach the Russians by the medium of their art, by their literature, for instance, or by their paintings, their music, a deep note of sadness is often, though not always, predominant. English critics have been at pains to account for this minor key, especially prevalent among Russian novelists, by pointing to the enslaving autocracy of the governing powers of the Empire. And yet, whilst the autocratic power of the Tsar was never more rigorously enforced than in the "blood and iron" reign of Nicholas I., it still remains a fact that it was during this very same reign that Russia conceived and brought forth her Griboyedov and her Gogol, two brilliant disciples of humor and laughter, and her first great masters of satiric comedy. On the other hand, it is equally true that the

comparatively benignant, promising, humanitarian reign of Alexander II. produced the grievously bewailing Turgueniev, and the dismal, tragic Dostoyevsky. This bewailing spirit and dismally tragic tone of Russian novelists is, after all, in many instances considerably modified by what has been very graphically termed the "humor of style," a quality impossible of reproduction in translations. To the absence of this covert humor in foreign renditions of Russian writers may be due, in a great measure, the want of a full and correct estimate of the national character abroad.

Why then, is it because so little is known about Russia that the saddest corners of Russian life are to be taken as an average picture? The typical Russian, it must be observed, is decidedly no "happy medium" individual. His character, if correctly analyzed, will be found to embody two diametrically opposed natures. He is capable of being strung up to the highest pitch of hilarity, or else he is run down to the lowest note of melancholy and despair. *Dousha na raspashké* (heart and soul oblivious of consequences) is, after all, the sum total of his character. He is absolutely unlike himself unless he is rushing with headlong enthusiasm after an extreme ideal. Thus, in politics, he flies from Autocracy to Nihilism; in religion, from Orthodoxy to Stundism or Tolstoyism; in travelling, from the springless tarrantass to the luxurious *train de luxe*; in literature, from Poushkin to Maxim Gorki. "Is this perhaps the consequence of the richness of the Russian virgin soil, which slumbered during so many centuries, that no seed can germinate in it without growing up to its extreme

height?" asks Prince Volkonsky, in his extremely interesting *Lowell Lectures*. "You occasionally meet a man or woman who exactly embodies the Russian soul—a nature which is open, rich, luxurious, receptive, warm, without glow or heat, but which gives the impression of inexhaustible exuberance," answers Dr. Georg Brandès, in his equally interesting *Impressions of Russia*. The trait, however, which struck the latter personally more strongly than any other among the Russians, was what they themselves called *une large franchise*, a broad and proud frankness. Nowhere else are men and women occupying the most advanced places in culture heard expressing themselves so openly and without reserve. And behind this frankness lies a sense of horror and hatred of hypocrisy or cant, and a pride which shows itself in carelessness, so unlike English self-conscious stiffness, French prudence, German class pride. It is difficult to conceive any man taking his pleasure more keenly and with greater zest than a Russian. At a ball, for example, he will rise to a pitch of excited enjoyment unequalled even by an Englishman's state of tension over a football match. The Russian cannot understand the Englishman's stolidism of taking his pleasure seriously. But, on the other hand, he can sit at a card-table for twelve long hours at a stretch with his mind all the time engulfed in speculative problems of Bridge.¹ He is also on occasions quite ready to blow out his brains at the disgrace of being struck in the face in public by an inferior. It is to the social mania for card playing, possibly the inevitable consequence of the dearth of outdoor amusements, that the Russians themselves ascribe the main cause of the lethargic side of

their temperament. "The Russian is melancholy, yet not sullen in solitude, like the Englishman. It is a melancholy pervading the community. It is this which easily glides into sectarian mysticism" (Brandès' *Impressions of Russia*).

"This rush from one extreme to the other," as Leroy Beaulieu pertinently remarks, in a very instructive chapter of his *L'Empire des Césars*, "finds a singular analogy in the sharply defined phases of the Russian climate." It is indeed by no means too far a theory to consider the national temperament and character of the Russians as a direct reflex of the climate of their country. Roughly speaking, you have but two seasons in Russia. A long, intensely cold monotony of snow-clad winter, abruptly succeeded by the sudden blaze of a brilliant though brief summertime. Russia is the one country in the world which experiences within her boundaries moments of almost tropical heat driven back and chilled by a stern blast straight from the Arctic North. These quick changes of climate so totally alter the whole aspect of both landscape and atmosphere, that only when one has witnessed the winter and summer solstice in Russia can one understand her physical strength and weakness. So, also, only when one has studied a Russian man, and it may be more especially a Russian woman, in the grasp of a host of conflicting emotions, will one have a clue to the true national character. To summarize this character as chiefly pessimistic would be to leave out three-fourths of its component parts. And the more minutely we analyze the human characterization and the subtly-drawn typically national types of such writers as Poushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgueniev, Tolstoy,

¹ A correspondent of the "Novosti" lately adduced statistics to show that the average sum expended annually on card-playing and its ac-

cessories, in the clubs alone, exceeded by 7 million roubles the Budget for national education.

or Gorki, not to mention a number of lesser authors, the more does this come home to us. There is hardly one of their *dramatis personæ* but has within his or her individuality a broad-toned major key as well as a pensive minor cadence.

The keynote of the national temperament of extremes in the Russian was sounded as early as the sixteenth century in one of the first characters which has become universally famous in Russian history. This is *Ivan Groznoy*, commonly known as *The Terrible*, or, to give the adjective *Groznoy* its nearest English equivalent, "*The Thunder-Threatener*." As Belinsky, the critic, aptly expresses it: "The greater the soul of a man the more it is capable of undergoing the influence of good, and the deeper its fall in the abyss of crime the more does it harden in evil. Such was Ivan." There were enigmatical depths of passion in this man's nature, alternating, as it were, with unaccountable periods of actionless apathy. At certain moments he could be guilty of an animalism or a cruelty which seems to overlap human possibility even in those rugged, remote times which form a fitting background to his life; whilst at other periods he was almost feminine in his diffidence. We get quaint contemporary pictures of him weeping, not at his sins, but at the touching spectacle of his own actual repentance for his misdeeds. There is a whole world of psychological research in this Ivan's personality. Small wonder, then, that the apparently irreconcilable contradictions of his character have been a lively theme of dispute for Russian historians; a never failing subject of the art utterances of latter-day Russian writers, musicians, and painters.

It is a melancholy fact that the highly-strung, impressionable nature of the Russian youth from the outset has little or no chance of a healthy mental

development. The system of education and training existent in Russia is apt to turn youth into manhood before it is well out of its teens. Overloaded with a multitude of subjects for study at the gymnasium (preparatory high school), working, almost without respite and even during holidays, for the dreaded annual official examination, the young gymnast is taxed to the utmost of his mental capacity, and his weary brain begins early to sap the vitality of his moral senses.

At the university, which is within reach of the poorest students (the sons of the wealthy matriculate in military academies), the process is reversed. Close compulsory study is replaced by voluntary attendance at lectures. A career of freedom from guardianship both in and out of doors, with a surplus of idle hours, awaits the young emancipated gymnast. He now suddenly finds himself master of his time for study, and the door of easy access open to free enjoyment in self-indulgence and dissipation. Russian universities are not residential, and the students, chiefly drawn from the provinces, live in lodgings, often on very short allowances from home, which they have to replenish to make ends meet by giving private lessons. Hence, with no restrictions, no community of interest in outdoor games or sport, the new-fledged student, fresh from the trammels of gymnasium life, feels like a bird suddenly let loose from the cage he was hatched and bred in. Small wonder then that after a three years' course, mainly of carousing, the matured young man enters upon his life's career satiated with the frivolities of town life, and *blasé*.

A book on the modern Russian student has very recently been published in St. Petersburg, where it has created a troubled sensation. Its author, Boris Gegidzê, is himself an ex-university student, and is springing into fame as

an author of the Gorki, Andreyev, Veristayev, and Abrov school. According to his view "Life in the gymnasium ends with 'drink.'" That in the university begins somewhat as represented by the following opening scene: "Last night I stayed in jolly company at the Aquarium (*café chantant*) till 3 A.M., therefore. . . ." The lectures at the university begin at 8 and 9 A.M. and the above-quoted opening soliloquy of Volodya, the student initiate, is taking place in bed at 10 A.M., whilst he is leisurely perusing his morning letters, one of which starts him on an edifying train of thought. A fellow-student apprises him of a *piquante* acquaintance made by him a couple of weeks ago at a public dance. After an exhaustive dissertation on "the ravishing" charms of her youthful attractions and *naïveté*, he incidentally gives the address of his newly-discovered Desdemona. Volodya is, thereupon, suddenly inspired with the noble idea of robbing his friend of his prize, and his matutinal hours are leisurely spent in the highly elevating mental solution of the Byronic problem how to attain his desire.

Amongst the peasantry in the villages climatic influences and the want of either physical or mental exercise are, perhaps, more disastrous than in the towns. Young and old for more than half the year find themselves confined in wretched one-room cabins, often lighted by a chip of wood only. The impossibility of whiling away the long hours with any kind of occupation must inevitably conduce to a melancholy condition of mind and body.²

The want of sufficiently nutritious food makes the blood thin, the stimulants against the cold make the temperament nervous. Passivity becomes a fundamental trait, which is sharply

and clearly manifested in the popular amusements. While the Spaniard takes his pleasure in bull-fights, either as participant or spectator; while the Englishman has his football, the Frenchman his *petits chevaux*, the German his *Kegel-bahn*, the Russian finds no happiness in any kind of vigorous sport or amusement. His chief delight is to listen to a hand-organ or harmonica playing; to swing or to ride on the switchback or the ice-hill, of which he is the inventor. In every Russian *tractir*, where common or better class of people assemble to enjoy the national food and to drink tea, there is invariably a great automatic organ, sometimes reaching to the ceiling, and equipped with a very fine musical power of reproducing all the instruments of a full military band. The visitor orders at his will an overture or an air of a popular opera, or a waltz, to suit his taste, for which there is no charge.

To the unhealthy and enervating conditions add the extreme poverty of the peasantry, the ineradicable effects of their long subjection to serfdom, linked with the many disappointments of their present state of quasi-freedom. With all this in view, the wonder is not that the peasant is pessimistic, but, on the contrary, that he is as stolidly good-humored and jovial as a near acquaintance proves him indeed to be. His choice of songs, again, and his manner of singing them, suggest a far from pessimistic temperament, and in his national dances, such as the *Kazatchök*, or the *Kamärinskaya*, he exhibits the same delight and animated enthusiasm as is displayed by his superiors in the exhilarating *Mazoürka* of the fashionable ball-room.

To sum up, a Russian is an open-minded and open-handed man—an ugly

² The Board of Industry and Trade's latest statistics show the annual consumption of paraffin for lighting purposes, including street light-

ing, in the country and villages to be less than 5 lbs. (about $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon) per head of the population.

foe, if you like, but a fast friend where he respects. In business and commercial transactions he is apt to display an Oriental indifference to moral responsibility. For we must always recollect that the Russian is half-Asiatic; that he has one foot in the Occident and the other in the Orient; that he can hardly be approached from our point of view. He is, above all, a

The Fortnightly Review.

realist, and eschews the slavery of conventionalism. His hospitality, universally proverbial, is, as in the mansion, so in the humble one-room cabin, as genuine as it is free from imitative "ritualistic" form and ceremony. His urbanity and his consideration for others, says an English critic, is a national trait which other nationalities might do well to imitate.

Alexander Kinloch.

LEASEHOLD MARRIAGE.

One of the most striking, if not the most dangerous, signs of the day is the want of mental anchorage. Formerly people argued, as it were, within constitutional limits. That is to say, certain institutions were accepted; and discussion being always carried on within understood bounds, often produced definite results. Nowadays the landmarks have been pulled up. Nothing is so fully accepted as indispensable as to be beyond attack, which need not always have an adequate motive. Whenever anybody is hurt, that which hurts him is condemned offhand, even though it be something by which the majority benefit, which is the result of a natural law, or which is an institution at the very basis of society. Because a few starve, philanthropists ask whether there is such a thing as a right to property, even if you have created it, as, for example, a few speculators created the Bedford Level; and whenever the working of law induces hardship, law itself is argumentatively condemned. The gossip papers, for instance, have recently been discussing the question whether marriage as now existing does not produce more suffering than happiness. If discussion is always beneficial, which is the assumption of a whole section of modern journalism, there is no particular objection

to this one, though to be useful it would seem to require writers of more skill than at present engage in it, and facts of a rather broader kind than those produced as evidence. Even the great writer, however, when he does join in the *mêlée*, would be the better for a little more "constitutionalism." Mr. George Meredith's suggestion in the *Daily Mail* of Saturday last would not ameliorate the institution of marriage so much as upset it altogether. If he is not laughing in his sleeve at his audience—of which there is no sign—he suggests the replacing of marriage as it has been understood since the beginning of European civilization by a sort of leasehold contract,—by unions, that is, terminable or renewable at intervals, say of ten years. The dissolution, as we understand him, is not to be a matter of judgment, or an event which can be avoided—as, for instance, the right of practically free divorce is avoided in many of the American States by the majority of the respectable population—but is to be brought about by mere effluxion of time. There may be a remarriage, but the first marriage will cease after a period to bind. The children are to be provided for by insurance guaranteed by the State, which it is obvious must, if the marriage is dissolved, take charge

of them till they can earn subsistence for themselves.

One wonders whether Mr. Meredith has really thought out his suggestion, or whether he has only thrown it out in the pure wantonness of a prolific mind. If it is serious, a more mischievous one was never flung broadcast among a miscellaneous audience. Cannot Mr. Meredith see that it would terminate alike women's independence and their happiness? The necessity for so conciliating the man that he would be sure to renew the contract would reduce them to a sort of unrecognized slavery. If he did not renew it, the woman would be flung upon the world with her charms to a great extent faded, with her household dissolved, and with the breadwinner under no obligation to render her further support, and, indeed, with an incapacity of doing so. Mr. Meredith, we suppose, knows the world well enough to be aware that in the immense majority of households there is no surplus money, and that the husband with a new wife and a new family could not, for want of means, support the old one. Or is he, perhaps, thinking of a separate marriage law for the educated and the prosperous! The arrangement for the children would be utterly ruinous, for they from childhood would have no home training, would be, in fact, children brought up in a more refined pauper workhouse. As for their duty to their parents, which even a century ago was considered in Europe the first of obligations, and is still so considered in Asia, how is it to be paid when parents, and even the relation of parentage, have disappeared? All ties of relationship, all the immense mass of interests which are bound up in the question of inheritance, would disappear, and the country would be full of whole clans of youths and maidens in the bitter position now occupied by illegitimate children. Mr. Meredith will, of course,

reply that, as the marriage will be renewable, his privilege of periodic divorce—for that is what it amounts to—would only be claimed by those who found in their incompatibilities grave reason for parting; but he might just as well say that the enjoyment of a short lease is equivalent to that of a freehold. The uncertainty which would hang over every family, the absence of that continuity which of itself produces the habit of affection, would poison every household, and foster the irritations which are the usual motives for parting. At present the woman is always secure if she keeps straight, and the man is always secure if he only abstains from adding cruelty to treachery,—a preference in our laws against which, though it is defended by so many statesmen, and by one argument which we do not care just now to discuss, the *Spectator* steadfastly protests. As you descend in the scale of society, and the burden of children is more felt—witness the endless tide of suits for desertion—the effects of uncertainty would be still more cruel, and the position of women deprived of their homes so absolutely intolerable that marriage would be avoided as too much of a dangerous speculation. The women would have given up their independent means of livelihood, and never be certain that they had acquired another. Just think for a moment what the position would be if the contract had been three times renewed, and husband and wife were fifty.

We have so far avoided the religious argument because we are conscious that to men who make proposals of this kind it seems an unfair one. But the Western world is still Christian, and Mr. Meredith must be well aware that this is one of the few subjects upon which Christianity issues an unmistakable social mandate. We do not know what Christ thought of patriotism, or many other of what are called

the masculine virtues; but we do know that He explicitly commanded that one man and woman should adhere to each other, and should not separate save on the ground of infidelity. We also know that He strengthened this command—if for Christians that were possible—by an appeal, which He seldom made, to the unwritten revelation which in all times and places has been found absolutely true,—that the sexes are born so nearly equal in numbers as to constitute practical equality. It is rather a serious thing to assail a law based upon sanctions such as these, and so justified by experience that the higher the race the more resolutely it has rejected polyandry, polygamy, and free divorce in order to relieve the woes of a section of humanity who are more noisy than numerous, and whose numbers would multiply tenfold under the remedy suggested. It is vain to defend such suggestions as purely speculative when we are aware, as all publicists must be aware, that the sanctity of marriage, both as a religious question

The Spectator.

and as an institution essential to human welfare, is among the English-speaking peoples decidedly growing weaker. In America and in the Colonies every fresh law of divorce increases the number of pleas considered sufficient for the dissolution of marriage, until there are communities of our own kinsfolk among which, if both parties consent, divorce is practically free, even without the decent delay which the advocates of divorce at will have usually considered essential. That is one of the most regrettable features of Anglo-Saxon "progress," and one which develops itself faster and faster as the mental habit becomes less firmly anchored to the few principles which, if civilization is to be maintained, ought to be beyond discussion. One of them, we feel certain, is the right of each accruing generation to the training, the affection, and the guardianship of both parents which can only be secured by the permanence of the marriage tie.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

The cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane.
We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient Earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas;
We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.
We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree.
Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills and to carry our wood and to ripple by.
Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;
But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us, and bind us and beat us with thongs,
 And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?
 Forbid us the use of our heart's own nursery tongue;
 Is this to be strong. you nations; is this to be strong?
 Your vulgar battles to fight and your shopman conquests to keep;
 For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?
 What gain in the day of battle, to the Russ, to the German, what gain
 The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane?

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
 For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.
 The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break
 us is strong;
 And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.
 The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are laughter and dust,
 And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
 Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray;
 For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way.
 And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye,
 The kind old aims for the world and the kind old fashions die.

London Chronicle.

Richard Le Gallienne.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Probably two of the happiest days in the life of the ordinary Member of Parliament are the day when he first enters the House of Commons as a Member and the day on which he leaves it for good, knowing that he is once more a free man, and no longer subject to what in the course of a few years has become simple drudgery. By the ordinary Member of Parliament, I do not mean the young man who intends to make a profession of politics, and who expects (though he is frequently disappointed) that by paying strict attention to business, by studiously voting with his party in every possible division, by being ready to get up and speak on any and every subject if time is required to be wasted in order to make sure of a decent majority when Members have returned from their dinners, he is laying up for himself a seat on the Treasury Bench

in the future. Nor do I mean the successful and able lawyer who most justifiably thinks that by assisting the political party to which he is attached he may be improving his chance of sitting on the Judicial Bench. Nor do I mean the man who has some particular axe of his own to grind.

By the ordinary Member I mean the gentleman who wishes for some reason or other to have some experience of Parliamentary life. He may wish it because his family have for generations been accustomed to serve their party in Parliament, or he may have reason to believe that he can win or hold a particular seat which otherwise would be won or held by some member of the party with which he politically disagrees. He has no personal ambition, no wish for office, no desire to be made a baronet or a knight. He simply hopes to do

what he can to be useful to his party, and at an early stage in the proceedings he may hope to get something done for his constituents. As a rule, he grows out of this hope in the course of a very short time. As far as getting anything done for his constituents a Member may slave for them, and he may consider himself fortunate if at the end of some years he succeeds in obtaining a knighthood for a popular and deserving mayor. However, at first everything is *couleur de rose*. The new Member receives innumerable letters and telegrams, including one from the leader of his party, congratulating him on his success. His local newspapers are full of his praises. He goes to the House of Commons, meets some old friends whom he may not have seen for years, makes a very few new friends, and a large number of new acquaintances. He is given a locker with a key to it, in which he probably keeps some tobacco and a large number of papers, more than half of which he probably never has occasion to refer to. He takes the oath and his seat, and his life as a Member of Parliament has duly commenced.

The fallacy that the House of Commons is the best club in London is probably exploded by this time. It would be difficult to imagine any place much less like a club. No self-respecting club would endure the Members' smoking-room for a week. In the winter, unless there is anything of particular interest on in the House, it is too crowded for members to be able to find seats. In the summer it is insufferably hot and stuffy, and all the year round it is unwholesomely draughty. No club would stand the food which is served to Members of the House of Commons. Still less would any club stand the House of Commons waiters. The permanent servants are excellent, courteous, civil,

and obliging. But the large number of Members who have to lunch and dine at the House very frequently, renders it impossible to keep enough good permanent servants to attend to every one, and the results are, to say the least, uncomfortable. Gentlemen who wish to belong to any club have to be proposed, seconded, and duly elected either by ballot of the members or by the committee. Consequently there are at least two members of the club, the proposer and the seconder, who consider that their candidate is a clubable man. But in the House of Commons there is no one to say that a Member is a clubable man, and although no doubt all Members of Parliament are excellent and estimable gentlemen, it is not possible that out of so large a number all should be capable of making themselves popular in a club. Certainly no club in London has such a delightful walk as is the terrace of the House of Commons in fine weather. If any club had this advantage it would probably not allow at least one half of the walk to be spoiled for Members by the swarms of ladies who take possession of the terrace from four to seven every afternoon during the spring and summer months. However, the new Member spends perhaps more of his time in the House itself, or in the library writing his necessary letters. Constituents like to have their letters answered from the House of Commons, or Members like to answer their letters from there to show that they are attending to their duty.

The libraries are most excellent. Well ventilated, properly warmed, with good writing accommodation, and with every book of reference that can be desired. Many Members cannot understand why smoking should not be allowed in one of the libraries, as tobacco is to many people an assistance to head work of any description. It is

impossible to write any letter of real importance, or to get up the notes of a speech in the smoking-room, as of course conversation is general, and chess, which as played in the House of Commons seems to be the noisiest game in the world except football, is being played at three or four tables. The House itself may be very comfortable or very much the reverse. The misfortune is that when it is comfortable it is dull, and when it is not dull it is overcrowded and uncomfortable.

The new Member generally sits for long hours in the House. He has probably attended prayers, and has put a card with his name on it in the seat he means to occupy. As long as the debate is dull, and Members to whom no one wishes to listen are talking, he is fairly comfortable. He has room to sit without being crowded, and he has every opportunity of listening to the tiresome speeches which are being made. But supposing that some storm in a tea-cup arises, that some impudent young Member thinks it funny to insult some other Member older and far wiser than himself, the House fills up at once, and the new Member, in spite of having hurried down to get a place, finds that although he has got his seat he is very uncomfortably crowded. He also finds that he cannot hear what is going on, because his neighbors will interpose senseless remarks, or will cry, "order, order," when the only disorderly persons are themselves.

Take a day when the Budget is introduced. Every seat in the House is, of course, occupied. The best place to hear the Chancellor from is the front row of the gallery on the Opposition side. If a Member is fortunate enough to get there he is all right. The House is hushed, no one cries "order, order," and the speech is audible. But these desirable seats are very

speedily filled, and if a Member is detained by business, and even Members of Parliament may have some business outside politics, he has to get into the gallery behind the Chancellor of the Exchequer, where even the clear diction of the present Chancellor must be, and is, almost inaudible. However, it must be allowed that the dull days outnumber the interesting days by very many. So the new Member has ample opportunity to sit in his seat with tolerable comfort.

After some time he becomes less punctilious about attending prayers in order to secure his seat. He strolls down to the House more at his leisure, and is satisfied if he is in time for the first division. He finds that many of the speeches he has listened to have not repaid him for his trouble. He may even think that he could have done better himself, and he betakes himself to his letters, or the smoking-room, or the terrace, as the case may be, until something arises which interests him, or until some Member is speaking to whom he wishes to listen. He even ventures to dine out, and ceases to think that if he misses a division the heavens will fall. He begins to look out for the mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of a "pair" for the first hour or two after dinner, and presently reaches that depth of degradation when he will gladly pair for the night sitting, and not return to the House after dinner.

The new rules have made pairing more difficult than it used to be. In fact they have made attendance at the House altogether more troublesome and more irksome than it was. Supposing a Member wishes to ask a question, and to receive a verbal answer, he must be in his place by 2 P.M., or a very few minutes later. Or if he does not wish to ask a question, but is warned that a snap division will be taken at 2.30 P.M., he is anxious to do

his duty. He must either be in the House by 2.30 and neglect his own business, which may be infinitely more important than the division in which he is expected to vote, or he must attend to his own business and risk missing a division and so fail in his duty as a good party man. For business men nothing can be more inconvenient than the new rule of meeting at 2 P.M.

Then take the dinner hour. The outside public believe that the House adjourns from 7.30 till 9 P.M. But the Member knows better. The new Member may expect to be free at 7.30. He accepts an invitation to dinner at 8 o'clock, and thinks that, as he is paired from 9 to 10.30, he is all right. Not a bit of it. At 7.28 the Closure is moved and divided on. As soon as that division is over the Amendment is put and divided on, and then the main question is put and divided on. These three divisions take at the very least half an hour. The new Member, if he has a carriage or is lucky enough to find a cab, drives home by 8.15, dresses in a frantic hurry, and reaches his destination by, say, 8.40. Before the new rules came in it was comparatively easy to get a pair from 7 or 7.30 to 10.30. A man could make fairly sure of getting to his dinner by 8.15, and of coming back to the House at about the same time as his pair. Now Members (who are not retiring) do not care to miss a chance of voting in two or three divisions between 7.28 and 8 o'clock. So unless a man wishes to pair for the night, the best he can do for himself is to pair from 9 till 11, annoy his hostess by being half an hour late for dinner, and be a general nuisance to the party he was invited to meet.

Then the change from Wednesdays to Friday. Until the new rules were passed Members knew that on Wednesday evenings they could be sure of being free from the House of Commons

by 5.30 or 6 P.M. They could make their own arrangements for passing the evening. Many entertained in their own houses, many more were entertained by their friends. Under the new rules Wednesdays are no longer free evenings. Fridays have taken their place. This is, of course, convenient to Members who wish to leave London for a long week end. But for the many Members whose country homes are a long distance from London, and who cannot reach home by leaving London by any train as late as 6 P.M., the change is an unmitigated nuisance. It involves four long consecutive sittings in the House every week without the welcome break which Wednesday used to give. The officials, the messengers, and servants used to look forward with feelings of relief to the Wednesday break; and although they are thankful now when Friday comes, they are in many cases almost too weary to enjoy their rest. And at the end of a long Session, when the weather is overpoweringly hot, when the atmosphere of the House of Commons is most unpleasant, even if not actually unhealthy, and when—the twelve o'clock rule having been suspended—the sittings last till 2 or 3 o'clock every morning, the strain becomes almost unbearable. However, the new rules are something of a relaxation to Members of the Government, and especially to the Whips, who under the old *Régime* had to dine four nights every week in the House with no change of air or scene. This being so, inconvenient as the new rules are to ordinary Members, and intensely disliked as they are by many of these long-suffering people, there is perhaps after all something to be said in their favor.

Perhaps nothing will leave a deeper impression on the mind of the Member when he has finally retired from

the House of Commons than the deadly dullness of the place. He sits there for hour after hour, having written his letters, read all the afternoon papers, having perhaps enjoyed one hearty laugh over F.C.G.'s cartoon in the *Westminster Gazette*, waiting for a division which may or may not come. In the winter he sits in the smoking-room if he can find a seat, trying in vain not to hear the everlasting clatter of the chessmen. In the summer he may walk up and down the small part of the terrace which the invading hordes of ladies have left free for him. He cannot but think how much more pleasantly, if not profitably, occupied he might be anywhere else. When the spring time comes he longs for the beauties and interests of the country, and asks himself vainly how he could ever have been so foolish as to become a Member of Parliament. If Members would consent to speak only when they had something to say, if they would remember that what may seem of great interest to themselves is simply a bore to every one else, and if they would content themselves with saying what they have got to say in as few clear words as possible, life in the House of Commons would be less dull and far more work would be got through in far less time. But human nature is human nature, and probably as long as Members can send their speeches to their local newspapers, where they appear *in extenso*, so long will they go on boring other people who only wish to get the work carried out promptly and satisfactorily.

Nothing shows the extreme dullness of the House of Commons more plainly than the way in which Members roar with laughter at some trivial joke or incident in the House which would not raise a smile outside. For instance, in July last a very popular Member was dressing for dinner when the division bell rang. Anxious not to miss

the division, and not having time to complete his toilet, he put on a light overcoat, which some of the newspapers afterwards described as a dressing-gown, and came upstairs for the division. His appearance was received with shouts of merriment and applause, which could only be equalled by a theatre full of children on the entrance of a very funny and popular clown. A very few minutes later the same Member, dressed in the same overcoat, walked into Palace Yard, got into his cab, and drove off to his dinner. No one thought that he looked at all funny, and no one would have thought that he looked at all funny before, if they had not been so unutterably bored that they felt as if they must either roar with laughter at something or lapse into a fixed state of melancholia.

There is one other impression which will probably be left on the mind of the retired Member, a more pleasant one than the impression of dullness. That is the extreme patience of Ministers particularly during question time. A Member gets up and asks a question standing in his name. The Minister from whom the answer is desired gives a clear and definite reply. Whereupon some other Member frequently jumps up, and commencing with "Mr. Speaker, Sir, arising out of that answer I wish to ask," proceeds to ask some question which has not the remotest connection with the answer out of which it is supposed to have arisen. When the absence of connection is too flagrant Mr. Speaker generally informs the inquisitive Member that such is the case and will not allow the subsidiary question to be put. But if the Minister is allowed to answer the subsidiary question, however little connected it may be with his original reply, an answer is invariably given with perfect good temper, and the worst that is likely to befall the ques-

tioner (whose purpose in nine cases out of ten is only to waste time) is to be told that his question does not arise out of anything that has gone before, and that, consequently, he must give notice of it.

Another deep impression likely to be left is the extreme tact and courtesy of the Whips, both on the Government and on the Opposition side. Naturally the Government Whips have a heavier burden to carry than have the Whips on the Opposition side. They have most arduous and tiresome work during long hours day after day. They have to keep their party in the House when very frequently many Members of their party are trying to get out of it. They have to answer the same question "When are we going to divide?" fifty times in an hour, and they do not know the answer, and they have no particular means of knowing it. Occasionally, though it is to be hoped but seldom, they meet with strange discourtesy from Members whose immediate desire is rather to go away from the House than to stay and vote with their party. But almost invariably they return the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and probably the Whips are the most popular men in the House of Commons, both with Members of their own party

The National Review.

and with Members of the party with whom they politically disagree.

Now when the retiring Member is a fully retired Member, when he is a free man, when he is no longer under the bondage of party ties, and when he comes to think over his old days in Parliament, will he be glad to have served his time in that august assembly? The answer is undoubtedly yes. He may be bored whilst he is there. He may be disappointed at not being able to obtain what he knows to be right for his own constituency. He may see, to his sorrow, five or six or more hours wasted for every single hour that is profitably employed. But still, unless he is strangely unfortunate, he will have made a few real friends and many agreeable acquaintances. He will have been in the swim for a time. He will have seen how laws are made, though he may see that the machinery for their manufacture is very clumsy, awkward, and slow. And although he may see most clearly that any business run on the same lines must inevitably go bankrupt in six months, he can, at any rate, feel certain that the same kind of work is not carried on as well by any political assembly in the world as it is by the Mother of Parliaments.

A Retiring Member.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Bryce is preparing a new and enlarged edition of his "Holy Roman Empire."

Another little series of literary lives will start this autumn, under Mr. Heinemann's auspices, called "Contemporary Men of Letters." The first

volume, to be ready this month, will be "Walter Pater," by Mr. Ferris Greenslet.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a book about the Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury, which contains an historical essay and an account of a

journey of exploration made over it by himself. It will be published under the title of "The Old Road."

Four unpublished stories, by the late Dr. Thomas Dunn English will be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. this fall. At Dr. English's death these four stories were discovered by his literary executor in such form as to indicate the author's wish that they be published as a book. The volume will bear the title "The Little Giant, and Other Wonder Tales," and will be illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has shown increased proof of his versatility by writing a Wagnerian romance, entitled "Siegfried," founded on the operas of "Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "The Dusk of the Gods." The work is illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson, and will be issued by Messrs. Dean & Son in a style uniform with Mr. E. F. Benson's book "The Valkyries," published by the same firm last year.

Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, who, some fourteen years ago, undertook the translation of the complete works of Heine, had finished the first eight volumes, containing the prose writings, at the time of his death. The four remaining volumes, giving the poems, have been translated by the late Mr. Thomas Brooksbank and "Margaret Armour." The first two volumes will be published by Mr. Heinemann this month.

One of the most striking chapters in Dr. Saleeby's "The Cycle of Life," which the Harpers publish, is that entitled "The Verdict of Science upon Alcohol." Dr. Saleeby refers to the monster petition circulated among registered physicians early this year in Great Britain, which urged that school children be taught the true

nature and effects of alcohol; and adds that four days after this petition was posted 14,000 signatures had been subscribed, showing the attitude of physicians in this vital matter. Dr. Saleeby lays at the door of his own profession in the past the responsibility for much drinking of raw spirits in preference to wine, which physicians have prohibited in so many cases because of its relation to gout. "Arraigned before the bar of science," writes Dr. Saleeby, at the close of this vigorous chapter, "which nowadays can try whatever case it pleases, alcohol has been found guilty; the judges are physiology, pathology, pharmacology, clinical medicine, psychiatry, and criminology. But though they concur in their verdict, society alone can pass sentence."

The London Times remarks that the best poem in Mr. Swinburne's latest volume, an ode to Burns, is in form unlike anything that Mr. Swinburne has written before. It is in Burns's own favorite metre, which Wordsworth also used in his own way when he wrote of Burns; and now Mr. Swinburne has made a new and splendid use of it, importing into his own magnificence something of the directness and precise detail of the original.

The daisy by his ploughshare cleft,
The lips of women loved and left,
The griefs and joys that weave the web
Of human time,
With craftsman's cunning, keen and deft,
He carved in rhyme.

Mr Swinburne thinks that Burns is most eminent, not in poetry about daisies and women and the elementary passions, but in his great ironic pieces. Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies.

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